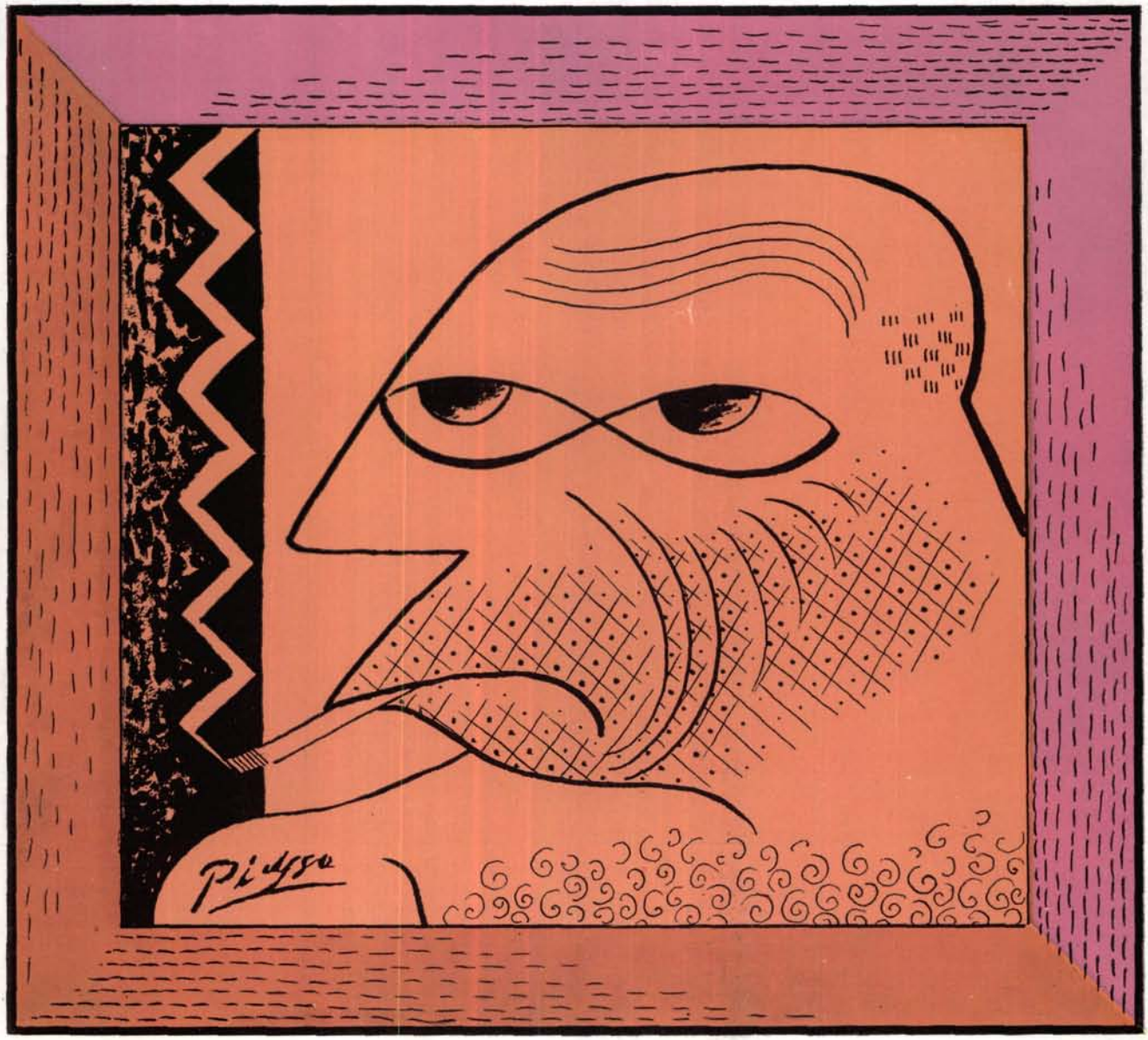
Saturday Review

OCTOBER 14, 1961 / 25¢



PICASSO BY HIRSCHFELD
see The Great Riviera Forgeries (Travel)

THE ARTFUL RIVIERA

urope's Golden Strand—the Artists, the Writ

eople, the Princess, the Wheels, the Nudists,

SH1278S8 94-362
MRS INEZ HARLOW
RFD 3
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Walt Whitman

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ATLANTA

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Beneath a field like this...

is a complex communications center

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The walls for these installations are huge, reinforced concrete slabs. Ventilation systems filter air so fine that even radioactive fallout cannot enter. Food and water are stockpiled. Living quarters are provided for all operating personnel.

These buildings are costly. Tough to build.

Yet, the Bell System recognizes that communications are the lifelines of our defense systems. And so we took the lead in establishing these underground centers with our own money.

There are many other ingenious projects in our "Survivability" program for America's communications. Many cannot be mentioned here.

Because of them, ambitious command and defense systems are feasible. And our vast existing communications network is one of America's most *ready* defense weapons.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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In over 70 foreign lands...one of the world's finest cameras can speak for itself

Kodak Retina Camera owners live and travel all over the globe. One of these cameras even scaled Mt. Everest with its owner. And there are Kodak Retina dealers from A to Z, from the Aleutians to Zanzibar, in over 70 foreign lands.

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Whence this acclaim—and why should you consider the new Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera?

The inside story

The man in our factory would explain it by what goes into each Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera. He'd mention his nearly four years of special schooling. He'd bring up the hundreds of tests as each camera is built. He might even tell you about the special gauges that are made right in the factory for micro-measurement of tolerances.

And his explanation would be very much to the point.

Picture-taker's story

On the other hand, the photography enthusiast, amateur or professional, would extol the single-lens reflex design of the Kodak Retina Reflex III Camera. How it lets you preview your subject almost life-size. How you set the lens opening while looking through the viewfinder, by simply centering the needle you see there. How easy it is to operate—yet how amazingly precise. And he'd be absolutely right, too!

Actually, both of these explanations are worth listening to and weighing *before* you make a final decision on a fine camera.

A final camera

There's one more thing you should know about your Retina III. It isn't the kind you trade in, or trade up from. It's a *final* camera—a camera you'll never outgrow.

No matter what field of photography you branch out into . . . this camera is ready for you. Long shots of wildlife? There's the 135mm telephoto lens. Sweeping landscapes? The 28mm wide-angle lens. You name it. There's an interchangeable lens or special aid for every type of situation . . . even a special attachment to take pictures through a microscope! It's hard to believe that one camera can be so versatile!

Ask your dealer to demonstrate the new Retina Reflex III. The "EK" in the serial number is proof of legal import by Kodak, duty-paid and certified. Camera with 50mm *f*/2.8 lens, less than $215; with 50mm *f*/1.9, on camera below, less than $250. Ask your dealer for exact retail prices. Many dealers offer terms as low as 10% down. *Prices are subject to change without notice.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester 4, N.Y.

KODAK RETINA REFLEX III CAMERA

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Plane and Fancies

Edited by Martin Levin

X STANDS FOR EXTINCT, OR, AT ANY RATE, FOR CANCELLED

(Nostalgic, alphabetical reflections occasioned by turning the pages of a dusty stamp album entitled "Twentieth Century, 1901-1920.")

Austria, imperial, had offices in Crete,
And Azerbaijan was a *république.*
Benadir, the Italian Somaliland,
Was an independent postaliland.
Midst "C's" paused Corea, en route to its "K";
In 1902 it used *postes de Corée.*
The Danish West Indies bade King Christian's urging;
As Uncle Sam's islands they're now proclaimed Virgin.
Elobey, Elobey, where did you go?
Drop us a line from Fernando Po.
After Gabon came Georgia, lest we forget;
Before Horta, Hejaz, the old *vilayet.*
"I" boasted an Italy that surcharged in China,
"J" a Jugoslavia, near Herzegovina.
Kionga, Labuan, Mohéli, Nyassa—
Your landmarks are current, your watermarks passé.
In Orange River Colony, under African skies,
In Persia, now catalogued under the "I's,"
In Quelimane, Rouad, and Schleswig-Holstein,
There's really no point in one's standing in line.
For at post offices there, as in many proud nations,
Not a stamp sold today bears the old appellations.
Oh Tete! Oh Thrace! Oh Upper Senegal and Niger
(Postally noted for camel, not tiger)!
Collectors succumb to a rueful euphoria
When they think back on you, not to mention Victoria.
They cry in their vodka for Western Ukraine,
For they'll not see its perforate like again.
Zones, postal, may make mailing easier,
But not if your return address was Zambesia. —E. J. Kahn, Jr.

• • •

CLANG!

GRANADA. We had often wondered what became of the double-decked Toonerville trolleys that once patrolled the main streets of America. Rather vaguely we had envisioned a yet undiscovered ossuary to which, shorn of their ivory trappings, the towering relics lumbered off to die. But no, they are not dead. Here, in the pueblos of Spain, they once again ply their rigid routes, both ventricles overflowing with itinerant Spaniards.

What archly inspired engineer is responsible for its design, we will never know. Surely its seemingly dubious footing is belied by proven stability. Whenever we see one of these two-tiered dinosaurs of the tramway family, with its four shells tucked protectively together beneath its belly, we are convinced that a sudden surge of passengers to either end would send it somersaulting along the track. But we've never known it to happen.

For one cent we can ride around and around (presumably forever) the urban centers of Spain, for the Spanish system is circular rather than linear. What better method of leisurely sightseeing is available at comparable cost? And we do mean leisurely. About every two or three blocks the trolley feeler slips from the overhead wires. The vehicle lurches to a stop and the conductor trots out to rearrange the contact, accompanied by the reassuring cries of the passengers. And when tired of the view, we can always pass the time in reading the array of signs posted above the windows: "Audible Swearing Not Permitted," "Shouting at the Conductor Not Tolerated," "Spitting of Tobacco Juice on Floor Is Forbidden," "Breaking of Windows Prohibited," etc., etc.

We were pleased to learn that the

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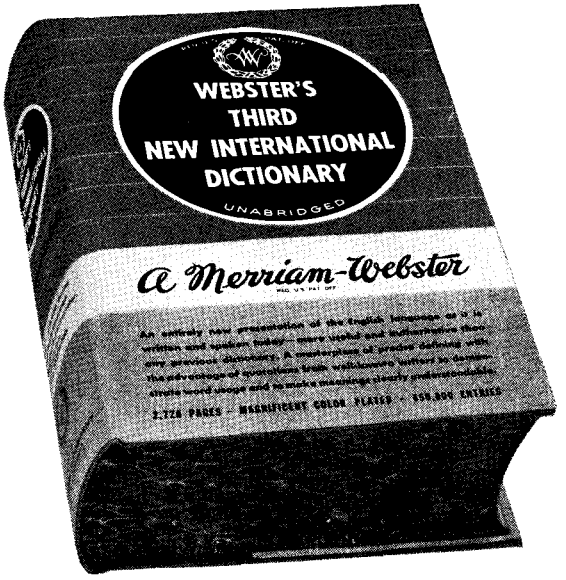

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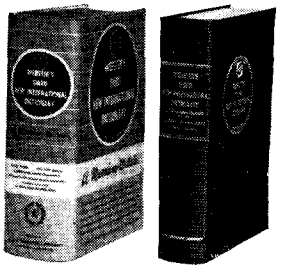

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Planning a trip to Paris? Just a short ride away are the fabulous 15-mile cellars of Maison Moët & Chandon—the birthplace of champagne. You are cordially invited to visit this historic establishment at Epernay to see how glorious Moët is made and sample the great champagne of France. Your visit to Moët will be a memorable moment.

MOËT CHAMPAGNE

Your travel agent has a fascinating folder describing this beautiful place. Ask for it when you see him.

double-decker is not on its way out. Rather, it is on its way in, having only recently replaced the horse-drawn trolley and, in the more advanced communities, the steam-driven tram. Of course the groom and the coal-shoveler are now unemployed; but such are the victims of progress.

Like bulls and other objects of endearment, the streetcars here are endowed with names. This provides a certain homey touch; for many, an almost personal attachment has been formed to a particularly friendly trolley making its rounds faithfully through rain, hail, and electrical breakdowns.

No, we've never seen one named Desire. —E. P. STEIN.

• • •

MY FLIGHT TO THE FRONT PAGE

IN the mid-twenties, while living at Antibes, I conceived the happy idea of taking a look at Corsica. There was a little old-fashioned seaplane—old fashioned even then—that flew over there in an hour and a half every morning. To avoid eight hours of seasickness on the boat, I decided to take that plane. Quite a flock of Americans were staying in Antibes that summer, among them Ferdie Tuouy, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*. He came down to the dock to see me off. I invited him to join me, but he took a skeptical look at the engine of the plane, which was attached in a precarious fashion to the underside of a wing.

"Drop me a line and tell me how it goes," he said. "If you have a good time I'll join you later."

A violent gale had been blowing and there was some hesitation about taking passengers that morning. The authorities finally decided to accept two—myself and a teetering old man who seemed to be hurrying home to his own funeral.

It was my first trip in a plane, and I was surprised to find what a boresome mode of travel it is. As I looked down from 5,000 feet, the billowy sea was no more interesting in aspect than a sheet of corrugated iron roofing. There were no clouds in the sky, no motion anywhere—not even that of the plane, so far as my senses could report. We were about half way to Corsica, out of sight of land in both directions, and I was indulging in these derogatory reflections on the romance of human flight, when the small engine that clung so precariously to our wing began to stutter, and the plane to descend. In a few seconds the last stutter died off, the engine burst into flame, and we

(*Continued on page* 14)

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Harold Lamb is a familiar figure the world over as historian, writer and reconstructor of the ancient and medieval past. His fifteen books include HANNIBAL, CYRUS THE GREAT, GENGHIS KHAN, CHARLEMAGNE and THE CRUSADES.

"El Cid"

by

HAROLD LAMB

No one, ever, was quite like him.

He came out of the provinces beneath the Pyrenees nine hundred years ago to become the invincible champion of his people—it is said that "no foe prevailed against him". Spain, the nation he helped create, made him its hero. Europe wove his story into a deathless legend. Yet we Americans hardly know who he was, much less what he did. Only in the last few years has history made clear the life of this man, Rodrigo de Bivar.

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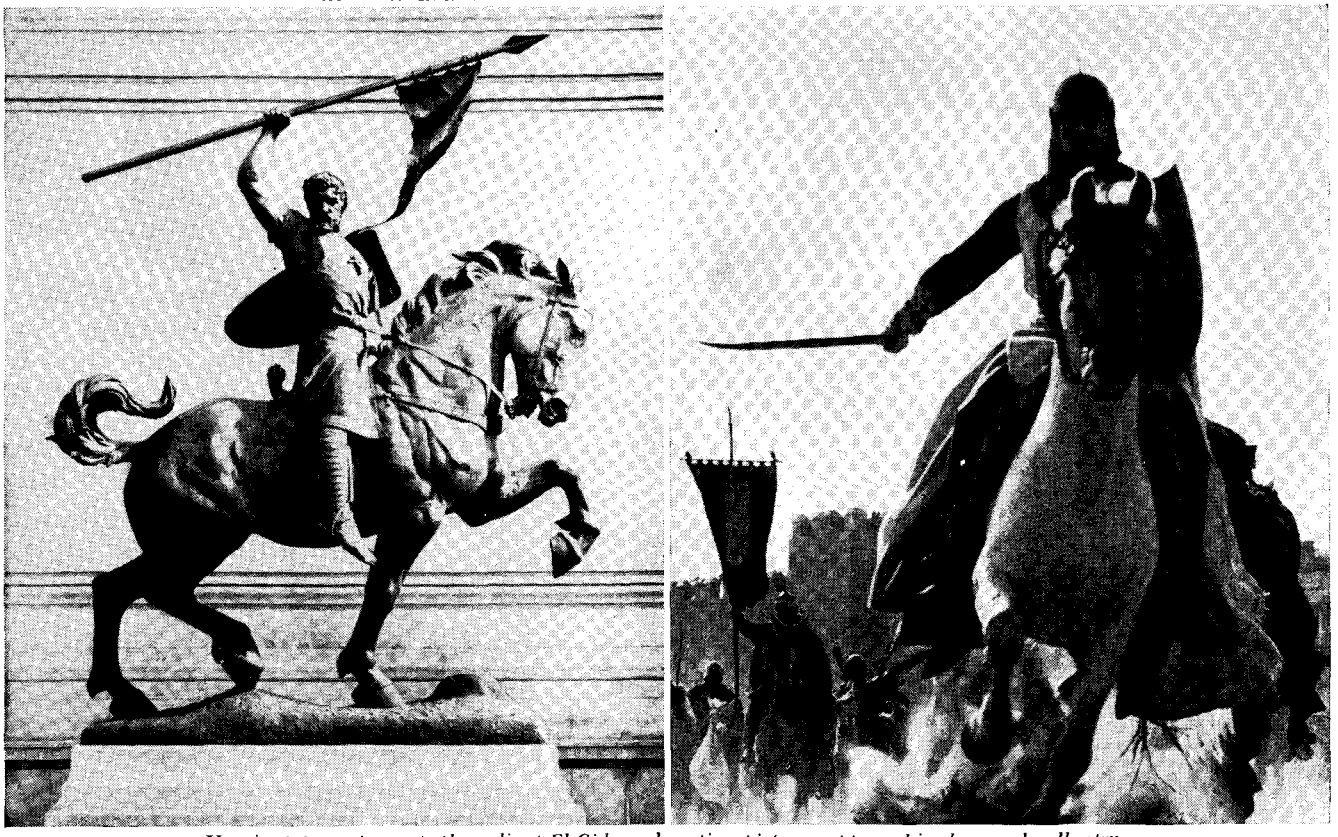

Heroic statue represents the valiant El Cid—and motion picture captures his glory and gallantry.

The times of El Cid Campeador

His enemies named him *El Cid,* which means *The Lord*—from the Arabic *el seid*—and they added Campeador which means victor of the battlefield. So, in the opinion of his foes, he was at the same time a merciful lord and a ruthless fighter. One of them, a Moor, stated: "This man, the scourge of our time, was by his clear-eyed force, his strength of spirit and heroism, a miracle of the miracles of the Almighty."

It was a merciless age. In the land that would be Spain, successive waves of Moslems had thrown the small Christian kingdoms, Leon, Castile, Navarre, Aragon, and others, back against the barrier of the Pyrenees. The land itself was drained by petty conflicts wherein Moslems and Christians alike formed kaleidoscopic patterns of alliances and enmities.

Here, the Cid fought his battle, alone. In his youth,

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he had an odd vision. It seemed to him as if the bloody welter of peoples around him could be brought together in tolerance. And if so, a great nation could be shaped around them. Perhaps ruled by a single Christian king. Unlike Jeanne d'Arc of a later day, Rodrigo knew no name for his nation, nor identity for his king.

PRINT: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Steel engraving depicts El Cid's entry into citadel and this spectacular scene is now recreated.

Life Story of a World Hero

Like a prophet without honor in his own country, El Cid found himself alone in his convictions. Sparing the lives of some captive Moors, he was branded a traitor. Desperate to remove the stigma from his name, he defeated the champion of a rival kingdom in mortal combat and was hailed "Campeador". Still, as champion in arms, persisting in his fight for mutual tolerance, he faced the enmity of his own peers and the hatred of his beloved Lady Chimene.

The malignant envy of his king, Alfonso of Castile, exiled Rodrigo to wander between castles and battlefields of hostile lands. There Lady Chimene, joining him at last, had to be sent from his outcast army. So misfortune came with each attempt of the Cid to follow out his vision. And, exiled from each other, the love of the Cid and Chimene sustained them with the hope of finding somewhere a place of their own, and each other.

Their love story has become a legend.

PRINT: THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Fabled romance between El Cid and Lady Chimene comes to life!

Testimony of a song

History tells us that the Cid's dream was realized not long after his death, when the great Christian state of Spain began to form around Toledo with Moorish provinces to the south. While the crusades ebbed and flowed in battle upon the coast of Palestine, Spain protected now from invasion, became a junction between the arts of the cultured Arabs and the seeking of a Europe emerging from monasticism to embark upon discovery.

Almost at once, strange voices gave their testimony to the man, now called a hero, who had held his shield before the people of Spain. The *cantares* sang of him that when the ban of the king was laid upon those aiding him a girl of nine years appeared to guide him on his way; when he hungered, a feast was laid in a cottage home. The songs found a name for his horse, surely a white stallion—*Babieca*—and for his swords—*Tizona* and *Colada*. One was surely a Moslem blade and the other Christian! The songs echoed words of his: "Look ye, all, at the bloodied sword, the sweating steed — in this manner are the Moors overcome on the field of battle!"

Out of the songs rose the *Poema del Mio Cid,* the Poem of My Cid. To lords of manors and cottages alike, he had become *My* Cid. Like the *Song of Roland,* it passed national boundaries. Christian Europe knew him as the warrior who would not accept defeat. As happened upon the morning when the knights at his side were stricken by the sight of the invading Almoravides, their foes, and the Cid said to them, "Do not fear! This is a glorious day." And at the coming of death, he said to them with hope, "Let us go among the people who endure forever."

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The *Poema* is legend, but it reveals to us the truth, so long obscured by misreading of history, of the vision of the Cid that came to fulfilment only after, and by, his death. The *Poema,* echoing a thousand voices, has made certain that the story of the Cid will endure forever.

Samuel Bronston was the first producer to believe that the stirring human story of the Cid could be filmed. There was no precedent for it, and likewise no understanding on the part of audiences throughout the world of what was being attempted. Bronston, however, had faith that those audiences could be drawn into the world of the Cid, made real. Anthony Mann, director of the great enterprise, was already an eager convert. The story had a way of making converts, perhaps because nothing quite like it had been attempted. Robert Krasker's restless cameras that had revealed the pageantry in *Henry V* and the lovers in *Romeo and Juliet* brought out the lovers and the human conflict in *El Cid* against the backdrop of the armed conflict.

Behind-the-scenes of El Cid.

To me, after seeing the scenes available in Madrid, the people, Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren and all the others, come alive in their old world setting. Watching them, you are drawn to them and you *feel* for them.

Perhaps because there is nothing familiar in it, this picture gripped me as no other had done.

The country was the stage

Castles in Spain, knights with banners—all become real in the scenes of *El Cid,* leading to the unthinkable climax.

Spain itself contributed to this last appearance of its hero. The bright sun of Spain still sheds a medieval after-glow. Castle backgrounds of *El Cid* are actual survivors of his time, although one cathedral had to be rebuilt. Villagers, still in medieval homes, it seems, found it quite simple to look and behave like their far-off ancestors. So a cavalry charge in *El Cid* looks lifelike, because some seventeen hundred members of the Spanish army did the riding. The black invasion fleet from Africa sails in to the Valencia shore with purpose because it is made up from a fishing fleet of that shore. The skill of the art directors, John Moore and Veniero Colasanti, brought out every vista.

Ranging as they did from coast to coast in the shooting, the makers of *El Cid* have searched out all vestiges of his wanderings. Sight of a roadside shrine, sound of a vespers bell. Swords of the knights were forged in a Toledo foundry; banners and pennants were embroidered in the old patterns by skilled hands of countrywomen. This reality of objects adds to the sense that the whole is real, and that you have been drawn into another age where anything may happen.

The other age

In the eleventh century, a belted knight was no mere fighting machine; he acted also as judge, and protector, or despoiler, of others, as his inclination might be. A country had no vast bureaucracy to govern it; one man, the king, did what he could, with any vassals he could get to help. The Spanish Campeador accepted responsibility for all who joined him—"to be given their bread"—and the burden of defending wounded Spain against the invasion from Africa, while he tried to guide the king who persecuted him.

Star Charlton Heston engages in perilous sword play.

Sophia Loren portrays the lovely Lady Chimene.

The Cid took no thought for personal revenge. His victories with the two-handed sword meant nothing unless they brought his vision nearer.

"But if I act with pride—"

So many others looked to the Cid for help that he was forced to act as their ruler, without title. In the deepening crises, his decisions became, as it were, command decisions. People cried out their need of a champion, a just judge, and leader. At Valencia, the Cid

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was offered the crown of the kingdom. He refused it.

He was a man who followed his conviction without compromise. He endured defeat, but would not accept defeat. He endured the scorn of the nobility of Castile, exile, persecution, and in the end death. He endured in this manner because he had a blind faith that God would strengthen his hand if he did the right thing.

The Cid was thought to be outcast because he spoke the Arab speech and held to Islamic law as well as Christian. But no man was more devout in his Christian faith. When he rode into the hazard of life in the great tournament, he believed that God and not his sword would decide the matter for him.

Archers of El Cid inspire a dramatic tapestry.

So when he had won the key city of Valencia by guile more than force, he explained: "If I act lawfully, God will leave me Valencia; but if I act with pride and injustice, I know He will take the city away from me."

We live today in an age that avoids personal responsibility. What happens to us we blame on others. In the popular skepticism, our theatre and literature seek reality in the cult of the defeated. Unconsciously, in our malaise of mind, we may be drifting back to the archaic Greek concept that man is powerless before Fate — or superior force.

Nine hundred years ago the Cid dedicated himself to responsibility for all others around him, for his country, and king.

This is no drama of a bygone age. It challenges our own time in its dedication of a man to a selfless task. Through the magic of the screen, in light and sound, the vision of the Cid touches us today.

Thousand-year-old costumes and armor are reproduced with authenticity.

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TOVARICH, THIS TROIKA ISN'T BIG ENOUGH FOR BOTH OF US...

In the scene above, what seemed to be a successful Berlitz solution to one problem is rapidly turning into a crushing problem of *mammoth* proportions. With the reader's permission and the help of the ever-popular flashback, let's see how this weighty impasse came about.

"In the near future, I'm flying to Russia on business", the motion picture executive told the Berlitz School Director. "It would be much easier to sell our latest epic if I knew how to say 'colossal' in Russian. I'd love to learn to speak Russian at Berlitz. My problem is that I'm constantly driving around visiting theatres and I have no time."

As fast as you can say "samovar" the Berlitz Director suggested a solution. Arrangements would be made to have a Berlitz instructor drive around with the movie man and teach him Russian right in his car.

—And the plan would have worked—but for one small miscalculation—the movie man's auto. As you can see above, you can't fit a king size Berlitz instructor into a pint size car.

Tragedy? Failure? "NYET!" Because, before a single tear could be shed into a single glass of Vodka, Berlitz rushed in a streamlined instructor and the executive soon flew off to Russia, a model Muscovite movie mogul.

The foregoing is a true story. It illustrates that whatever your language needs are, Berlitz will tailor-make a solution (and even an instructor) to your problem. This is true whether you're a businessman about to leave for Russia, or a tourist out on the town. At Berlitz you can learn to speak any language quickly and easily and Berlitz makes it possible for you to arrange a schedule to suit your convenience. In our schools, in homes, in offices, in the Venezuelan jungles, in the oil fields of Indonesia, Berlitz instructors have taught 10½ million people to speak over 50 different languages. Governments, military organizations and major companies send key men to Berlitz to prepare them for assignments abroad. Many forward looking companies send wives as well, because they've discovered that men stay on the job longer when their wives are also equipped to speak the local language. Across the country or around the globe, your local Berlitz Director can tailor a program of Berlitz instruction to your specific needs.

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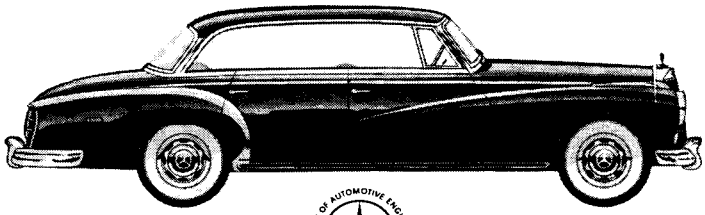

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Continued from page 8

were swooping down toward my despised iron roof, trailing clouds of very smokey glory. The pilot was unmoved, as Frenchmen always are in a crisis, and his assistant calmly crawled out on the wing, clinging to a stay, and sprayed the engine, or the wing above it, with fire-extinguisher. My sheet of corrugated iron was fast growing into a tumbling and foam-tossing ocean. I was not too frightened to admire the skill with which the pilot set his plane down in a trough between two raging billows. They were dying billows, but they were as big as houses, and a tiny error in his calculations might have turned our landing into a dive.

His assistant crawled back into the plane, rushed into the forward compartment where we two passengers sat, and getting down on his knees, lifted out of a perforated box: a carrier pigeon!

He scribbled a note on a slip of paper, tied it to the bird's leg and threw the fluttering thing into the sky. It circled twice and then winged away as though having found a path through the air straight on the course we were traveling.

Within an hour or two a plane from that direction circled above us as the pigeon had, verifying its story, I suppose. And in a few hours more a French destroyer came in sight. The destroyer had to stand by until the waves subsided sufficiently so that the old man and I, both green and staggering, could clamber up a gangplank from the wallowing plane, and the plane be slowly towed to the port of Ajaccio. I had left Antibes at nine in the morning —to avoid seasickness, you remember— and I arrived in Ajaccio, still green, at 10 P.M.

Next morning, I wrote the promised letter to Ferdie, and I have to quote a few phrases of it in order to reach the climax of this story. I advised him if he decided to follow me to come in an ark.

"We sent out a dove over the waters and he came back with a branch of the French navy and lifted us right out of the flood. Which shows, as I've always told you, that the old ways are the best after all. The fat pilot was very skilful and heroic. I tried being heroic but found it made me seasick. . . .

"Air is all right in its place, Ferdie, even water has its uses, but for purposes of navigation, earth is best."

Ferdie put my letter on the cable, together with his story of the crash, and my wisecracks appeared, if you can believe it, in a box on the front page of the New York *Times*—just as though I were Will Rogers.

—Max Eastman.

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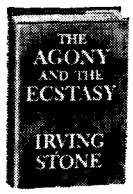

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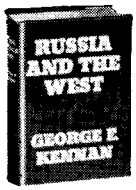

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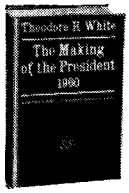

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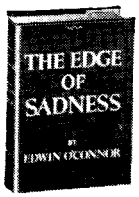

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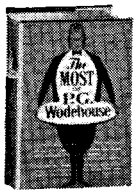

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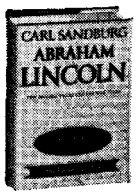

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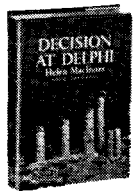

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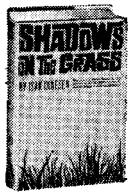

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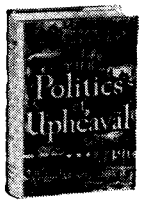

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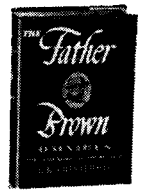

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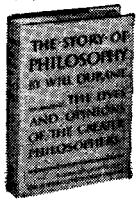

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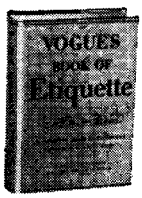

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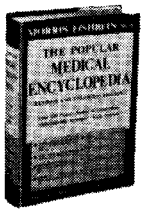

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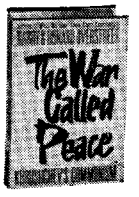

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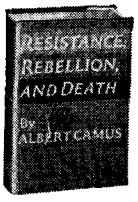

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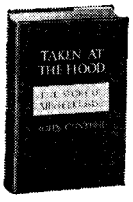

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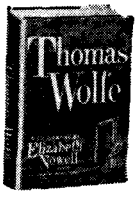

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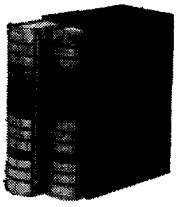

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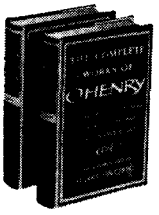

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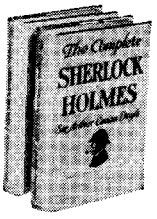

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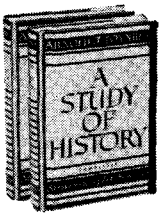

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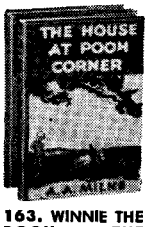

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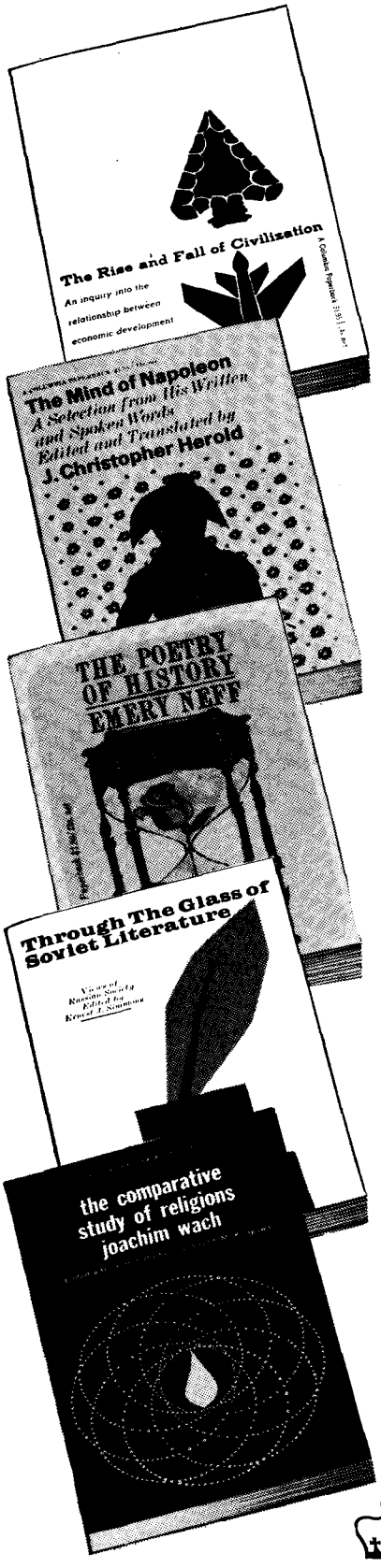
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Chess Corner No. 61

HERE are a few of the most ludicrous moments of chess masters:

The mighty Rubinstein, engrossed, returns to his board, sits down, studies, and makes a move. All is well, except that he has inadvertently sat on the wrong side of the board and moved for his opponent. By this time the opponent appears, grasps the situation, and graciously tenders his thanks.

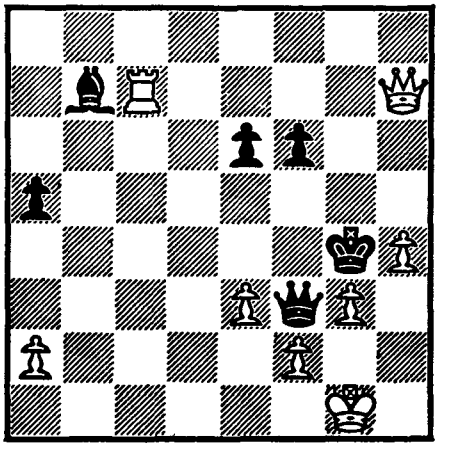
A Soviet player devised one of the most brilliant and intricate combinations extant. He sacrifices a number of pieces in a blaze of glory and is about to administer the final checkmate, when he discovers that the Knight with which he was going to mate is pinned. It cannot legally move! He suffers in stunned silence.

A Canadian champion outcombines himself. He gives up a Pawn in order to recover a Pawn and improve his position. Too late, he discovers that the Pawn he had captured is his own!

And here is a ludicrous game. White punishes the enemy King with flailing blows and drives the monarch clear across the board to his own lair. And then—White resigns.

ENGLISH OPENING

	Filip White			Darga Black
1	P-QB4	N-KB3	17 PxP	N/N/xP
2	P-KN3	P-K3	18 N/2/-K4	N/B/xN
3	B-N2	P-Q4	19 BxN	P-B4
4	N-KB3	B-K2	20 NxN	Q-N4
5	O-O	O-O	21 N-B4	PxB
6	P-Q4	P-B3	22 QxP	RxN
7	P-N3	QN-Q2	23 QxR	Q-K2
8	B-N2	P-QR4	24 B-Q4	B-Q3
9	N-B3	P-QN3	25 RxRch	BxR
10	R-B1	B-R3	26 B-B6	PxB
11	N-Q2	P-QN4	27 QxB	Q-QN2
12	Q-B2	R-B1	28 Q-Q8ch	K-B2
13	KR-Q1	NPxP	29 P-KR4	Q-B6
14	PxP	P-B4	30 R-QB1	B-N2
15	PxBP	KBxP	31 R-B7ch	K-N3
16	P-K3	N-N3	32 Q-N8ch	K-B4
			33 QxRPch	K-N5



Now curiously, White cannot stop mate. He resigns. —AL HOROWITZ.

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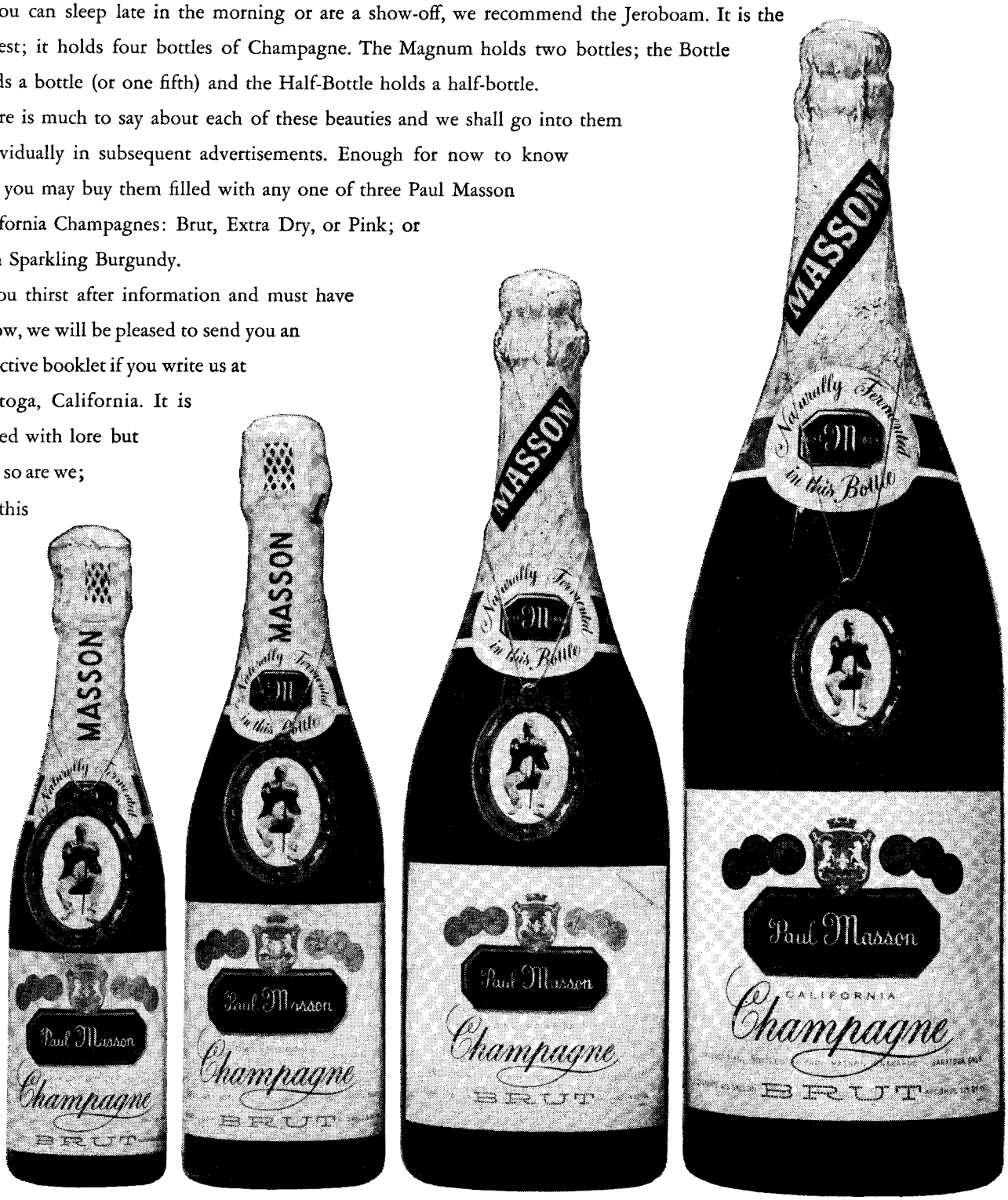
There is much to say about each of these beauties and we shall go into them individually in subsequent advertisements. Enough for now to know that you may buy them filled with any one of three Paul Masson California Champagnes: Brut, Extra Dry, or Pink; or with Sparkling Burgundy.

If you thirst after information and must have it now, we will be pleased to send you an attractive booklet if you write us at Saratoga, California. It is loaded with lore but then so are we; 109 this year.



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TRADE Winds

IN WRITING ABOUT a college reunion at Oxford—over there the occasion is called a "gaudy"—Joel Sayre repeats a story told him there by a classmate, Dacre Balsdon, now Exeter's Senior

Tutor, Keeper of the Archives, and Lecturer in Ancient History. Balsdon was reminiscing about Oxford college heads of another day.

"And there was the head who wrote beautiful sermons," Balsdon told Sayre, "but, when it came to delivering them, could not read his own writing. 'Frivolous, of course . . .' he began once with pulpit-gravity—then paused and corrected himself. 'No, followers of Christ . . .'"

I AM INDEBTED to an unusual book called "Art Plunder" (John Day) for the background of what's known as "the Elgin marbles." Now, with some Greeks agitating to get back their things from the British Museum, the story has interest.

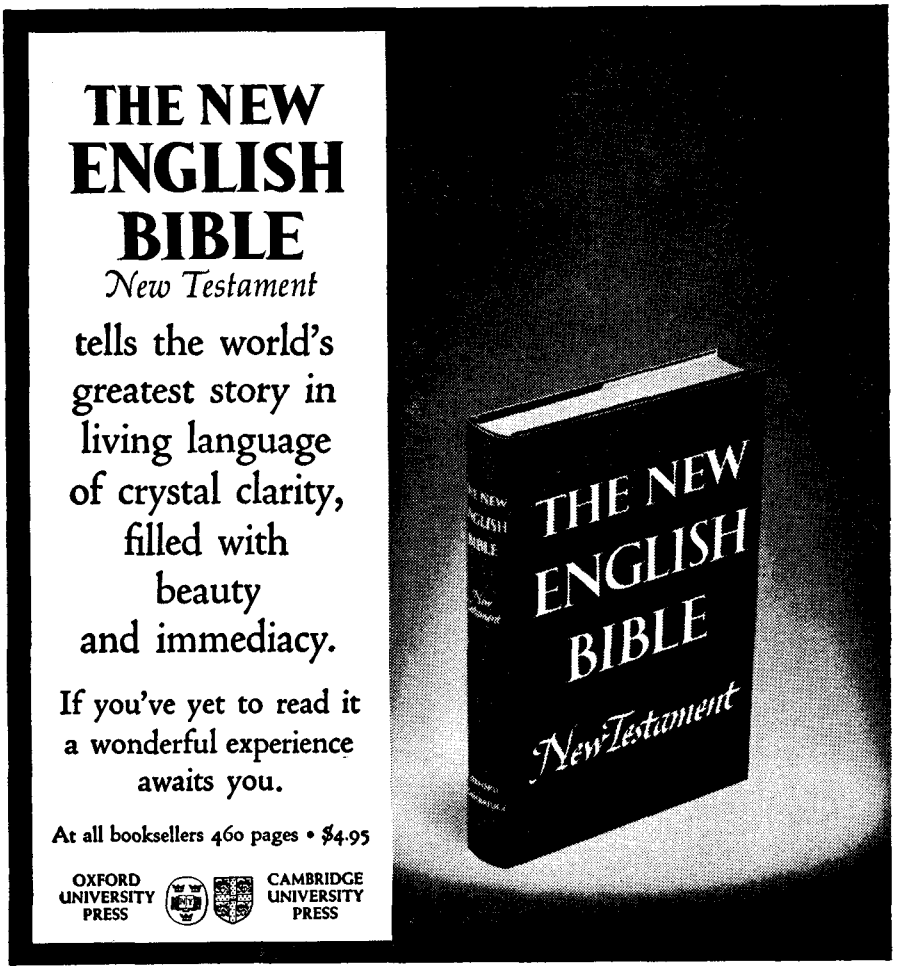
"Art Plunder" was written by a German historian, Wilhelm Treue, and it tells the fate of works of art through the ages as they became entangled in wars and revolutions. From the looting of the Temple of Solomon in 70 A.D. to the destruction of valuable collections in Germany by the Russians, the book tells a sad, fascinating side of war—without dead and wounded—that is almost unpalatable. It is rather incredible how much and how many paintings, sculptures, statues, vases, jewels, and so on have been looted, bartered, requisitioned, sold, burned, stolen, and lost over the centuries.

As for Lord Elgin, there seems to be no doubt that by transporting to England in the first few years of the nineteenth century many treasures of ancient Greece he saved them. He and his colleagues were convinced that in Athens "in fifty years' time not one stone will be left standing on another."

Not only were tourists, even in 1801, knocking souvenirs off statues and sculptures, but works of beauty and historical interest were being broken down for mortar by the inhabitants. Beautiful marble basins were used for pounding grain until they disintegrated. Even while the Lord Elgin party was packing up cases containing Jupiters, Minervas, mounted warriors, a Victory, a Hermes torso, and other priceless treasures, a few yards away the Turks were equally busy pulling down portions of the Parthenon for the lead clamps holding the blocks of marble together. They wanted these for melting down as bullets.

Lord Elgin sent to England hundreds of cases of stuff not only from Athens but also from many other sites in Greece. What's more, he had official permission to do so. He paid for the operation himself, and the collection was his private property. Some years later the British government bought everything from him. So, should it be returned to the Greeks?

There isn't time to tell about a disgraceful episode, the looting of the Summer Palace in Peking in 1857 by French and British soldiers. Besides, it is so agonizing I don't think I could again read that chapter from "Art Plunder."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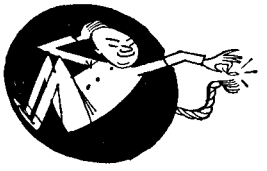

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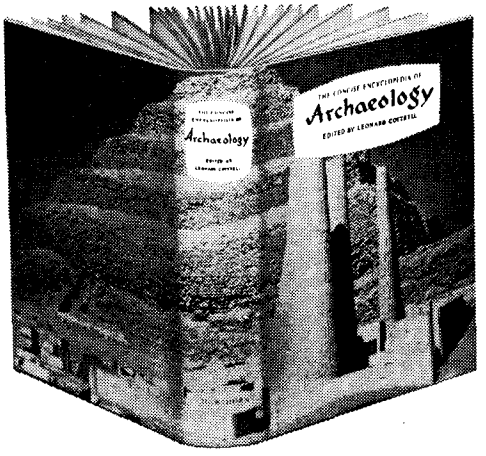

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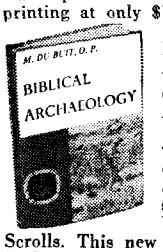

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the secret of Chartreuse

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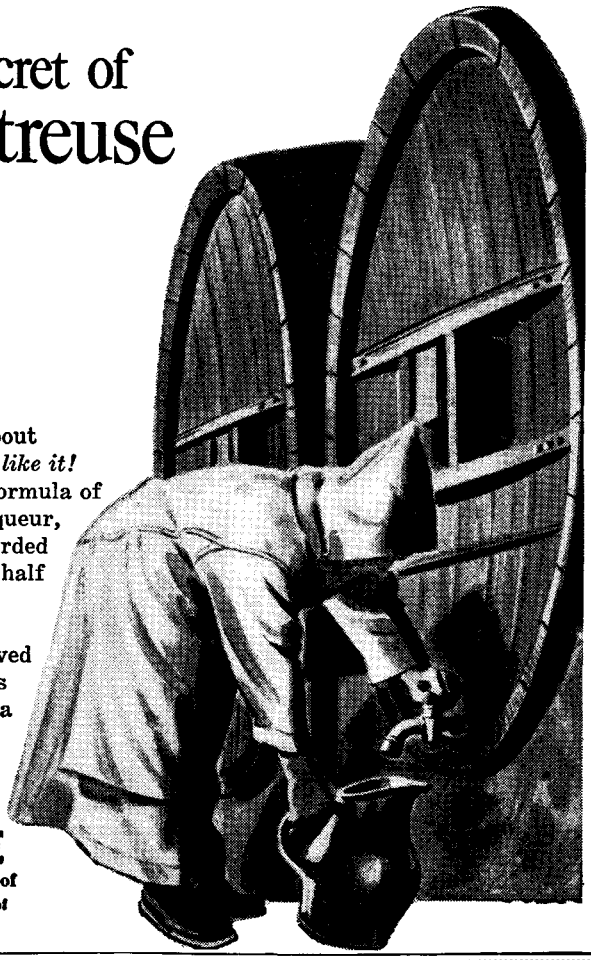

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bomb ready but there's one drawback—you have to push the button from the inside."

If those sound familiar it's because I got them from an old issue of Bob Orben's monthly gag service. In any case, that's where jokes come from.

IN ONE OF THOSE strange coincidences that happen in the publishing business, there are now two different books in print which have the same title. Dutton has just published "There is a River," by Richard Vaughan, a charmingly written autobiography by the Welsh writer. At the same time Dell has brought out a paperback edition of Thomas Sugrue's "There Is a River," which was a best-selling Holt book in 1942 and thereafter. But this book is nonfiction, the story of Edgar Cayce, the clairvoyant who practiced medical diagnosis by this strange method for forty-three years. The book titles are the same except for the upper and lower case "i". How many other cases like this are there, I wonder? And where does "there is a river" come from?

SHARPS AND FLATS: Jay C. Rosenfeld says the decline of the railroads is quite apparent in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where a man who manufactures handcars told him his business has virtually disappeared. Rosenfeld thought it might be an isolated case, but he got a similar report when he spoke to a second handcar dealer.

►That leads us to the report from the Pittsburgh executive who says he knows business is improving. "I'm losing bigger orders," he explains.

►*Putnam's believes they have a* runner-up to J. D. Salinger in the Non-Communicative Author Sweepstakes. He's Louis Aragon, French poet, essayist, novelist, and author of the new "Holy Week." In reply to the standard long, involved questionnaire sent him by the publisher, M. Aragon wrote "Louis Aragon, born October 3, 1897 in Paris, in the 16th arondissement, is still alive." —JEROME M. BEATTY.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1437)

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Her letters and an account of Anne Sullivan's work supplemented her own story of her life and education. This book was to appear, sooner or later, in about fifty languages, among them Oriya, Cebuano, Hiligayon, Telalog, Ilocano, Kanaada, Pushtu, Telugu, and Tamil.

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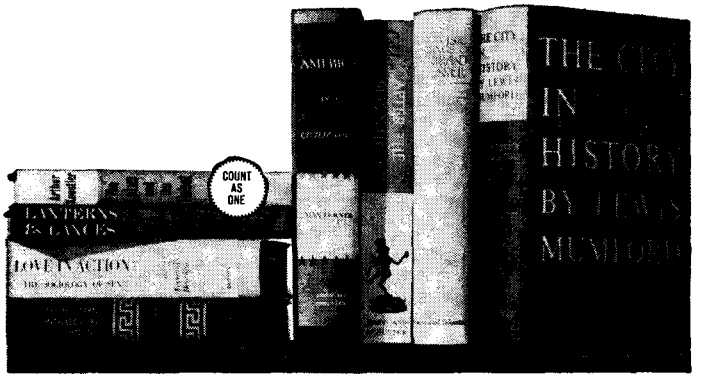

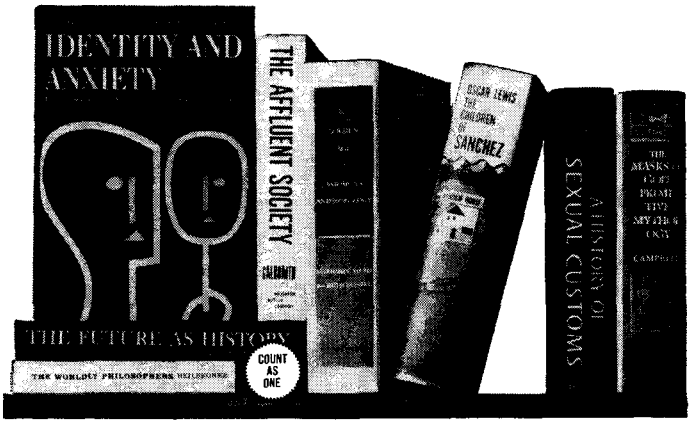

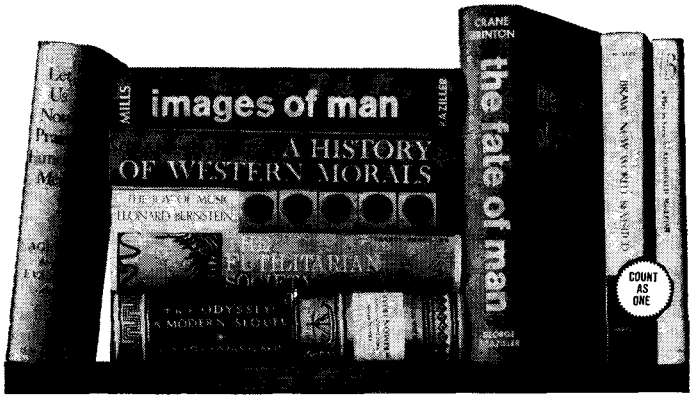

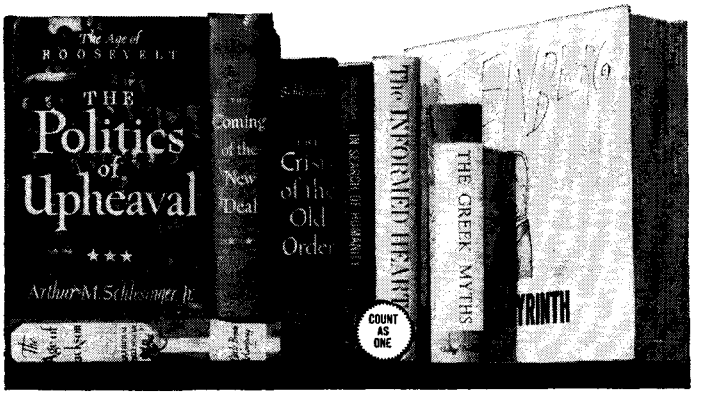
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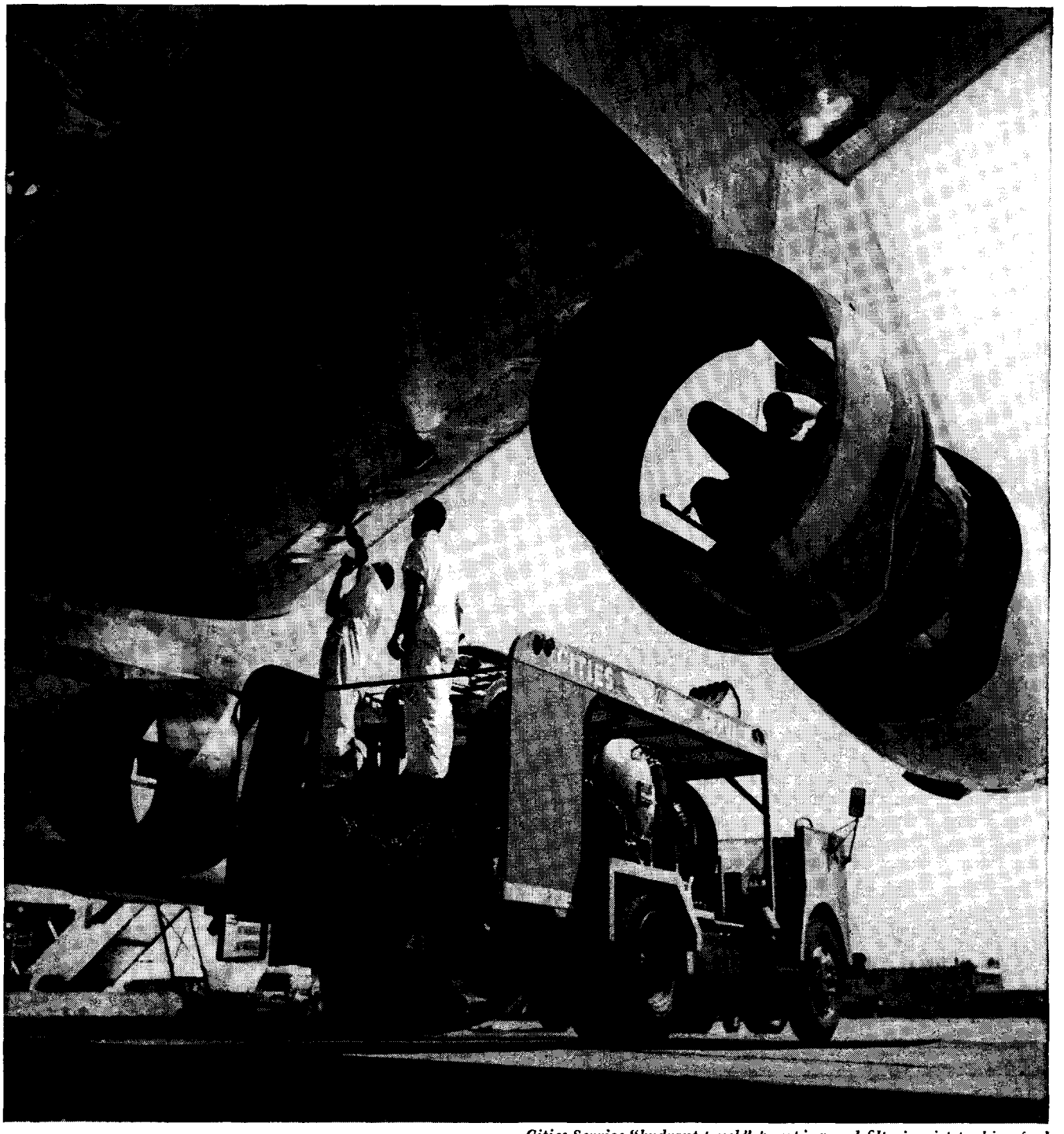

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Saturday Review
OCTOBER 14, 1961

THE DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF UNLIMITED LEISURE

By FRANK W. ABRAMS, *former Chairman of the Board of Standard Oil of New Jersey.*

TODAY 17,000,000 Americans are sixty-five years of age or older—one out of every eleven in the nation, as against one person out of twenty in 1900. In the ten years from 1950 to 1960, the aged population increased nearly 35 per cent while the general population increased only 19 per cent. By 1980 there will be 25,000,000 in the over-sixty-five group of our population. The period of retirement has also increased, since the average man or woman can expect to live longer than ever before, into his or her seventies or eighties. In 1900 the average man at the age of sixty faced less than three years of life expectancy.

Still other figures show in clear relief what has been happening. In 1920 1.5 per cent of the aged were eighty-five years of age and older, while in 1960 5.6 per cent of the aged were eighty-five years of age and older. Furthermore, in 1920 8.1 per cent of the voting-age population was sixty-five years and older, while in 1960 15.4 per cent of the voting-age population was in the same age bracket.

While retirement is a highly personal matter, affecting each individual differently, as a general problem it concerns all responsible people. It is so complex that it is impossible to deal here with all its ramifications. But three problems that come with retirement are vital to all those who will be involved.

The major problem is the accumulation of enough worldly goods so that the person who is no longer employed, or active in work or business, will not be in want and will have enough for a modest, comfortable retirement, unworried by financial need.

A second problem is the emotional and other adjustments necessary, and the preparation for those adjustments well before retirement. This of course varies with the individual, the type of work he has been engaged in, and his interests outside his work. These adjustments are often more difficult for the senior executive in business than for those who have not led an active life and have not had heavy responsibilities for the conduct of a large business.

A third problem is the effect of inflation on the person's savings, pension, and Social Security payments. The erosion caused by inflation has a major

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impact on the living standards of all who have retired from active employment in our society. Whether the retired man or woman be a schoolteacher, an auto worker, or a business executive, inflation is a serious question that has not been sufficiently discussed.

A retired person does not automatically become a less valuable citizen than he was, say, the year before he retired. Retaining his understanding and his sense of responsibility, he can continue to be an important part of his society. He can remain interested in public matters affecting the national welfare, and in many ways, since wisdom comes through experience, he can be a better citizen. There is every good reason why our public men have shown concern for those who are retired, or "aged," as those who reach the sixty-five-year mark are classified.

BUT the question of the aged is not alone for those who are over sixty-five; it is one for all who are interested in the problems of a very important sector of our national life. For, barring early death, the young man or woman is bound to graduate into the senior class of society.

But the automatic graduation into what is so often called senior citizenship does not bring with it automatically the ability to fit into a wholly new situation. We are so conditioned, in a lifetime of work, to act in certain ways necessary to our employment that many are totally unprepared for this new and often difficult phase of life. Suddenly we have more leisure than we ever had before, more time on our hands. If one is to lead a useful and fruitful life after retirement, thorough preparation is imperative.

In general, however, there is remarkably little emotional or other preparation for the retirement period. This is especially true of those in business who have important responsibilities, the very same people who would consider themselves delinquent if they did not plan for the future of the company in which they carry heavy burdens of planning and direction.

Most of the experiences of life seem to require periods of preparation and conditioning — except retirement from one's vocation. Whether we are facing the first day of school, the transition between high school and college, or our life's work, all is done with a definite purpose in view, a goal to be achieved. Mistakenly, success in business, with its accumulation of material substance, seems to be considered by many as all that is required for satisfaction in the leisurely days ahead. While the accumulation of material substance may be the basic essential of retirement, it is only the means to its fulfillment and not the end in itself.

I suppose the worker who has done hard physical labor over his productive lifetime can look forward to the reward of physical ease. This he may temper and adjust to his taste by simple diversions such as gardening, woodworking, or such pastimes as fishing and other sports. But office workers, particularly executives, soon find that such diversions are no substitute for a career of mental activity. This, it seems to me, is the main cause of crisis and deterioration in the well-being of the average retired executive.

One may be tempted to observe that this situation is certainly known to the intelligent business executive of today. It is perhaps known to some, but few, in my observation, are sufficiently impressed by it to prepare to meet it successfully. Even though the top business executive is experienced in dealing with trends, "look-aheads," and long-term outlooks, he seems to ignore the necessities of applying similar techniques in his personal affairs. He is inclined to believe that he can take care of the situation satisfactorily when it occurs. Why, just think of the many things he has always wanted to do but has never found time for under the pressures of his demanding business life! But strange as it may seem, the more relaxing these interests are, the less diverting they will prove. The fact is that there are two needs that have to be met in satisfying a balanced personality in retirement: the relaxing pleasures that serve to maintain physical well-being, and the mental stimulation that comes from continued personal accomplishment in some worthwhile field.

BEFORE my own retirement I was fortunate in having the counsel of one of the wisest and most helpful persons with whom it was my good fortune to be associated during my business career. The late Ralph W. Gallagher, who preceded me as Chairman of the Board of Standard Oil Company (N.J.), gave me the benefit of his experience both before and after his leaving the company. He expressed concern that my plan of retirement at sixty-two would find me unprepared for turning this important corner in life and that, as he expressed it, I would find myself "just another fellow on the street." He insisted that I should stay on to the normal retirement age of sixty-five and take advantage of the time to become affiliated with other interests that would help carry me on into a new life with purposeful objectives. The logic of this advice appealed to me strongly for reasons beyond the simple aim of contentment in my retirement. For many years I had felt that the scales of chance had been heavily weighted in my favor and that good fortune had smiled in my direction more than in that of the average man. Here, then, was an opportunity to balance the score by paying back to society something in personal endeavor for the privileges and happiness I had enjoyed over the years.

Of course, many retiring business executives believe this opportunity exists in the continuation of their normal

"We're an old, established company, Mr. Adams, and what we're looking for is a bright, intelligent young man who's smart enough to stay at the bottom and not gum up the works."

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career on some modified basis. Men have become "statesmen" in their particular lines; as reservoirs of sage advice and wisdom they take on an air of indispensability. This may be valid reasoning during the first few years of retirement, but as time passes the legitimate "no man" is inclined to become the agreeable "yes man" to hold his place with management. It is far more satisfying and constructive to tackle new problems of a quasi-public nature, where one's early training in analyzing and organizing can be applied with a fresh viewpoint.* This kind of work does not, however, pay well (if at all), and if a person is able to measure success only through the accumulation of material things, I suppose he would see no future in it.

The average person facing retirement is confronted with the problem of providing himself with an estate large enough to keep him free from financial cares over the period of his nonproductive years. But there are hazards in this that do not seem to be generally understood by the individual, or by insurance companies that solicit his patronage.

Last summer, while scanning the contents of a gardening magazine, I came across a full-page advertisement that seemed misleading and almost cruel in its implications. The text of the appeal was headed by a picture of a man and wife who appeared to be in their mid-fifties gazing over the fence at a neighbor's garden. A headline said: "You, too, may have an income of $350 per month through our retirement plan." The inference was certainly that this handsome couple would be able to balance their budget with $350 per month and retire in comfort and without care for the remainder of their natural lives, which might well be for twenty or more years. A simple research job with inflation tables would show that $350 was equivalent to approximately $700 twenty years ago, and a simple extension of the trend twenty years ahead would indicate that our unsuspecting happy retiring folks would be confronted with balancing their budget with the equivalent purchasing power of $175 per month. And this requirement at seventy-five years of age would be nothing short of a cruel impossibility. Social Security payments will have to increase mightily to keep this budget in balance.

It is important at this stage that we look at some of the figures that indicate the grave financial problem of the average person who retires from employment if we are to deal properly with the effect of inflation on his well-being.

Between 50 and 60 per cent of people sixty-five have incomes of less than $1,000 per year. About half of those in the over-sixty-five group in our nation have assets of less than $1,000.

Medical costs for this group are also worth considering. They will be approximately twice that for the average member of the total population. Official figures show that those over sixty-five spend more than twice as much time in hospitals than those under that age.

Now let us take a look at what can be expected in Social Security payments, which were never intended, of course, to take the place of one's own savings or pension plans. Social security is simply another form of insurance and should be so considered.

The present maximum anyone can receive in Social Security payments if he retires at sixty-five is $123 a month. There is no escalator clause attached to the cost-of-living index in these payments and no labor union contract to maintain them. In other words, the average person in the middle or low-income groups can be in an exceptionally tight squeeze, even though he may have his own home and investments that provide a reasonably certain return.

The retired person is on a fixed income, but the things he buys do not stay fixed in price. And should a person retire at the age of sixty-two, with lower benefits, he is no better off when it comes to being able to live within his income, even with sources other than his Social Security payments.

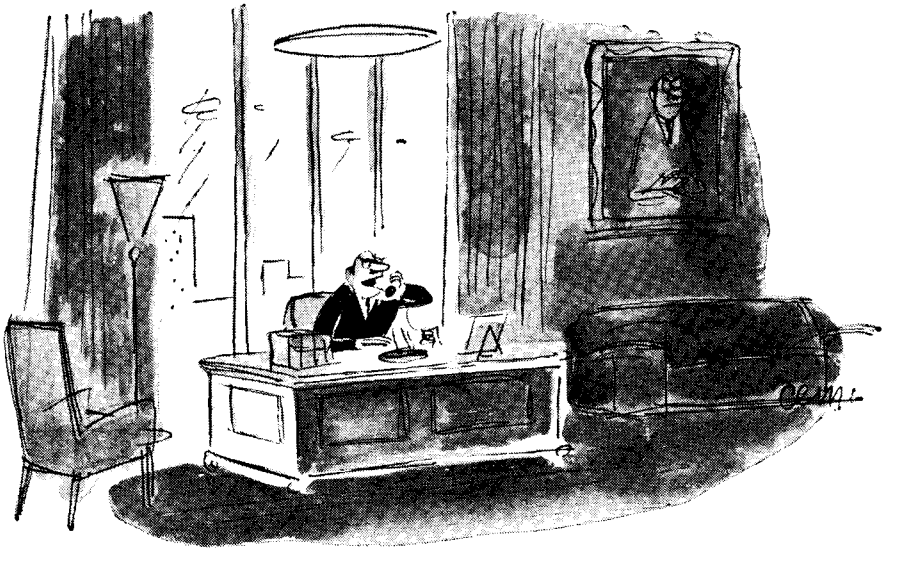
The report of the White House Conference on Aging, held last January in Washington, pays some attention to the problem of inflation. It is pointed out that a man who retired in this country in 1948 on a $100 monthy pension now has only about $76 a month in purchasing power. It goes on to say: "If an effort is to be made to maintain the purchasing power of retired citizens within reasonable cost and without detriment to other age groups, many areas must be explored."

HERE, then, is a field in which a great deal of work remains to be done, much more than is now being done by the Social Security Administration, by the insurance companies, and by those in business who are responsible for the retirement plans of their employees. At present, according to the Conference report, approximately 8 per cent of individuals over sixty-five and their families are receiving private pensions supplemental to Social Security. This figure will increase since about 30 per cent of those who are not retired are covered by private pensions and deferred profit-sharing plans.

The report also states that "practically all the income sources in this field, excepting ownership of common stocks and rental properties, are fixed and not subject to variations in our general economic situation due either to increased productivity and/or inflation."

Some of our philanthropic foundations have shown an interest in the problems of the aging. Such worthy things as improved housing, adult education discussion groups, and other

(*Continued on page* 84)



"This is J. B. Witslaw of International Investment Trust. Where's that chicken salad on rye I ordered?"

**Editor's footnote: Mr. Abrams is now chairman of the executive committee of the Council for Financial Aid to Education; a director of the Fund for the Advancement of Education; chairman emeritus of the Syracuse University board of trustees; a trustee of Hofstra College; and a trustee of Cooper Union, among other activities in which he has engaged since his retirement.*

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Medals for Madness

By Granville Hicks

THE SECOND World War has retained its hold on the imaginations of American writers considerably longer than the first one did. Here, sixteen years after the war's end, are two first novels, both concerned with the fighting in Italy: **"Catch-22,"** by Joseph Heller (Simon & Schuster, $5.95), and **"The End of It,"** by Mitchell Goodman (Horizon, $4.50). They differ drastically in tone and method, but both novelists are seriously involved with their subject.

"Catch-22" tells many stories, but its central figure is a bombardier named Yossarian. The war has come to seem to Yossarian quite crazy. "Men went mad and were rewarded with medals. All over the world, boys on every side of the bomb line were laying down their lives for what they had been told was their country; and no one seemed to mind, least of all the boys who were laying down their young lives." Yossarian minds very much: "He had decided to live forever or die in the attempt, and his only mission each time he went up he was to come down alive."

The chief obstacle to Yossarian's achieving his ambition is Colonel Cathcart, who constantly raises the number of missions his men have to fly. Cathcart is a simon-pure opportunist, a man who will stop at nothing to get promoted, who is constantly courting the favor of his superiors, who does not care how many men are killed if he can get a little favorable publicity. He is as stupid as he is unscrupulous, and his immediate superiors have little advantage over him in either intelligence or morality.

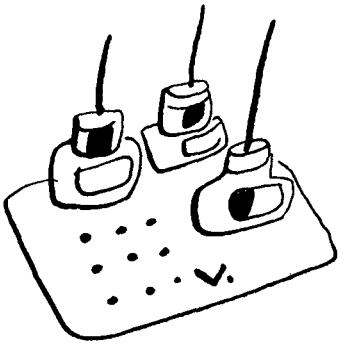
Cathcart, of course, is a caricature, and there are plenty of caricatures in the book. With Milo Minderbinder, the mess officer, Heller goes beyond caricature into the realm of satiric fantasy. Milo, a stalwart advocate of private enterprise, organizes a syndicate whose black market activities range all over Europe. He steals the carbon dioxide cylinders that are used to inflate life jackets, and takes the syrettes of morphine from first-aid kits. (He always leaves a mimeographed note saying, "What's good for M & M Enterprises is good for the country.") His greatest exploit is to hire himself out to the Germans to bomb his own airfield for cost plus 6 per cent.

Heller's satire cuts a wide swath. He takes after a variety of bureaucrats, makes fun of security checks, ridicules psychiatrists and army doctors in general. Sometimes he shoots way over the mark, but often his aim is good. There are several extremely funny passages, the humor usually rising out of the kind of mad logic that seems to Heller the essence of modern warfare. Here is a passage that exhibits the humor and incidentally explains the title:

> Yossarian looked at him soberly and tried another approach. "Is Orr crazy?"
>
> "He sure is," Doc Daneeka said. "Can you ground him?"
>
> "I sure can. But first he has to ask me to. That's part of the rule."
>
> "Then why doesn't he ask you to?"
>
> "Because he's crazy," Doc Daneeka said. "He has to be crazy to keep flying combat missions after all the close calls he's had. Sure, I can ground him. But first he has to ask me to."
>
> "That's all he has to do to be grounded?"
>
> "That's all. Let him ask me."
>
> "And then you can ground him?" Yossarian asked.
>
> "No. Then I can't ground him."
>
> "You mean there's a catch?"
>
> "Sure there's a catch," Doc Daneeka replied. "Catch-22. Anyone who wants to get out of combat duty isn't really crazy."

This is amusing and pointed, and so is much else, but the book as a whole is less effective than it might be. Heller has introduced so many characters, tried to deliver so many knockout blows, and written in such a variety of styles that the reader becomes a little dizzy.

Mitchell Goodman in "The End of It" tells a simpler story. He begins with American troops arriving in Italy, and concentrates on a Lieutenant Freeman of the Field Artillery. Unlike most of the soldiers, who are scornful of Wops, Freeman takes to Italy and the Italians. After a pleasantly romantic interlude he is sent to the front, and now he feels himself part of a horrible machine. There is an obscure episode concerning a religious fanatic, a hillbilly Fundamentalist who worships at Catholic shrines. There is an obscene speech by a general that might have come out of Heller's book and yet is perfectly credible.



ON a reconaissance mission Freeman meets a group of Italian partisans, and he feels how much more the war means to them than it does to him. They have located a large group of retreating Germans, and, on their urging, he communicates with his headquarters and directs a destructive shelling. Among the victims, he discovers, are many Italians who were being forced to go north as workmen. He is decorated as a hero, but he has a mental collapse. Afterwards, however, he arrives at a vague kind of affirmation.

The writing is vivid, and I was surprised to learn from the jacket that Goodman, though he was in the army, did not serve overseas during the war. He has two themes: the richness of Italian civilization as contrasted with American, and the deadly impersonality of modern warfare. He develops both convincingly, and then he brings them into conflict, for after all it is the native Italians who make use of the American machine to destroy not only their enemies but also their fellow-countrymen. It is no wonder that Freeman collapses; what is not clear is how he arrives at his final affirmation. The book fades away in a misty conclusion, but the reader is sympathetic to Freeman even though he does not fully understand what has happened to him.

Goodman says many of the same things about war as Heller, and says them more persuasively because more quietly. Both men are intensely earnest in their denunciation of war, and both go behind the conduct of the war to criticize the quality of American life. Both men are talented: Heller's gift is for satire, Goodman's for description and narration. If neither has written the great novel of the war, each has found a fresh way of attacking the subject, and both novels help us to understand why World War II still seems to many writers a piece of unfinished business. If we could understand the war, both men are convinced, we should be on the way to understanding ourselves and our present predicament.

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Book in the News

Nation on the Amazon

By A. A. Berle, Jr., *former United States Ambassador to Brazil.*

WRITERS about Brazil frequently find themselves in the predicament of the blind men describing the elephant: too often a striking single feature distorts the picture. Rarely has a survey covered all the country's many aspects, giving reasonable weight to each. In **"Brazil: The Infinite Country"** (Dutton, $6), William Lytle Schurz, whose Brazilian experience is wide, has undertaken to do the whole job. The result is admirable, both as description and analysis. His volume can safely be recommended (this reviewer recently did so) to anyone seeking to understand the South American country most likely to become a world power in the next half-century.

There is great need for such analysis, and this is especially true today. Americans know Brazil almost entirely through the columns of one or two periodicals and daily papers which have proved conspicuously inadequate in the recent crisis period. Sensationalism has occasioned inaccurate or distorted fact reporting, and even when facts are adequate, emotional bias or ideological stereotype has often made for unreliable interpretation. The depth and calm of Schurz's presentation will furnish an invaluable corrective that should assist his readers in discounting sensationalism and in avoiding misinterpretation.

Preferences affect most writers when Brazil is discussed. I think Schurz's heart is in the vast, unsettled Amazon jungle he knows so well, but he keeps this feeling under control. Better than most men he knows that the Amazon jungle bears about the same relation to modern Brazil as subarctic Alaska bears to the rest of the United States. He opens his book with a geographic description and an ethnic analysis of the subcontinental vastness. The Indian element is described, but reduced to its relatively minor place. The singularly absorptive quality of the Portuguese influence is stressed. Full attention is given to the Negro influence, which, while great, is commonly overestimated; white civilization has made a happy and fertile human adjustment with its substantial Negro admixture. The striking characteristic of the country is that of sympathy and kindness. As Schurz puts it: "The basic quality of Brazilians is humanity. . . . It is expressed in the Brazilian's strong aversion to violence, whether between nations or individuals."

This goes far to explain the astonishing capacity of Brazilians for peacefully accommodating and compromising with political and economic crises which in other countries cause explosion. Inexperienced reporting of the recent crisis over the resignation of President Quadros led some to believe the country was on the verge of civil war. Readers of Schurz's book would have known that chances of that were slim indeed. Killing as a solution of anything appeals to few Brazilians.

Six chapters on the social, economic, and political forces giving structure to the country (Schurz calls them, respectively, "The Gods," "The School," "The Clinic," "The Farm," " The Countinghouse," and "The State") are especially well done. The author begins with the universal Brazilian aphorism, "God is a Brazilian." (I add a wry footnote: An American agency recently made a Gallup-style survey of Brazilian political information and attitudes. In the backlands, people were asked who was President of Brazil. A substantial percentage answered, "God.") His picture of local Catholicism and of the all too inadequate educational system is excellent. In the great backland areas, men are interested in their own struggles with virgin land and tropical nature. They are not too much concerned with the fervid political life of Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, and Brasilia. (The survey referred to above also showed that 95 per cent of rural Brazil had never heard of Fidel Castro, and only a minority of city-dwellers knew who he was.) The notion that a depressed, angry lower class desires social revolution and destruction of existing norms in Brazil is an illusion, though there is plenty of nationalism and "Buy Brazilian" sentiment. Revolutionary feeling is confined to a small stratum of intellectuals and a moderate though substantial minority of politicians; but, having access to propaganda tom-toms often provided from outside, these make a disproportionate noise. The reality—that most of Brazil does want to see its unduly low standard of living bettered—may be roughly compared to the Granger and protectionist sentiment in the United States seventy-four years ago. There are, of course, plenty of individuals ready and willing to exploit this desire, and there is every reason why responsible policy both in Brazil and in the United States should look for solutions to the problems that have led to it.

Political analysis in Schurz's book ends with the Kubitschek administration and its dedication of a major portion of Brazil's economic resources to the construction of the new western capital, Brasilia. Perhaps because of his State Department experience (he served at a time when its Latin American staff was more impressive than it has been recently), Schurz is guarded about expressing opinions. Economically, Brasilia was a madly romantic adventure, not inaccurately described as a "Pharaonic dream." (Kubitschek would have added, one that was carried out for the only time in history by a democracy.) At the present it is costing Brazilians dearly. Yet it is quite probable that a generation hence, when the bills have been paid, the builders of Brasilia will go down as heroes in the history of the Republic. As a result of it, the highly populated coastal regions of Brazil have been connected by viable road systems with the west, and the undescribed but vastly impressive movement of the nation toward successful conquest of its west has received an enormous impetus.

The Vargas dictatorship violated the inherent Brazilian instincts of freedom; this, Schurz rightly believes, was why Vargas twice fell. But it did centralize the country. Kubitschek's attempt to construct in five years what might have been more prudently done in twenty brought Brazilian economy to the verge of collapse. But Brasilia, the road system, the rebuilding of São Paulo and other cities, a substantial increase in hydroelectric power resources, and an awareness of the needs of the Brazilian masses give a slightly different perspective for judgment. A lot did get

(*Continued on page* 79)

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FICTION

Happiness Begins at Home

"The Frontenacs," by François Mauriac, *translated by Gerard Hopkins (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 185 pp. $3.75), explores the mysterious bonds that unite disparate persons in a family. Justin O'Brien, translator of Gide and Camus, is chairman of Columbia University's Department of French.*

By Justin O'Brien

AS A very young man at the start of his literary career, François Mauriac heard André Gide's intemperate outburst against families enjoying behind closed doors their private monopolies of happiness. It doubtless impressed deeply that representative of the rich upper class of Bordeaux's very closed and class-conscious society, for his own novels during the following twenty years consistently emphasized the horrors of family life among the Cazenaves, the Pélouеyres, and the Desqueyroux. Hidden hatreds and repressed jealousies, misunderstandings and crippling possessiveness marked his characters living in the shadow of the great pine forests and within sight of the sweet vineyards of Sauternes. The roofs of the great houses at Langon, Léojats, Saint-Symphorien, and along the Bazas railway covered a host of seething passions ready to burst forth at the slightest provocation. Appropriately, he named his first play "Asmodée" after that inquisitive angel who enjoyed lifting roofs to see what was going on within. "Togetherness" was not a virtue to the Mauriac we all loved in the Twenties and Thirties.

Apparently he was not himself unaware that his dominating mothers, psychotic children, deceiving or revoltingly smug husbands, and murderous wives had something abnormal about them. When dedicating one novel to his brother, a doctor, Mauriac referred to them as "invalids," and on another occasion he called them all "monsters."

Then, in his forties, just as he was about to be elected to the French Academy and long before his winning of the Nobel Prize, François Mauriac fell gravely ill. His family, despairing of saving his life, rallied round him; and, suddenly sensing the accumulated love emanating from such a close-knit group, he felt a keen compunction at having always depicted the family in such an unlovely light. Upon his recovery, he wrote "Le Mystère Frontenac," now published in English as "The Frontenacs."

—Jerry Bauer

Francois Mauriac — withstands the test of time and translation.

The "mystery" is that secret bond uniting all members of a strong family, "the impossible union of wives and husbands, of sons and brothers" in a common love and common purpose. It is what makes Uncle Xavier sacrifice his own life, forego marriage, and slyly hide the existence of his unworthy mistress, in order to devote himself and his income to his dead brother's children. It causes Jean-Louis, the eldest son, to enter the family firm, and his brother José, the "peasant" of the Frontenacs, to give up his fishing and hunting long enough to learn the estate's boundary marks hidden among the pines and the brush. And the poet of the family, young Yves, after he has gone up to Paris and made a place in the literary world, feels drawn back to the "tangled darkness of tree-thick Bourideys."

Perhaps because Yves is modeled on the young François Mauriac, and the widowed mother, Blanche, on his own mother, the novelist has successfully created an atmosphere and a group of characters that haunt the reader long after he has laid the book aside. Having read this novel in the original over twenty years ago, with a certain disappointment that Mauriac had seemingly abandoned his complex, vicious characters, I now find that I like it more than I did then. "The Frontenacs" has withstood the double test of time and translation.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MORE MYTH QUOTES

The ten following quotations, like the ones in the Literary I.Q. for January 28th, refer poetically to classic mythological characters. Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to name them. Answers on page 83.

1. "From morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve."—Milton
2. "And oft he wooed the wandering wind
To cool his brow with its sigh."—Moore
3. "They scarce had spoke, when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft."—Swift
4. "O latest born and loveliest vision far
Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy!"—Keats
5. "So like they were, no mortal
Might one from other know."—Macaulay
6. "He bore the plaintive tale
Of his lost bees to her maternal ear."—Cowper
7. "'Tis said he had a tuneful tongue,
Such happy intonation,
Wherever he sat down and sung
He left a small plantation."—Tennyson
8. "He spoke and awful bends his sable brows,
Shakes his ambrosial curls and gives the nod."—Homer
9. "When loosely girt her dazzling mantle flows,
And 'gainst the sun in arching colors glows."—Flaccus

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Condition, Conduct, Consequence

"The Enchantress and Other Stories," by H. E. Bates *(Atlantic-Little, Brown. 206 pp. $4), play variations on the theme of human understanding vs. moral judgment. Irving H. Buchen is a member of the English faculty at Fairleigh Dickinson University in New Jersey.*

By Irving H. Buchen

IN THE Thirties, when H. E. Bates was an angry young Englishman, he proclaimed in a brief essay on Hardy and Conrad: "Morality is virtually a fraud, since there is really no stabilized coinage of morality at all but only the elemental currency of human action and re-action, only human conduct and its consequences." Bates was then fighting for a fiction that would display moral judgments not as something obviously superior to, but as something imperceptibly imbedded in the human condition. Throughout his writing career this has remained his central artistic aim. Happily, this new collection of short stories has the same distinguished focus.

Perhaps the title story, "The Enchantress," best suggests the extent to which the vital relationship between human conduct and morality is contingent upon the reader's own awareness. The "enchantress," Bertha Jackson, born and raised in the slums, marries a fairly wealthy man old enough to be her grandfather. We rapidly conclude that the old man is a fool and that Bertha is a gold-digger. Bates evidently knows his readers well, for he has other characters come to the same hasty, cynical conclusion. Having set the trap, he springs it, catching and embarrassing them and us with this simple observation: "When a man of seventy marries a girl of seventeen . . . it never seems to occur to anyone that all that has possessed him is a firm dose of taste, enterprise and common sense." And, far from being a social climber, Bertha makes her husband happy, and others after him, by her enchanting gift of selfless adoration. Or, as Bates neatly puts it, "Bertha never dispossessed anybody of anything."

At least three other stories, "Lost Ball," "The Spring Hat," and "An Island Princess," also deal with the losses in understanding that often follow upon mechanical and narrowing moral judgments. In fact, all twelve tales in this volume are variations on this theme. Appropriately, those that achieve an unforgettable poignancy have as their central characters individuals who live on the periphery of life. Clara Corbett of "Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal" is such a character. A butcher's wife, she enjoys a momentary liberation of soul before she sinks back into the drudgery of delivering neatly wrapped cuts of meat in an old van. Then there is Thelma in the story of the same name, a bedroom maid whose life is measured out, not in coffee spoons, but in cans of hot shaving water which she doles out every morning to lonely traveling salesmen. She falls in love with one, but when he fails to return she spends the rest of her life giving herself to other salesmen, imagining all the time that it is her beau who is really making love to her.

Significantly, these and the other stories in this volume are moving precisely because they are not pointed with any heavy-handed moralism. In fact, the key to Bates's achievement is his lightness of touch. His characters never crowd or crush the reader. They emerge casually, considerately, as if starting off a long distance away and slowly walking toward us. Their problems and conflicts never thunder or crackle noisily; they are treated by Bates with quiet respect, almost with reverence. And yet, our final impression is of an artistic world surprisingly powerful, rich, and full. Equally as important, we find that Bates has granted the same extended breadth to our understanding of human conduct and its moral consequences.

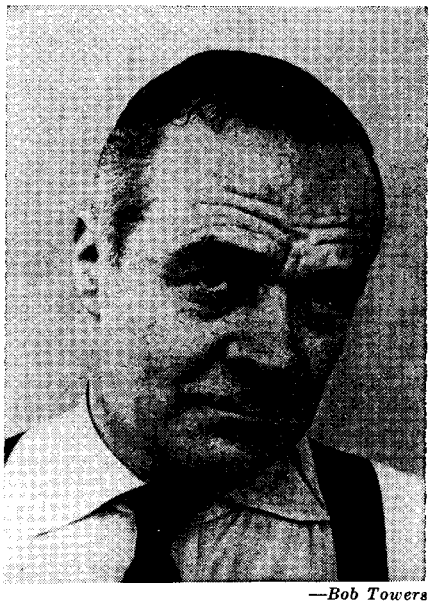
A Case of Mistaken Identity

"A Man in a Mirror," by Richard Llewellyn *(Doubleday. 432 pp. $5.75), demonstrates the seemingly unbridgeable gulf of misunderstanding that separates white settlers and native tribesmen in Africa. Novelist Peter Abrahams, himself born in South Africa, is the author of "Wild Conquest."*

By Peter Abrahams

I SUPPOSE it is true to say that in a sense all literature is sociology; but all sociology is not literature. This was the dominant thought in my mind after reading Richard Llewellyn's latest novel, and there was something saddening about it.

Very many years ago I read another piece of sociology by Mr. Llewellyn, and it was a thing of beauty on the growing up of a young boy in the green valleys of his beloved Wales. There was a singing poetry about that story that lifted it far above sociology and made it stir the heart of a black boy in Africa. "A Man in a Mirror," on the other hand, is competent, well-handled sociology, written with a greater stylistic mastery than "How Green Was My Valley," but lacking in the inner poetry that makes literature.



—*Bob Towers*

Richard Llewellyn—". . . well-handled sociology."

The story is of Nterenke of the Masai, known as James Teren to the white folk, who, with the exception of one semi-villainous American, are all called Europeans whether they were born in Europe or not (this is the language of the white settler in Africa). The plot is very simple. Nterenke is

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one of the few educated Masai, and he serves as interpreter at the trial of a fellow Masai for the murder of a white man who had taken a white cow. According to tribal belief, the cow was really the Masai's sister, and so he killed the man who had tried to take her away. But the "Europeans" could not understand this; to them it was simply wilful murder.

This business of the whites just not understanding what is so very clear to the Masai, plus the advice of the barrister who had been especially flown out from England to defend the murderer, sets Nterenke off on a short flashback in body and mind. This gives Mr. Llewellyn his opportunity to instruct us in the intricacies of Masai tribal culture, and a pretty fine job he does of it.

The author has obviously gone to great pains to capture both the facts and the flavor of the daily life of the Masai; he pays great attention to detail, and catches even the flow of their speech.

Like so many white settlers, though with greater subtlety than most, Mr. Llewellyn makes it clear that he has very little time for the Kikuyu; and somehow in the process of narration his hero, Nterenke, who is to be the Masai's prime minister when they make a bid for independence, assumes some of the whites' dislike and distrust and fear of the Kikuyu. The hint is there, shadowlike, that the Masai might have to fight the Kikuyu for their independence; and the author and all the whites will be on the side of the Noble Savages against the "tricky Kukes" who were responsible for the Mau Mau horrors. On the rare occasions when a Kikuyu or other non-Masai African appears in the story, it is in a light not half so glowing.

There are moments when the reader may find himself emotionally involved in the tale. One such moment occurs when Nterenke explains to the lawyer that the murderer was really protecting his sister, the white cow, from the white man he killed. There is another when the hero meets two very Westernized young Masai women who shed their Westernism like discarded dresses and become his tribal wives. But in the main this book is a solid dose of sociology, skilfully constructed in the shape of fiction but without its self-sustaining life.

DECLINE AND FALL: Winston Dangerfield, "great American author"; his mistress Lucha and his son David; critics, doctors, friends, and foes; a party; a sumptuous home, a swimming pool; a novel entitled "The Prelate,"

(*Continued on page* 82)

PERSONAL HISTORY

Velvet Suits and Pistol Practice

"Promise at Dawn," by Romain Gary, *translated by John Markham Beach (Harper. 337 pp. $5), pays tribute to the novelist-diplomat's extraordinary mother, who shaped his career without breaking his spirit. Thomas E. Cooney teaches English at Columbia University.*

By Thomas E. Cooney

SUPPOSE a man were to tell a psychoanalyst this story: "I never knew my father. I was brought up entirely by my mother, who was a *couturière,* and I spent much of my boyhood in her shop, petted by her women customers and admired by her seamstresses. She dressed me in velvet suits and taught me to be her cavalier. So fiercely possessive was her love that even now, twenty years after she died, I tread the road she pointed out to me." One can easily imagine the analyst leaning back, making a five-pointed arch with his fingers, and saying, "Mm? So? There seems to be material for analysis here, does there not?"

The trouble with this picture is that the confrontation will never take place. Romain Gary, diplomat and author of "The Roots of Heaven," "A European Education," and other novels, whose considerably more complex life includes the above facts, has no intention of going to an analyst. In fact, he eloquently denounces "those wriggling little suckers of the human soul," and in the rest of his book shows that the gloomy poetry of psychoanalysis has nothing to say to him. Translated with lightness and grace by John Markham Beach, his narrative tells of his own fulfillment of the carefully and passionately pursued destiny his mother had mapped out for him, and does it with all the honesty of Rousseau, and with humor and whimsical self-mockery as well.

It took eight years for Mme. Kacew, sometime actress in Moscow, to migrate with her fatherless boy away from the Russian Revolution, through Vilna and Warsaw, and eventually to France. Having settled in Nice, she was determined to turn "Romouchka" into not just a Frenchman, but an ambassador of France and a modern Balzac (having due regard for that man's genius both as a writer and a lover). And in this she proved herself to be a superb plastic artist, molding the mind and spirit of a human being into a rare and not inconsiderable work of art: a man. Velvet suits and mother-love notwithstanding, Mme. Kacew felt that a man should be able to ride, to shoot, to dance, to charm, and above all to fight for the honor of a lady or a nation. Systematically, therefore, she hired "professors" like Lieutenant Sverdlovski in Vilna to teach her son riding, fencing, and pistol-shooting, and made him defend her own honor by publicly berating and slapping the "bourgeois bedbugs" in Vilna and Nice who had insulted her. That Mme. Kacew undoubtedly provoked these insults by her own arrogance made the boy's training all the more severe; the principle of loyalty was at stake, not abstract justice.

Romain Gary—"the honesty of Rousseau."

As Romain grew up and went to war, the pattern of his mother's devotion expanded to guide him. Eventually he became a navigator and an officer in the Free French Air Force, to whose ranks he was drawn by de Gaulle's famous appeal from England in 1940, for which his mother had been preparing him all his life. Unfortunately, her last magnificent gesture cannot even be hinted at here without destroying the book's noble climax. Mme. Kacew was more than a remarkable woman. As Romain was no Oedipus, so she was no Jocasta. She was a force of nature.

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A Lineage of Letters

"The Garnett Family: The History of a Literary Family," by Carolyn G. Heilbrun *(Macmillan. 201 pp. $5), chronicles four generations of bibliophiles and their wide-ranging contributions to the world of English letters. Aileen Pippett, biographer of Virginia Woolf, is a close observer of British writing.*

By Aileen Pippett

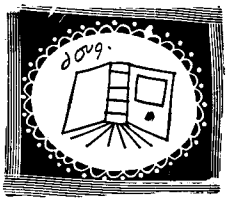
ONE HAS to laugh. The first Garnett came to England with the Conqueror. David Garnett says so, no doubt with a grin. But the laughter comes not from an absurd claim to a meaningless distinction, but from sheer joy that after centuries of solid citizens with a flair for business and a love of learning, the persistence of the Garnetts in doing and saying what they pleased brought them at last out of commerce into culture.

The first purely literary Garnett was Richard, who became a clergyman, wrote on theology, linguistics, and natural history, and in 1838 was appointed Assistant Keeper of the Department of Printed Books in the British Museum. His son, another Richard, started as a "placer" of books there when he was sixteen and the Library had only a rudimentary system of filing its already vast collection. He rose to be Superintendent of the Reading Room and then Keeper of the Library, and edited its first printed list, which took twenty-five years to compile. He was the best known and most widely loved man of his or any other generation to all frequenters of the Museum. An omnivorous reader with a prodigious memory, he could find any book and any reference on any subject, and did so gladly and endearingly, for his devotion was boundless. Karl Marx gave him an inscribed photograph; Samuel Butler, that malicious tease, said that to see him reaching up to a high shelf for a book recalled Milton's "Linkèd sweetness long drawn out." This patron saint of scholars was also a prolific writer, mainly on literary topics. His book of stories, "Twilight of the Gods," a minor classic of gentle irony, is still a delight.

The career of his son, Edward, shows some remarkable parallels. The youth was drifting aimlessly until he met and instantly loved Constance, who induced him to take a job of some sort. It was a menial position, like his father's early "placing." As a wrapper of parcels for a publisher he was hopeless, but in work for publishers he found his vocation. Richard was the ideal librarian; Edward was the ideal reader of manuscripts, the devoted friend and inspiring critic of innumerable young authors, from Conrad, W. H. Hudson, Galsworthy, Robert Frost, Edward Thomas, both D. H. and T. E. Lawrence, to the still active H. E. Bates. The list is as long as that of his father's friends. Many hitherto unpublished letters, from or to him, show his acumen and generosity as well as the affectionate gratitude he earned.

His gifts as a writer did not match his skill as a critic, and he was often a poor judge of what would sell, as in the case of his son David's immediately popular "Lady into Fox" and his wife's translations of Dostoevsky. The chapter about Constance contains material enough for a full-length biography of this brilliant, courageous, semi-invalid, indefatigable woman. The evidence for and against her translations from the great nineteenth-century Russians is fairly presented, including new testimony from Russia in her favor. Having no knowledge of the language myself, I can only admire her pioneering work and marvel at the way she revealed to English readers ways of life, thought, and feeling so totally foreign to her experience and so important to our understanding of human nature.

David Garnett, whose fine Italian hand is discernible in many a sly comment or frank admission, is relegated to a factual epilogue, on the plausible ground that he has written two autobiographical volumes and will soon publish a third. This is good news, for he is the fairest flower yet to blossom on the strange genealogical tree the first Norman knight with a more or less Garnett name planted in the feudal forest of Saxon England.



Miss Heilbrun's skill, industry, and discernment make her book both enjoyable and useful. She has a demure wit and a nice turn of phrase. She gives concise information about her sources, so that one knows at once what is new or where to look for more on the same point. There is an index and appended lists of works of the four great Garnetts. Well-chosen photographs show a family likeness of penetrating eyes and quizzical mouth. A happy juxtaposition shows the Reading Room of the British Museum (whose dome Virginia Woolf saw covering the intellect of mankind) and the cottage deep in the Kentish woods which was the workshop of Edward and Constance and the early home of "Bunny" (David). The whole book is a treasure trove.

So Get Along Home, Cindy

By George Starbuck

BUT what's that under the catalpa blossom
that just went pop and rolled over with a sigh?
Lift up your crinoline, Cindy, hurry on by;
only a possum could play such stinking possum.

God's in his heaven up in the heavy gossamer.
Nothing but blessings tumble out of the sky.
Nothing but wonder well from the sullen bessemer.
Never you scrunch your shoulders, never you cry.

Bad man stammer and fumble when you address him.
Your little foot go swathed in a gauze of Yes'm.
Wolf back away a safe infinitessim,
lolling the laggard lip, the yellow eye.

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When One Danger Is Greater than Two

"The decision by any of the three Powers to resume nuclear weapon tests would be difficult to reconcile with the commitments they have assumed before all the members of the United Nations. . . . The initiators of this violation will cover themselves with shame, they will be branded by all the peoples of the world."

—Nikita Khrushchev, at the Supreme Soviet, January 14, 1960.

THE GREATEST single problem confronting the United States today is to keep two dangers from becoming one. One danger is represented by the USSR, the other by Communist China. Either danger by itself is substantial; a fusion of the two would be unlike anything known in history. In terms of manpower, military capacity, technology, resources, geography, and ideology, the combination would dwarf all previous challenges.

Until very recently, it appeared that the ideological and national differences between the Soviet Union and China were strong enough to prevent any genuine coalescence. China looked out at the world as a nation with little to lose and much to gain from any general upheaval; she was still in the ground-clearing phase of her revolution. Russia had long since passed the convulsive and sacrificial stage of her development; she had built prodigiously—power plants, dams, factories, housing projects—and was unwilling to accept the notion all this might have to be sacrificed in line with the edict of some Marxist interpreters that a final conflict between capitalism and Communism was an inevitable concomitant of the class struggle.

The dispute between Russia and China on this issue led to a subsurface division of the Communist world between the so-called Revisionists (Russians) and the so-called Dogmatists (Chinese). The Dogmatists insisted on strict adherence to Marxist analysis and prognostication. The Revisionists held that Marx had no way of anticipating the nature of twentieth-century issues or the fact that nuclear war would destroy everyone involved in it. Therefore, insisted the Revisionists, it became necessary to achieve socialist aims without nuclear war. This required a basic accommodation with the capitalist nations.

Consistent with this position was Chairman Khrushchev's reluctance to give China the material and scientific help she required to develop her nuclear capacity. In this connection, a world ban on nuclear testing would have been a substantial barrier to China's emergence as a nuclear power. Still another reason for Mr. Khrushchev's emphasis against testing was that the Soviet's major world military role would be dented with each additional nation that came into possession of nuclear weapons.

Despite all this, the Soviet has renewed its tests. She has done so atmospherically, pumping more radioactive poison into the air, according to U.S. air-scope analysis, than has occurred through any single series of previous tests. No one knows how many thousands of people outside the USSR will develop leukemia or other blood or bone diseases because of these new explosions. Even more serious, of course, is the impetus the tests give to a world nuclear arms race and the attendant increase in the danger of war itself.

WHAT is the basis of this mammoth and dangerous shift in the Soviet position? One explanation may be found in the Peiping press the same day the Russians announced test resumption. For the first time in many months, the Chinese Communists extolled a decision made by Mr. Khrushchev. In doing so, they called attention to the ideological correctness of the move. Another explanation may be apparent in a new series of articles by a military expert appearing in *Pravda*. These articles revert to the old ideological line that there is nothing inconsistent between the logic of the world class struggle and a war against the imperialistic powers, if it should happen. In short, the pro-Chinese faction in the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR would appear to have won an important round. Whether this means that all outstanding questions between the two major Communist powers have now been settled and that a genuine coalescence is being achieved, it may still be too early to say. In any event, if these two dangers are in fact becoming one, then the problem confronting the United States is multiplied many times.

All this makes it increasingly imperative that the United States assess its security not just in terms of its military potential but in terms of its ability to generate vital support throughout the rest of the world. Such support should not rest on material aid alone but on the kind of ideas we put to work in the making of a better and safer world. President Kennedy's magnificent proposal for a "peace race" and for a strong United Nations with the effective powers of world law is an important move in this direction and calls for dramatic support by the American people.

Ideas have always been a basic force in history. Today they come first in any assessment of the American or the human future. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

AS OTHERS SEE US

VIRGINIUS DABNEY'S article, "How the World Sees the United States" [*SR*, Sept. 23], deserves commendation. It takes courage for a Southern editor to say that one of the causes of friction between ourselves and other nations is the problem of race relations here. In arguing the case for equal rights for Negroes I have found it possible to make a dent on the psychology of people who could not be reached by straight appeals to justice by citing the damage now being done to our foreign policy and to the "image" of America abroad.

One thing I feel Mr. Dabney emphasized inadequately is that our official information agencies should stress more than they do that we have, in our rights of free speech, press, and assembly and in our free elections with secret ballots, the means of peacefully correcting our faults and wrong governmental decisions; while no dictatorship, Communist or otherwise, has that possibility.

ALFRED BAKER LEWIS.

Old Greenwich, Conn.

MR. DABNEY'S suggestions on how to act nice while abroad are particularly revealing. Surely a man who writes as lucidly as Mr. Dabney must realize that a proper comportment isn't something one learns while waiting for his passport to come through. . . . Perhaps we'd be better off if we stopped apologizing for our apology of ourselves. We all know it's impossible for a people or a person to be liked by all others. It probably isn't even desirable and it certainly isn't flattering. But it is possible to accept a criticism without going out of our way to prove its point.

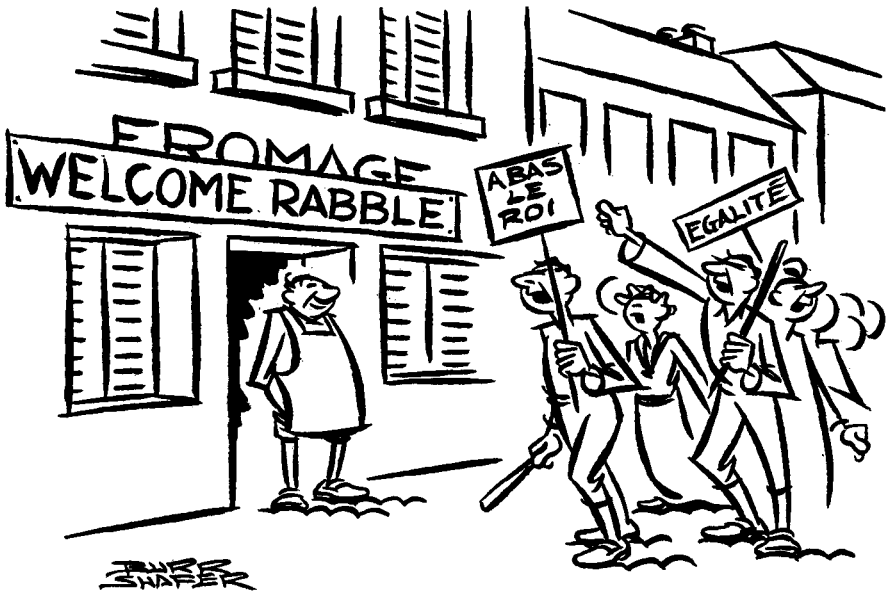
JOHN MCGRATH.

Chicago, Ill.

SHELTERS-FOR-THINGS

THE URGENT NEED today is for a shelter program for things. The irreplaceable treasure of civilization—paintings, sculptures, books, manuscripts, music, historical documents—should be saved from the fire and blast of nuclear war, and shelters appear to be the best way to do it. I trust it is not necessary to argue that humanity's best achievements ought to be preserved for possible future generations. They ought to have at least one action of our generation that they can be grateful for.

Certain things are already secreted in the Fort Knox catacombs and the West Virginia caves constructed by a foresighted government. They are sure to include the formulas, secrets, and equations for hydrogen bombs and germ and chemical warfare, assuring the survivors of World War III of the knowledge of how to get World War IV under way promptly. Yet when one asks what survivors might need or would wish to have, it is doubtful that such information would be prominent on their shopping lists.



THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

The shelters-for-things would be designed so that under no circumstances could a human being gain access to them. The principle would be that of irreplaceability. The strategists remind us that people are replaceable, while museums remind us that works of art are not. The shelters-for-things would be built and stocked, and then sealed off. Washington would be the obvious place to start, with the Library of Congress first to go deep and permanently underground. The shelters for the contents of the great galleries —the Mellon, Phillips, Smithsonian, and so on—ought to be carved out simultaneously. The contents of the National Archives would be put high among the priorities.

A shelter-for-things program has extraordinary advantages. Irreplaceable objects are strewn throughout the libraries, museums, and universities of our land. This dispersion guarantees a more or less equal distribution of construction money and jobs. Museums and libraries themselves represent a consensus as to what is worth preserving. Not the least of advantages would be the community of interest in shelters-for-things, for example, built by a city to contain its books and records, great art and monuments. The educational value of leading the citizenry to distinguish between and agree on things of permanent and transient value is difficult to overestimate. The proposal falls in happily with the general spirit of the neutron bomb, the object of which is stated to be the annihilation of people while leaving things undisturbed.

Yet the gravest questions have to be asked. How would a national shelter-for-things program be regarded by the other side? It might be perceived as a totally rational act, throwing all Soviet calculations about the cold war out of gear and providing a fresh basis for U.S. policy. Thus shelters-for-things might even be seen as preparation for conflict, leading perhaps to a pre-emptive rain of missiles.

Such a program, on the other hand, might be seen as the decision of a civilized people to hand on their best achievements to a more sensible posterity, while offering their lives and the unimportant artifacts of daily life as aboveground evidence of peaceful intention. It would be interesting to discover whether games theory and the higher strategy, whose data today are lives, can be adapted to Titians, great literature, musical scores, and the Official Records of the United States.

W. H. FERRY.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

CRIME AND PUNCTUATION

WEBSTER'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY, Webster's Collegiate, and the New Century Cyclopedia of Names notwithstanding, "Hull-House," Jane Addams's famed settlement house, is spelled *with* a hyphen. In talking with *SR*, I discovered that these usually impeccable authorities were consulted when reviews of a biography of Miss Addams and two books by her recently were run. The expert compilers, however, did not consult the Hull-House Association of Chicago, which abides by Miss Addams's wishes in the matter. The removal of the hyphen from the personal recollection of Miss Addams by Victor Weybright, editor-in-chief of New American Library, was embarrassing since he, her one-time secretary, was accustomed to observe this rule scrupulously.

JAY TOWER,
Promotion Director,
New American Library.

New York, N. Y.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Romeo Revisted

ON A bitingly cold February morning in 1960, I found myself in a huge vacant lot in Manhattan's West Sixties. Everywhere, groups of shivering figures were huddled about trash-can fires, stamping their feet on the frozen ground and the loose rubble. Beyond them stood half a block of boarded tenements destined for demolition. Naked walls of faded blue and dirty pink outlined rooms that once had teemed with life. A barricade of multicolored doors surrounded much of the lot, in an inevitably ineffective attempt to keep out interlopers. Out on a rise, surveying the debris of a ruined city, stood a single camera, its crew blowing on their hands and muttering inarticulate puffs of vapor. Then suddenly, over the rise, dashed four youngsters in summer shirts, blue jeans, and sneakers, their leaps and outflung arms filled with the joy of living. It was the start of filming on **"West Side Story."**

Through the morning, groups continued to advance toward the camera. Jerome Robbins, his slender, birdlike head enveloped in a knitted wool cap, would work with them for a few minutes, then retreat behind the camera while director Robert Wise surveyed the results through a view finder. Occasionally, with much grumbling and considerable difficulty, the crew would push their bulky machine to a new position where planking and heavy plyboard afforded a level base. About midmorning, I recall, a union representative arrived to lodge a protest over something or other with Saul Chaplin, the associate producer, a tall, thin man in a camel's hair coat. The conference took place over a trash can, with both men toasting their fingers as they talked. Afterwards Chaplin said, "Our aim is to photograph all the dances right out in the streets and playgrounds of New York. I can see now that it's going to be even more difficult than we thought."

Perhaps it was. Perhaps that is why many of the film's dances that begin by threading through a crowded thoroughfare end up on a studio sound stage. If so, the producers have made a virtue of necessity. Dance—even the marvelously uninhibited dances devised by Jerry Robbins—is a stylized art form; and stylization demands a consistency before it can be elevated into style. "West Side Story," above all else, has style, a style reminiscent of the Manhattan canvases of Ben Shahn. The settings share his sense of unexpected beauty and color in drab slums, and are tinged with the same melancholy suggestion that this beauty is both adventitious and unnoticed.

Nothing could be more appropriate to the theme of Arthur Laurents's singularly apt translation of the "Romeo and Juliet" story, where the "rumbles" of ethnic gangs have replaced the aristocratic feuds of the Montagus and the Capulets. The producers' instinct to move their adaptation out of the theater and onto the very streets that nurtured this modern tragedy was completely right. Even so, I suspect that if this blend of the real and the theatrical had not been effected, the resulting film would have been less than the triumphant work of art it turned out to be.

AND work of art it is. From the opening helicopter shots of New York's soaring skyline, gradually closing down to the ominous, snapping fingers of a teen-age gang lounging against a mesh fence of a mid-city playground, we know that this production has been recreated in terms of the camera. Here is all the aimless vitality and latent violence, the unreasoning animosity that is to dominate the action of the entire picture. It is followed immediately by a dextrously patterned chase and street dance that sets the pace for all that follows, matching the Puerto Rican "Sharks" against the motley, second-generation American "Jets," and for the first time commingling the real and the seemingly real. Soon after, in a dance at a high school gym, what was born of necessity firms into a pattern. The scene shimmers with pastel light, then blurs as Tony catches his first glimpse of Maria, and in the entire hall only the two of them are clearly visible.

If director Wise's imagination falters at times, there is always the lilt of Leonard Bernstein's score, and the drive of Jerome Robbins's choreography, to sustain the film to its next high point—which is never too far away. The dancing alone is an enthralling experience, whether a frantic mambo or a quiet love duet; and not merely because Robbins is one of our great choreographers in the theatre, but because of the exciting way in which he has reworked his dances for the camera. They are constantly playing to the camera in patterns that shape, dissolve, and regroup within a specific frame and angle of vision. Only once, in the gymnasium dance, was I sharply reminded of the theatre's one, restricted point of view. Then suddenly, into that very shot, leaped two pair of legs within inches of the lens, and we were back in film once more.

No less important, however, is the fact that the dances have been rethought not only in terms of the camera, but in terms of their dramatic weight in the developing story The "Officer Krupke" number, for example, which came as a rather conventional next-to-closing comedy interlude in the original play, has been moved forward to preserve the somber mood of the final scenes (and inventively restaged *without* Officer Krupke). "Keep Cool," effective enough on the stage, become even more pointed by being placed after the "rumble" and the deaths of Riff and Bernardo—and performed in a vast, reverberating garage under the glare of auto headlights. The caustic sarcasm of "America" is underscored by the inclusion of both boys and girls in its rendition. And the "rumble" itself, still the dramatic high point of the show, becomes more frightening, more horrifying, through the enforced intimacy of huge close-ups on a vast Panavision screen.

It is always difficult to assign credit where it is due in a movie; and even more so in the case of "West Side Story." One can only say that Saul Bass, the visual consultant, and/or Boris Leven, the production designer, have made this film as exciting pictorially as it is musically and dramatically—aided, of course, by the magnificent color photography of Daniel Fapp. What cannot be overlooked either is Ernest Lehman's script, a script that not only, as indicated above, rearranges the song and dance numbers to dramatic advantage, but also goes considerably further than the original libretto in emphasizing blind prejudice as the basic cause of this contemporary tragedy. As to the cast, only Richard Beymer, as Tony, seems less than adequate. Natalie Wood is radiant as Maria in love, deeply moving in her tragic moments. But it is George Chakiris as Bernardo, leader of the "Sharks," who stands out above all others. Slim and dark, in his every move he combines grace with authority, power with tenderness. He will be heard from.

But beyond this, beyond any individual credits, there is a sense of dedication about "West Side Story" that is all too rare in American pictures. It refuses to compromise, to make it easier for some nice old ladies in Dubuque to understand, or for some superpatriots in California to stomach. The effort throughout is toward quality, the same kind of quality that the stage production brought to Broadway. And, at least my opinion, it has not only succeeded, it has *exceeded* the original.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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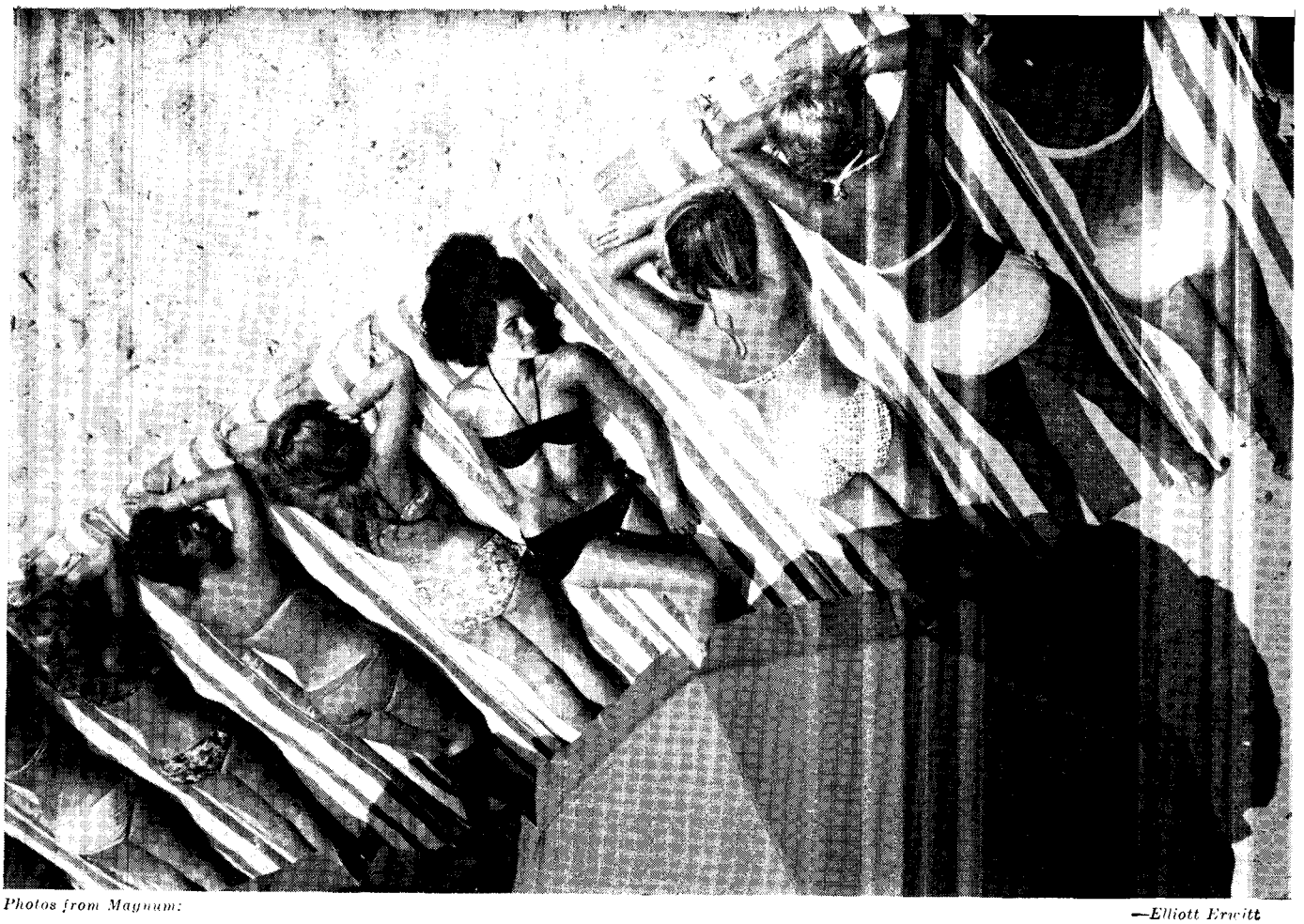

Photos from Magnum:

—Elliott Erwitt

—Cartier-Bresson

—Brian Brake

THE ARTFUL RIVIERA

a folio of a seaside garden

—Cartier-Bresson

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EUROPE'S GOLDEN STRAND

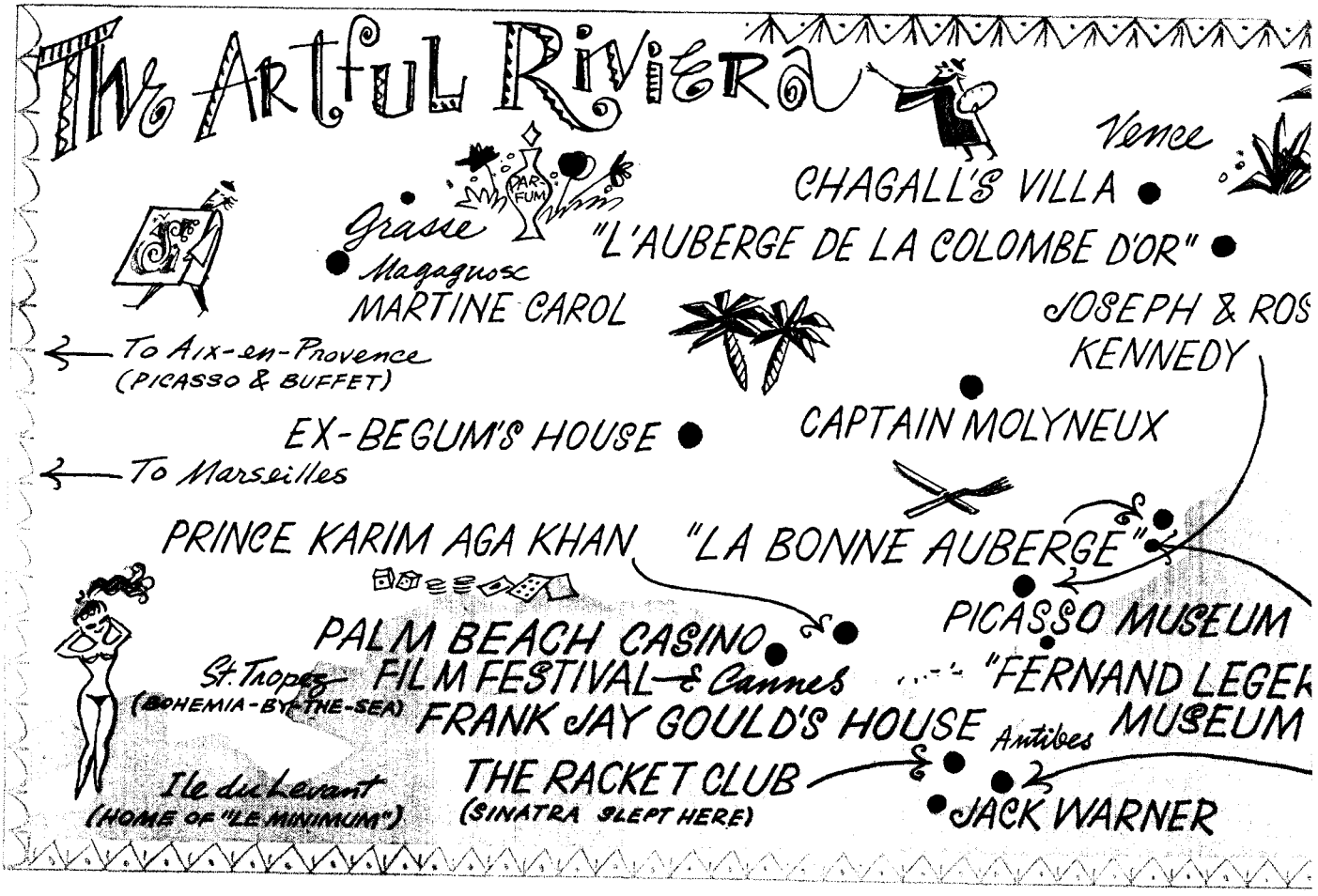
by Geoffrey Bocca

WHENEVER they say that the Riviera is finished (and *they* add up to a substantial bibliography. Sample: Toni Howard, *Saturday Evening Post,* June 3, 1961; *London Daily Telegraph,* February 14, 1948, "Europe's Deserted Playground"; Grant Richards, "Coast of Pleasure," 1927; S. Baring-Gould, "A Book of the Riviera," 1905), I ask myself, which Riviera? And why?

St.-Tropez because it is too crowded? Menton because it is empty? Monte Carlo because it is stuffy? Juan-les-Pins because it is honky-tonk? I don't know a single Riviera community which is like any other Riviera community.

If, for example, you are young and French you gravitate automatically to St.-Tropez. If you are old and American you go to Beaulieu. If you are an artist you pick Vence, St.-Paul, Mougins, or Vallauris. If you happen to be a nudist you rub shoulders with your fellow nudists at the Ile du Levant. Or let us assume you are a tax-dodger. Where would you go except to Monte Carlo? If you are an eccentric, a Lesbian perhaps, or a remittance man, Vieux Cagnes supplies all your needs. If you are a millionaire you mix with your kind at Cap d'Ail or Cap Ferrat. If you are a retired officer you would be happy in Nice ("If all the French generals living in retirement in Nice suddenly descended on the streets in uniform one would be forgiven for believing that the war of 1914 had been declared," says Raymond Cartier).

Cannes is for elegance. Actors love



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Cannes. Princes love Cannes. Debutantes. Con men. Eastern potentates. The United States Sixth Fleet. No one goes to Cannes for the smell of mimosa or the charm of Provençal cooking (Waverly Root says there is not a single good restaurant in Cannes, and I have never been able to prove him wrong). One goes to Cannes to be within touching distance of opulence. The Croisette is one of the world's most stunning thoroughfares. The Carlton is considered by some world travelers to be the finest hotel on the face of the earth. The Cannes beaches are of dazzling sand, not pebbles, and the water is blue. The mansions in the hills behind Cannes, with their palms and swimming pools, look as much like Beverly Hills as it is possible to look outside Beverly Hills. The casinos and hotels are always full of smart Anglo-Saxons and Italians. The Croisette is always alive with smart Anglo-Saxon and Italian cars, so that no Cannois need ever be left alone with his thoughts unless he wishes, and the Cannois doesn't or he wouldn't be there. Writers find it hell.

St.-Tropez caters for different human beings (bibliographical note: St.-Tropez has had its day, "*L'Agonie de Saint Tropez*," *Paris-Match*, August 12, 1961). Cannes people and St.-Tropez people don't even look alike. Whereas the Cannes girl is bronzed into leather, the St.-Tropez girl is white as a lily, because she dances all night and sleeps all day. *St.-Trop* is the forcing house of Riviera ideas, fashions, philosophy, a tight little autocracy run by a band of wild, intermarried kids, not too clean in their personal habits, but terrifyingly talented. They dictate, and the rest of the Riviera obeys. They include Brigitte Bardot, Roger Vadim (former husband of Brigitte Bardot), Sacha Distel (former fiancé of Brigitte Bardot and best friend of his former fiancée's former husband), Sammy Frey (boy friend of Brigitte Bardot), Annette Stroyberg (second wife of Vadim, former girl friend of Sacha Distel), Françoise Sagan, friend of them all, Bernard Buffet, and a few more.

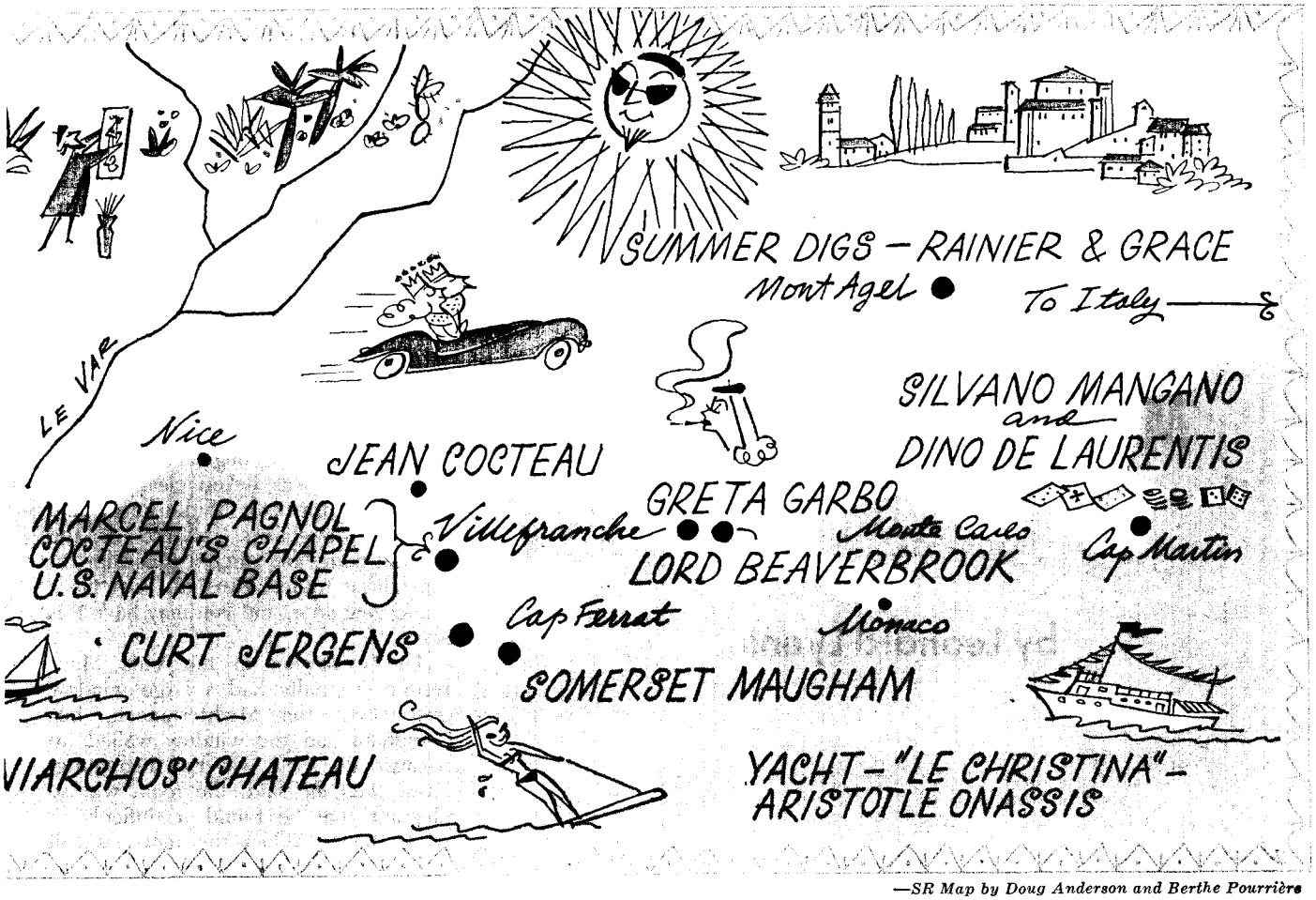
Unlike the rest of the Côte, where an easy anarchy prevails, St.-Tropez is severely disciplined. The cars one drives, the amount of bare tummy one displays, the cocktails one drinks, the games one plays, even the degree of suntan, are decided by the youths at the top. To vary is to be hopelessly square. At the moment of writing the drink is vodka, the dance the bamba. Swimming is too exhausting. One plays *pétanque* or *boules*, and, oddly enough, soccer; Sacha Distel runs a team that plays the locals.

The Tropezian gives one time to learn the rules. The young American couple who turn up in paisley shirts and Bermuda shorts are forgiven on the first day (how could the poor *Amerlos* know?). If, by the second day, they have not learned to visit Madame Vachon and buy the latest in espadrilles, shorts, boleros, and so on they are dismissed as *croulants* (their favorite word, meaning literally crumbling, tottering) beyond salvation.

AT the height of the season 25,000 French youths squeeze into the little port, which has a permanent population of 4,000. Discomfort means nothing. They sleep in the alleyways. They sleep on the beaches and in the fields. They will never surrender. It is enough to return home, as one returns from Lourdes or Mecca, to say, "I was there."

St.-Trop fashions are sometimes *de trop*. In 1961 the fashion was for tight slacks cut to hang on the hips and expose the navel. One recent fashion in bikinis was to wire the bra under rather than over the breast, held low and loose with shoulder straps, giving a sort of Kilroy's nose effect. But even that *chi chi* is dispensed with down the road at the Ile du Levant, a forty-five-minute boat trip from Lavandou. No Riviera

(*Continued on page 75*)



—SR Map by Doug Anderson and Berthe Pourrière

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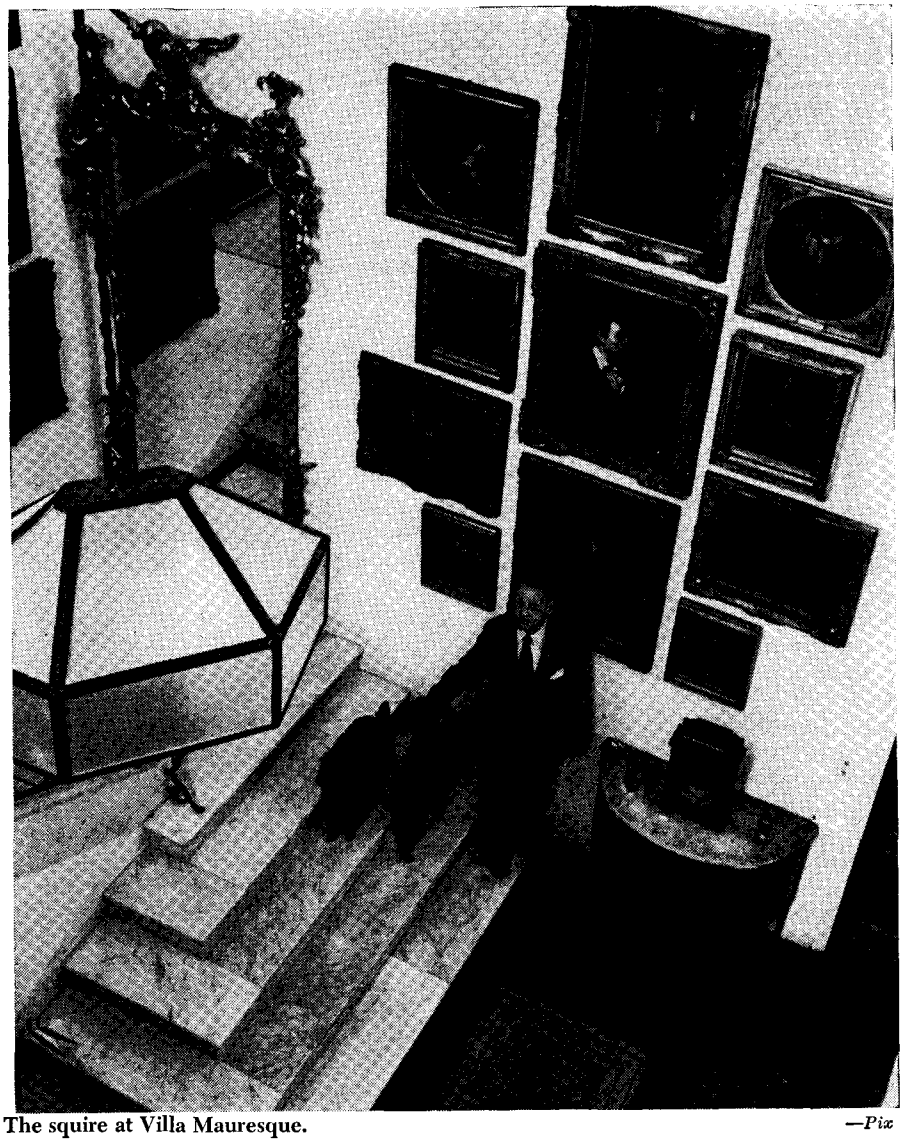

The squire at Villa Mauresque. —*Pix*

Maugham by-the-Sea

by Leonard Lyons

THE odd insignia, which appears on all the covers of his books, was on the white cement wall near the entrance to the estate. The insignia resembles a TV aerial capped by a pronged nose cone, but it has no relation to the century's twin threats, television and missiles. It is an ancient design to ward off The Evil Eye.

The symbol, which also is used on the matchboxes, ashtrays, fireplaces, and grillwork, stamped the fourteen-acre place at St. Jean du Cap Ferrat as the Villa Mauresque, home of the writer whose name, to Harpo Marx, sounded like a place instead of a person. "A place," said Harpo, "like Bowling Green, Epsom Downs, Somerset Maugham. See?"

W. Somerset Maugham, the dean of English letters, whose friends call him Willie, stood beside the broad marble stairway inside his house. "Welcome," he said. "Come in, come in and see the hovel a poor writer works in." The sweep of his hand encompassed the Renoir, Pissaro, Rouault, Matisse, Utrillo, and an early Picasso—with a second painting on the reverse side of the canvas—which Picasso has been trying to buy from him, in vain.

In his bedroom upstairs is a Picasso tapestry, and the portrait of Maugham by Marie Laurencin, who preferred to paint women and rarely used a male model. Maugham had warned the artist that he bore little resemblance to her usual subjects: "You won't find me a pretty thing with sloe-black eyes and a rosebud mouth."

She asked him to wear his dressing gown while posing, because she never had learned to paint a man's collar and tie. Maugham enjoyed the sittings, during which Marie Laurencin told him the story of her life. Then she presented the finished portrait to him, in exchange for the dressing gown.

In his top-floor workroom is another art treasure he obtained in a bargain trade—a glass door painted by Gauguin in Tahiti. It once was part of a two-door section. After Gauguin's death the first section was neglected and the artist's work was licked clean by the pigs. The proprietor of the house had noticed Maugham's interest in the painted door, and offered it to him for "an honest trade." He said, "Get me a brand new door, and you may have this one."

The workroom in the Villa Mauresque originally had a large window overlooking the Mediterranean, but Maugham had the window walled up because the view was too distracting. Even then, he said, the room was so pleasant that he found it difficult to work there. "When the moon is full on the Côte d'Azur," he sighed, his

(*Continued on page 47*)

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(*Continued from page* 44)
eyes half-closed as he contemplated the beauty of the setting.

His expression belied the conclusion of Yousuf Karsh, the photographer: "Maugham is the kind of man who has seen everything and doesn't think much of any of it."

Maugham, in fact, *has* seen almost everything—from the cadavers on which he worked as a medical student, to the marquees of four West End theatres in London displaying his name as the author of the hit plays running simultaneously.

He never was paid for the movie rights to "Of Human Bondage." He shrugged: "A rascal absconded with all the money." Maugham never prosecuted the matter: "That wouldn't have done any good. The man already had spent it."

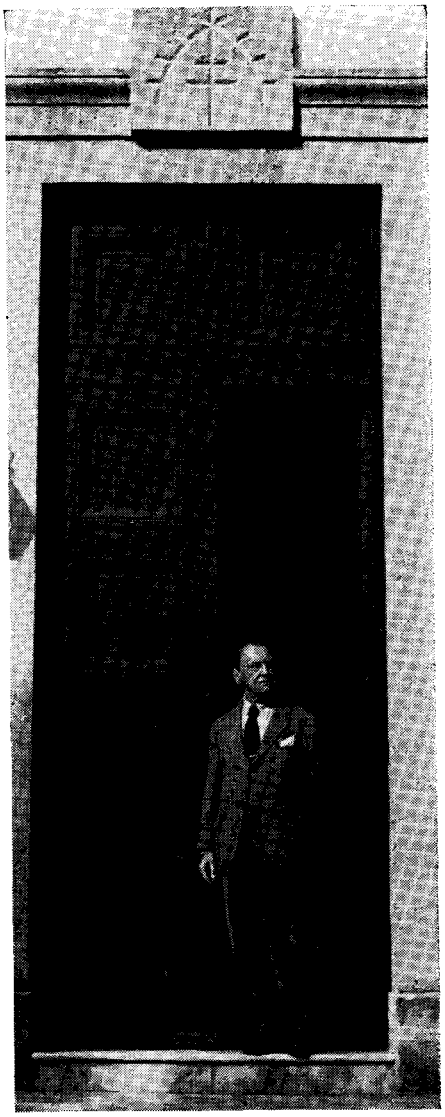
But, as in his acquisitions of the Gauguin and Marie Laurencin paintings, he also has been the beneficiary of fortuitous coincidences. Once, during a cruise, he met a San Francisco investment specialist who, within a year, parlayed Maugham's $15,000 savings into a $100,000 equity. Maugham, on his fiftieth birthday, had dined with the specialist, Bertram Alanson, who suggested: "How about celebrating your seventy-fifth birthday at my home?"

Maugham nodded. In the ensuing years no mention was made of this appointment. One month before Maugham's seventy-fifth birthday he received a brief note from Alanson: "Dear Willie, we expect you on the 25th." Somerset Maugham left the Villa Mauresque and traveled 6,500 miles to attend the birthday party.

The Villa Mauresque is part of an estate once owned by Leopold II of Belgium, who lived there with his mistress and dreaded dying without receiving absolution. Leopold therefore installed the Bishop of Nice on the premises. The Bishop had been to Morocco and patterned this Riviera Villa after a Moorish house that had caught his fancy.

Maugham bought the place in 1927. When, during World War II, the Nazis overran France, Maugham fled to a haven in America. His neighbors saw to it that his prized art collection was hidden in a secret place until the war's end and his eventual return. The Villa was occupied by Il Duce's troops and then by Hitler's, without damage.

"Then a British warship fired some shells at a semaphore over the roof," he said "And, in naval parlance, they scored a near miss." When Maugham returned and saw the shattered place he decided to sell it. To attract buyers, though, he first had to rebuild it. "And when it was rebuilt, I liked it again, and stayed."



—*Pix*

Evil Eye deflector above, Maugham below.

He still lives there, four months a year, in the manner befitting the characters created in his novels—employing stewards, chefs, footmen, and other servants, all begloved and in appropriate uniform. A butler too, of course. "American women," he has said, "expect to find in their husbands a perfection that English women only hope to find in their butlers."

A butler he employed for twenty-six years mentioned an offer he had from Brazil. "I advised him to accept the offer," said Maugham. "I never really liked him." This was consistent with his declaration: "I've always been interested in people, but I don't like them."

Before departing for his new post in Brazil, the butler perpetrated a Butler's Perfect Revenge—by destroying Maugham's private telephone list and numbers.

Now, because W. Somerset Maugham is in his eighty-seventh year, the new butler helped him remove, from the upstairs study, most of the books on the shelves, and aided the men from Sotheby's who came down from London to appraise the household effects.

The inventory includes no piano. "I used to have a baby grand," said Maugham, "but got rid of it because my friends would play on it."

He built a swimming pool on the terrace above the gardens, near the Louis XIV lead sculptures whose ears and noses were cut off by vandals. In the gardens are the first avocado trees ever to bloom on the Riviera. Their import had been banned, but Maugham transported the nurseling trees inside his golf bag, which was not inspected.

He works in the mornings, writing in longhand and editing in red ink. A movie cameraman who once was photographing him for a film-trailer piled an assortment of papers and reference books on the desk and said: "We want to make this look exactly as it does when you write."

Maugham pushed the litter off the desk, all except a pencil and plain ruled paper, and said: "*This* is how I write."

He became a writer, he said, "because I always thought of The Answers afterwards, and wrote them down." He offered advice about determining whether a son of mine can become a writer: "Give him $500 and tell him to go to hell. I mean that. Let him travel around and become poor and meet all kinds of people. Then, if he's got any writer in him, that should do it."

One day in Morocco, he said, a man asked if he was a writer. "I bashfully admitted that I was." The stranger asked if Maugham please would write a letter for him, explaining: "It's time I got married. Write me a letter of proposal."

Maugham took a fancy to the idea, and began the letter with "My Well-Beloved." The man interrupted him to remind Maugham that he didn't really know the lady that well. The author, beginning to enjoy the assignment, wrote a letter containing lyrical and passionate phrases, and assured the man: "If she doesn't accept you after this letter, she's not worth it."

The hopeful groom listened to a reading of the Maugham prose, then plaintively said: "Couldn't you write something like 'How much money is your mother willing to give me as a dowry?' "

At the Villa Mauresque Maugham stops writing at noon and goes down into the garden for a pre-lunch cocktail. Sinclair Lewis, he said, once had cocktails there. "Then he went home and wrote that English writers are awful and their cocktails warm. Since then I've made sure that the drinks are ice cold."

He often amuses himself by reading

(*Continued on page* 73)

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why do the wrong people travel?

by NOEL COWARD

"Travel they say improves the mind,
an irritating platitude which frankly,
entre nous,
is very far from true.
Personally I've yet to find that
longitude and latitude can educate
those scores
of monumental bores
who travel in groups
and herds and troupes
of various breeds and sexes
till the whole world reels
to shouts and squeals
and the clicking of Rolliflexes."

The jovial duo above are Noel Coward and Elaine Stritch, who collaborate on the season's most devastating indictment of travel, which happens also to be the hit number of "Sail Away," Mr. Coward's new show that opened on Broadway last week. In the show Miss Stritch is a hostess aboard the cruise ship "Coronia" headed for Tangier, Naples, and Athens, just like any proper Cunard liner. Near the end of the show and the cruise, blistered from conducting tours through the Casbah, and badgered by bratty kids and camera-clicking parents, Stritch uncorks a rousing social query that stops the show, slows the ship, and may give pause to this season's budding crop of voyagers.

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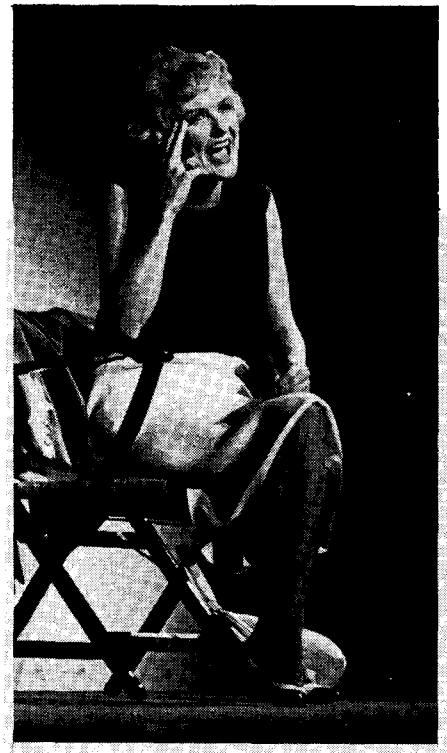
"Why do the wrong people travel
When the right people stay back home.
What compulsion compels them
and who the hell tells them
To drag their bags to Zanzibar
instead of staying quietly in Omaha."



"The Taj Mahal, and the Grand Canal
and the sunny French Riviera
Would be less oppressed if the
Middle West would settle for
somewhere rather nearer."

"Please do not think that I
criticise or cavil
at a genuine urge to roam
But why, oh why do the wrong
people travel
When the right people stay back home
and mind their bus'ness
When the right people stay back home
with television
When the right people stay back home
I'm merely asking
Why the right people stay back home?"

—Friedman-Abeles

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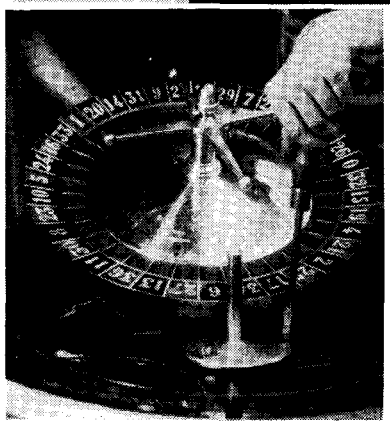
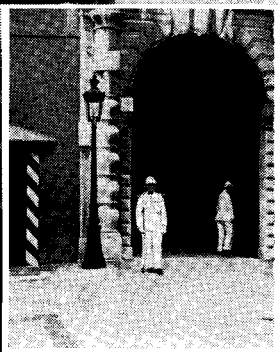
How I Lost $50,000 In My Spare Time

a likely story about Grace and Rainier

by Art Buchwald





—*Black Star*

IT WAS September, 1955, and I was bumming around the Riviera looking for likely subjects for my column. On an off chance I took a ride over to Monaco to look up an old friend, Father Francis Tucker, an American priest stationed in the Principality as rector of St. Charles Church and also confessor and confidant to Prince Rainier III.

Father Tucker, a spry, cheerful man of sixty, invited me to dinner and soon we started discussing Monaco's most pressing problem—which was how to get a male heir for the kingdom. It seemed that if Prince Rainier were killed or died and there were no heir to the throne, Monaco by treaty would revert to France and its tax-free, draft-free citizens would no longer find themselves living in paradise.

Since Prince Rainier was not even married, and since he enjoyed skin diving, big game hunting, fast car driving, and the lot, the Principality was in peril every day and everyone in Monaco shuddered every time they saw a newspaper photo of their ruler in some dangerous pursuit.

Father Tucker discussed the possibilities of getting the Prince married, and they looked pretty gloomy. It appeared the Prince didn't care for any of the likely royalty prospects in Europe, and except for a short fling with a French actress named Gisele Pascal, there was no one on the horizon to produce the desired heir.

The priest did mention that Prince Rainier liked the American actress Grace Kelly very much, but at the time so did everybody else.

They had only met once when Miss Kelly had posed for some publicity photos at the Prince's Palace for the French Magazine *Paris-Match* (they walked together through the Prince's zoo) but Father Tucker told me that he and the Prince planned to visit Philadelphia in the near future and perhaps at that time the Prince and Miss Kelly might meet again, and then —well the priest said, one never knew.

I wrote a column about my conversation with Father Tucker which was titled "If Grace Kelly Only Cared." I described the situation in Monaco and quoted the Priest, with his permission, as to all the ramifications that the lack of an heir was causing. I treated the Prince's crush on Miss Kelly with tongue in cheek, as it was inconceivable to me that a movie star, at the height of her career, would be interested in a Prince whom she had met only once.

A week later a Hollywood producer named Charles Feldman met me in Paris and said he had enjoyed the column very much. He also said he saw a wonderful movie in the situation as I described it. He asked me if I would consider writing a film based on someone like Prince Rainier ("No one knows Rainier," Mr. Feldman told

(*Continued on page* 71)

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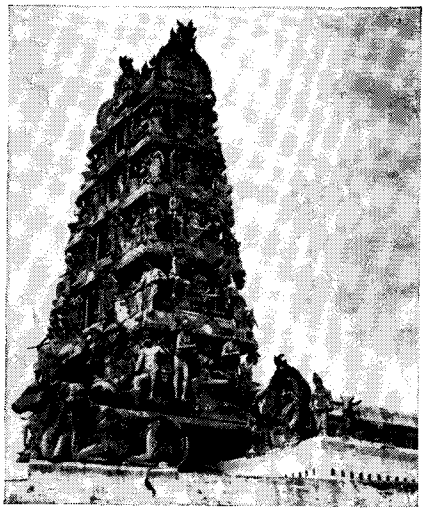

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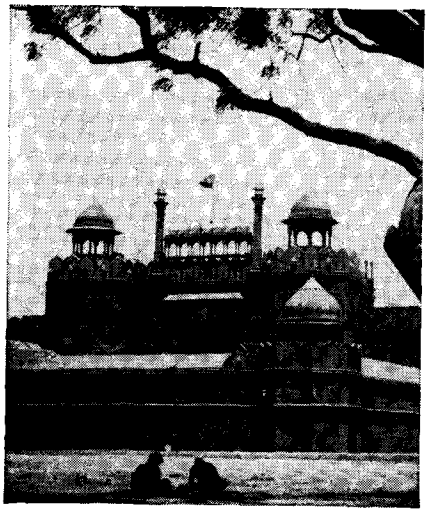
TEMPLES IN THAILAND



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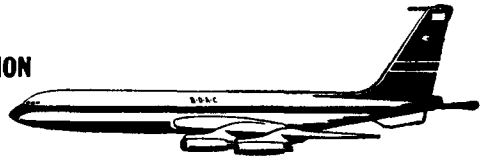

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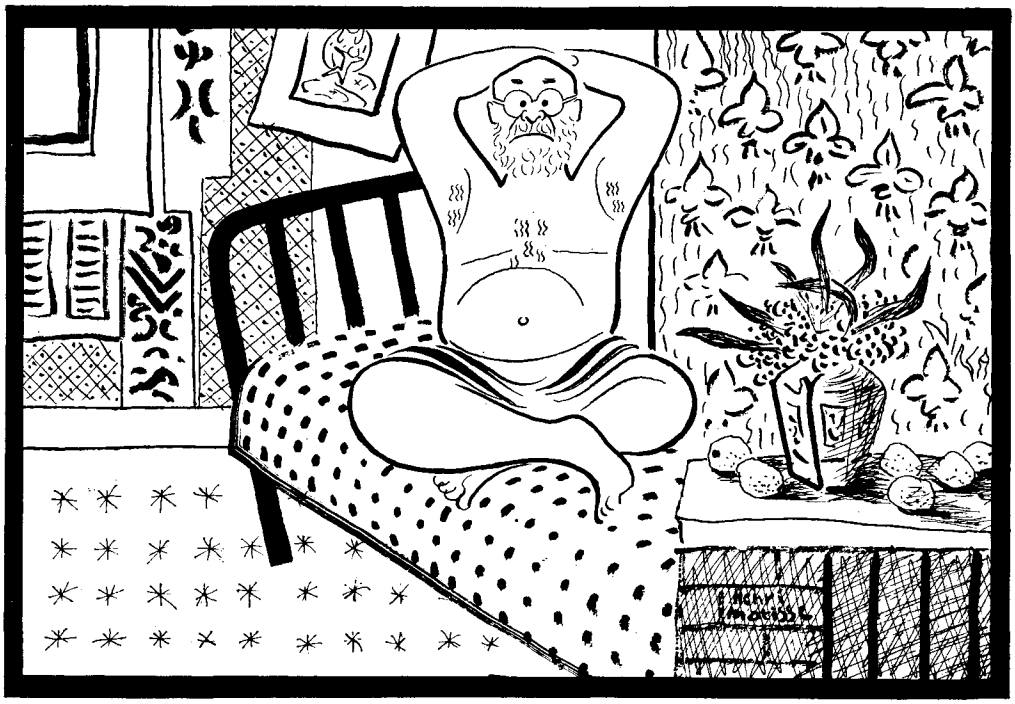
THE GREAT RIVIERA FORGERIES

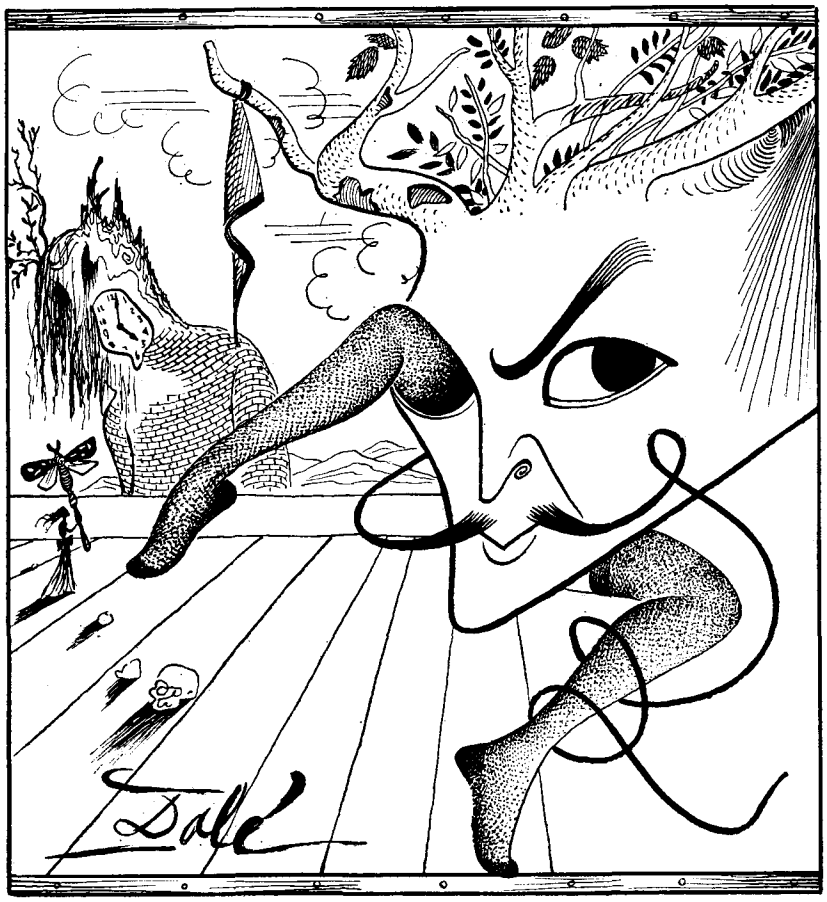
by Al Hirschfeld



MATISSE

THE PORTRAITS of Henri Matisse, Marc Chagall, and Salvador Dali, and the masterful head of Picasso on the cover, represent the fulfillment of a long-cherished wish of the famed theatrical caricaturist Al Hirschfeld. While his favorite beach is Broadway, Hirschfeld had yearned to portray these Riviera artists in the style to which they had become accustomed. Busy with depicting theatrical personalities for the New York Times and with books (the latest: "The American Theatre," Braziller, $10), Hirschfeld finally wreaked the artistic revenge he had long been planning. Is he sorry? "Not after what they've done to the human figure," said he.

CHAGALL



DALI

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Camogli—as they say *carrateristico.* —*H.S.*

Boswell, Byron, and the Bourgeoisie

All these and the Bel Mondo are Part of the Life and Times of the Italian Riviera

by Walter Guzzardi

RARELY has there been an adjunct of such admirable beauty. Between the Italian and the French Riviera runs no natural geographic boundary, but only a line hand-drawn by man. "When crossing this line, say goodbye to chemin-de-fer and democracy," wrote a society writer early in the 1930s; but even in those distant days when Italy was the enemy he could not bring himself to add "and say goodbye to beauty, too." For the beauty of the Italian Riviera is a natural extension—some say an enhancement—of the beauty of the French.

The Italian Riviera begins at Ventimiglia. From there, it bends like a languidly curved arm down the west coast of Italy. At the elbow sits Genoa, a stately city that manages while being the first port of Italy to retain enough of its old loveliness to be called *la Superba.* West of Genoa stretches the *Riviera di Ponente* (the Riviera of the setting sun), whose humpy coastline encloses such large towns as San Remo and Alassio; east of *la Superba,* where the landscape is more rugged and spectacular, the *Riviera di Levante* (of the rising sun) takes in Santa Margherita, Portofino, Rapallo, and a hundred fishing hamlets (Italian guides call them all "*carrateristico,*" picturesque) before it flattens into the sandy shore of Tuscany. The 200 miles of Italian Riviera coastline form a belt of spectacular beauty, especially along the *Riviera di Levante.* There the cliffs drop to the Ligurian Sea as abruptly as any mountains Duccio drew for dramatic backdrops to his religious paintings; and there those cliffs meet a sea as blue as a scrap torn from Fra Angelico's heaven—a sea whose warmth matches its color.

These gorgeous adornments of nature have been embossed by man. The towns that decorate the languid arm are like bracelets of precious jewels. Whitewashed villas contain terraced gardens brilliant with flowers; behind them, in laboriously worked, steeply slanting orchards, grow ordered rows of almond, fig, and olive trees. Tiny cathedrals are strung through the towns like pearls, each with its own special claim to fame (a plaster Madonna that works miracles, a hank of hair from a tenth-century saint). Many towns, despite the tourist invasion, are virtually untouched by the automobile: even where cars are permitted, their drivers soon tire of jockeying them through the tortuous, perilous streets. Instead, drivers become walkers—noisily dragging their heavy wooden clogs (Italians call them *zoccoli,* and have even invented a verb for the noisy walking: *zoccolare,* to walk in

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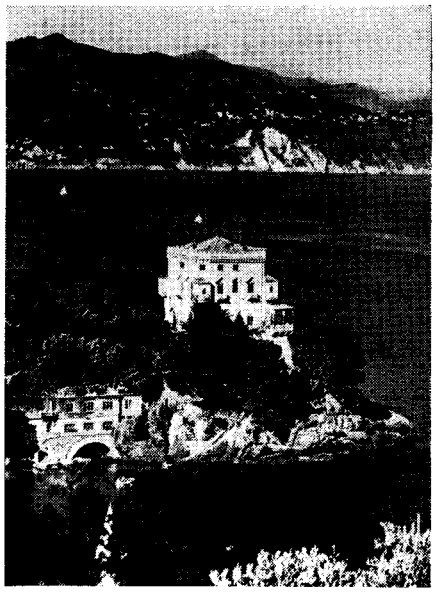
clogs) from the high hills along cobblestoned paths to the sea.

Inevitably, the merits of this arc of splendor have often been compared and contrasted with the Côte d'Azur. The French Riviera has what one writer calls "a unique atmosphere, an implicit attitude toward life," and this the Italian Riviera cannot match—any more than it can match the low prices and the enduring freshness of the Costa Brava. In a curious way, the Italian Riviera gives the impression of being without philosophy or meaning, without provenance or roots. Comparing the two Rivieras is in some ways like comparing Paris and Rome: one a truly international city, with a high gloss of sophistication and an important place in world affairs; the other a magnificant collection of ruins, full of pleasure but essentially provincial, essentially possessing for its dominant trait a characteristic that a ballad singer once pinned on "dat ole Washington, D.C.—it's a bourgeois town." Similarly the Italian Riviera has become a bourgeois playground.

The ingredients that nurture art have never gone into the Italian Riviera's soil. In the past, the serious artist had admired it, wondered at it, mused over it, and then passed beyond it to more terrestrial lands where he could find more solid food for inspiration. Its gorgeous adornments seem to suffocate art. The young James Boswell on grand tour passed through the Italian Riviera with scarcely a glance around him ("I found a very tolerable inn at Vado, and got some fresh fish") and similarly the Romantic poets Byron and Shelley found little poetic inspiration along the Riviera, although they knew it well enough. The most important literary event on the Riviera during the Romantic age was the occasion when Shelley went out on the water in a little dinghy, carrying a volume of Keats's poetry, doubled back to mark his place, in his jacket pocket. The next day his body was washed ashore at Forte dei Marmi, near Viareggio, where Byron rushed to assist at the funeral pyre.

Meaningful artistic activity along the Italian Riviera is just as hard to find today. No Italian Picasso graces its coast. The tide of tourists—more foreingers in the west, more Italians in the east—has stirred up only a spurious arty movement: along the marinas, sidewalk artists sketch cheap likenesses, and tiny shops are cluttered with sleazy, dreamy watercolors and pastels idealizing local scenes. Italian beatniks and *pappagalli*, a kind of modern Italianate version of the old American drugstore cowboy, group together in juvenile protest (sometimes in the



—*Pan-Am*

Paraggi on the Riviera di Levante—"more spice"

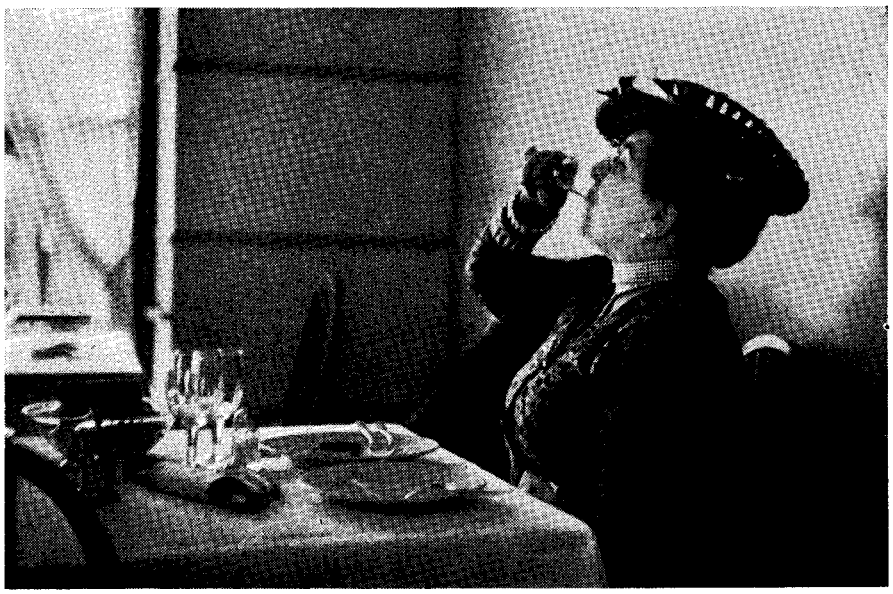
name of art) that can be duplicated only in the phoniest pads in Greenwich Village. But when an Italian remarks of a friend that he lives along the Riviera and he is *un artista*, it is just a polite way of saying that he is one of Italy's 2,000,000 unemployed.

YET the Italian Riviera has great attractions for those who know how to seek them out. It can offer both luxury and variety. San Remo, the largest resort town in the west, has all the amenities: a great marble gambling casino, an eighteen-hole golf course, and the posh Hotel Royal, a Ligurian Hotel Splendide that lies above the town to the west, overlooking the sea. The old part of San Remo has twisting streets, overhanging houses, and a medieval cathedral (as usual, it is "restored"). The Italian middle class, with its many unlovely traits, may be knocking at the city's gates, but San Remo is still fashionable – even fashionable enough to attract the French. Titled Italians, just about the only Italians who play golf, go to San Remo in the *alta stagione*, and the town's *atmosfera* remains essentially elegant and European. At the far eastern end of the other Riviera, the *Riviera di Levante*, San Remo has a mate (minus the Casino and the French) in Forte dei Marmi, an Italian rendition of prerevolutionary Newport. The best, or at least the oldest and richest, Italian families have gleaming villas in the hills there.

The stretch between San Remo and Genoa has been surrendered to the new tourism. The setting is hilly and agreeable, but it lacks the drama of natural contrasts found further east. The beaches are broad and white, but they are obscured by umbrellas, beach chairs, bodies, and *cabinas* in whose shade large lunches are unpacked. Alassio, probably the nicest town in this segment of the arc, was an English discovery (much as northern Sardinia has become English in the last few years) but it now belongs to any tourist who wants and can afford a pleasant, easy, middle-priced vacation along the littoral.

The *Riviera di Levante* has more scenery, more spice, and less stolidity. Its crown jewel is the Portofino promontory, embracing Santa Margherita, Rapallo, and Portofino. This is the Riviera of the picture postcards, but the physical reality surpasses its ten-cent, four-by-five representations: the sun marks rippling paths on the sea, and the calm blue water sustains yachts

(*Continued on page* 69)



—*Henri Cartier-Bresson from Magnum*

A sip in San Remo—"the town's *atmosfera* remains essentially elegant . . ."

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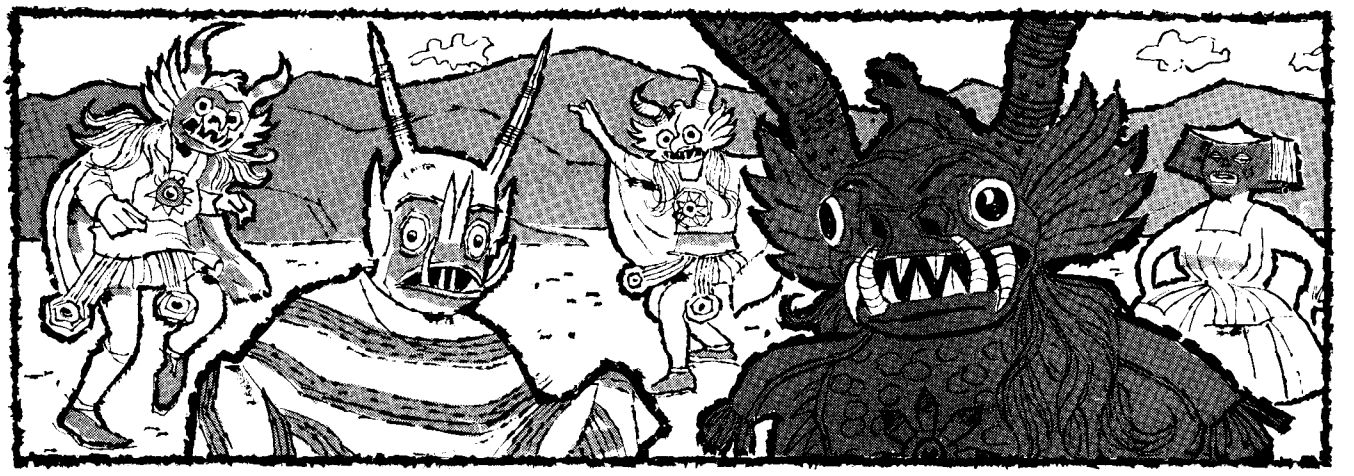

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This is Bolivia's *diablada*, a pagan ritual ancient when the Incas were a "nouveau riche" mob from somewhere in the North. When the Spaniard came, this same dance—interpreting the battle between good and evil, devil and saint, helped the primitive mountain Indians understand and accept the teachings of Christianity.

Today, the diablada dancers act out the eternal combat for man's soul, in a festival unlike any you'll see in any other part of the world. It is beautiful. It has primitive strength and vigor. It is only one of the fascinating experiences that await visitors to South America.

Both ears, hoofs too

Before you hop the Andean cordillera to Bolivia, you can drop in on Peru. Clad in gold-embroidered silks, the torero tosses his red *muleta*. An *ole!* rolls out over the arena as he whirls and turns again to meet the horns of a pedigreed bull anxious to dispatch him to his Andalusian ancestors. The matador's every movement to discourage this notion, *aficionados* will tell you, is prescribed by rules hallowed by centuries of tradition.

The world's finest matadors appear in Lima's *Fiesta de Toros* in October and November. In the colorful Plaza de Acho, Belmonte and Manolete have stood to receive, in the traditional manner, judgment of their performance. An award, to the torero, of 2 ears of the bull is exceptional. If hoofs are included, you have seen an extravagant success.

Sizzling beef

Continue south, to Argentina, to the endless flat pampas that stretch to the rim of the world. Sides of beef sizzle on spits over roaring wood fires. This is a genuine *asado*, meaning barbecue, and you may be invited to one when you visit one of the ranches outside Buenos Aires.

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DALI AND THE WILD COAST

Dali and Gala at Port Lligat. —*H.S.*

by Horace Sutton

OF ALL of Europe's Riviera that runs intermittently along the Mediterranean east of Barcelona clear to the Italian peninsula, no part is less tamed than the strand that belongs to Spain. The Spaniards call it the Costa Brava, which is to say the Rugged or Wild Coast, and it is indeed wild at times, with the pine forests running down to the rocks, the rocks running down to the sea, and the sea itself burrowing into the boulders to make grottoes for Sunday explorers.

If Spain has lost Picasso, a native son to France, it has retained Salvador Dali, who, characteristically, has chosen the least likely place in which to plant his house and studio—a barren seaside site in a miniscule hamlet near the eastern end of the Costa Brava. Coming up from the celebrated tourlands of San Feliu, from S'Agaro, from Tossa del Mar, and Playa de Aro, one has to cross a great Catalan plain, then wiggle through the mountains that run along the sea, emerging at last at Cadaqués, which is Dali's link with civilization. He has settled on the bar of the Rocamor Hotel, heaven knows in what repayment, his original sketches for a volume of Don Quixote. It is a quiet hotel for it is off the general avenue, and to find Dali one must leave it and snake along a road where the waves, on surly occasions, can come smashing against the windshield of one's car.

Dali's village is called Port Lligat, and when I was there the entire concentration of life was a tiny hotel put together of shale rock and glass, and Dali's house, boxy and white, set at the sea's edge. The fishermen who work from the tiny cove, as many still do along the Costa Brava in spite of the tourist wave, are required to share the bay with Dali, I suspect on his terms. At one point in Dali's tenancy he kept in the cove a pair of

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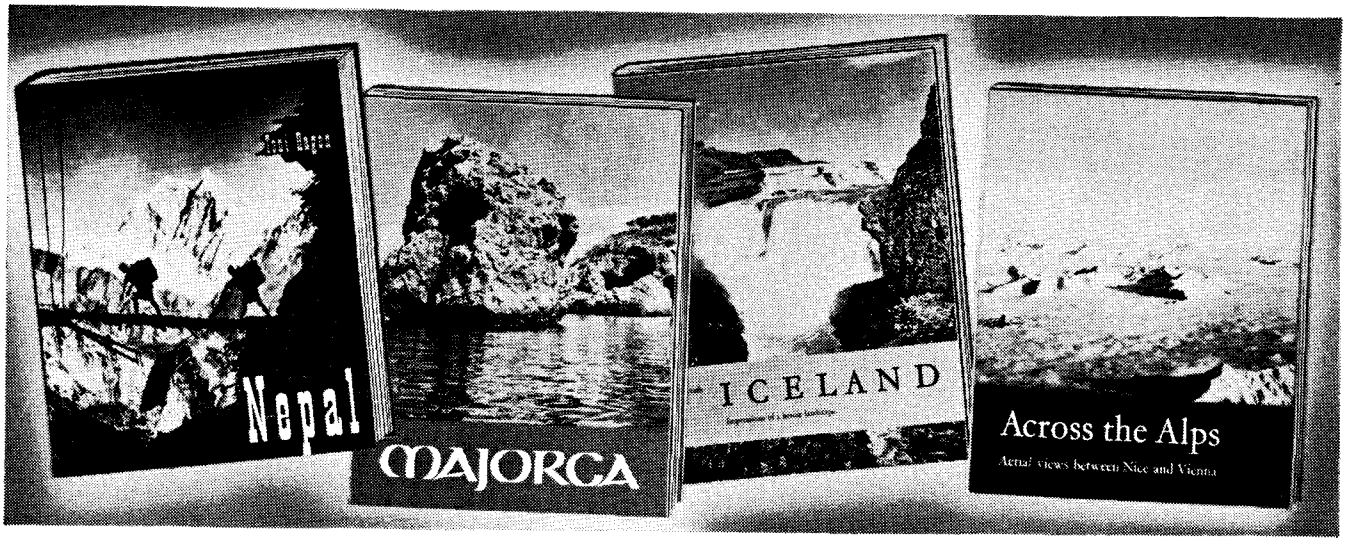

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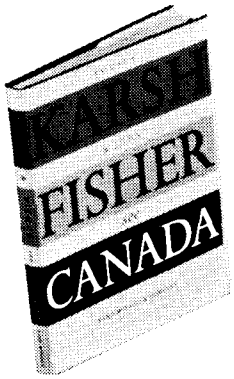

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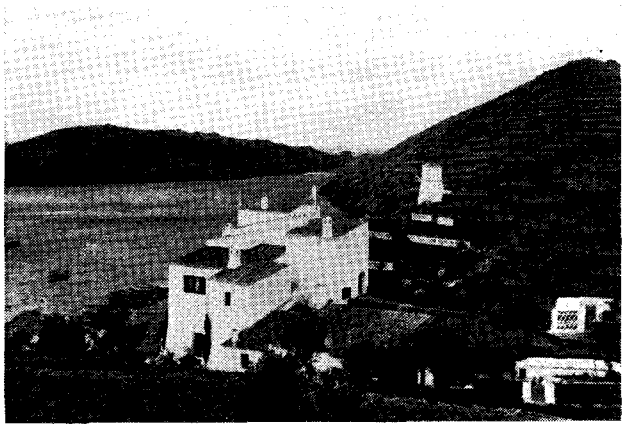
—H.S.

Pescadores in Palamos—Fish auction is only one of the attractions in this barnacle-crusted town where local residents include Robert Ruark and Madeleine Carroll.



Maison Dali—The master's house has treeless view that reminds him of "one rotten donkey."

Catalan Gavotte—The sardana is danced by all Catalans of all classes, who commit the intricate steps to memory, go through the drill with no spoken commands, though dancers may never have seen each other before.

swans who were at pains to keep the fisherman from establishing at least communal privileges. It was also said that he swam there in company with the birds.

How much umbrage the fishermen took at the snapping swans I shall never know, but there *was* a stuffed swan in Dali's foyer, along with a stuffed eagle, a bunch of dried dandelions, and a carved wooden arm coming out of the wall, clutching in its carved fingers a pitchfork and an American flag. The symbolism remains lost to me to this day, and whether the flag is replaced for other visiting nationalities I could only speculate. As an entranceway, the assortment of objects d'art, if that's what they were, certainly established an immediate ambiance. Dali's appearance was, in itself, no less in style. He softened us up for it by dispatching a bottle of champagne in advance. When he made his entrance, it was in a U.S. cowboy suit, black with white piping. One could only wonder if he kept lederhosen in honor of visiting Germans, and tweed jackets or a Beefeaters uniform for the British. At any rate no cowboy get-up was ever complemented by a more incongruous mustache.

ABOVE the mustache, or, more properly, alongside its upturned ends, there pulsated a nose that is unerring in its quest for publicity. Dali was affable, engaging, and in short a Dalisque delight. We talked in his patio, a place as bleak as Death Valley and as manicured as Palm Springs. The rocks were whitewashed. There wasn't a tree in view, and the only life to be seen fluttered in the breasts of a pair of white pigeons content in a cage hanging on the wall. Dali swept his arm over the vista, listless and bland as it was. "I live here," he said, "because there are no trees. I cannot stand green. Look at the landscape," he said adoringly. "It has no trees. It looks like skeleton of one rotten donkey." He talked of putting in some olive trees, the only shade of green he can abide. His favorite color, he said, is yellow, and in deference to that preference he keeps amber lights in his patio.

"I like New York very much," Dali offered. "Is no green. England is plenty of grass. Immediately is everything greenish," he said interpolating a political result to such heresy, "is everything collapse. Look at England."

He offered a few ungreen words about painting. "Everyday I like less the modern paintings. I like Velázquez. Is never green. Vermeille is blue, white and yellow. "Here," he said, looking out across his patio "is no color in landscape. Is everything here gray and

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yellow. Is monochrome. No trees. In New York, no trees. In New York only sleep. Here only work. In New York 9:30 the breakfast. Fiesta, until 5:30, beginning 5:30 the cocktail parties and cogitation. I like this very much. In New York everybody running, but not Dali. Dali sleep, sleep, sleep."

In the Costa Brava Dali sleeps in a giant double bed decorated with an elaborate canopy. On a bedroom screen he had painted a boating scene in which his wife Gala is at the tiller offering him a crown.

Summer on the Costa Brava and winter in New York, Dali's arrangement, is not yet a popular regimen, although there are few who could argue with its advantages. The truth of it is that the Costa Brava, however magnificent its landscape, however inexpensive its hotels, however handsome its accommodations, however brimful of Catalan color, is somehow still largely unsought by Americans. It has all the trappings, even a few star-studded personalities. Artie Shaw made his home for years at Aigua Blava, Robert Ruark is elaborately hidden away from time to time in barnacle-studded Palamos, a town that is also graced by Madeleine Carroll and her husband, Andrew Heiskell, Chairman of the Board of *Life*.

THE English flood into Tossa del Mar and their ascots billow in the breeze as they march the narrow cobbled streets to the general store, which sells Flit guns, bulls' heads of straw, skindiving gear, Catalan ham, espadrilles, Spanish brandy, and banderillas. A crumbling tower stands on the heights looking down on Tossa's broad beach with its high-prowed fishing boats with their red and green hulls, with its drying nets and drying tablecloths from the nearby restaurants, and the drying tourists on the package tour from Liverpool. The cognoscenti flock into Lloret because it is the vogue and the beach is good and it is near to Barcelona whence all tourists come. There are elegant pensions that are run like villas, and new hotels with magnificent views and gracious service at prices long since forgotten by Americans accustomed to Easthampton, Cannes, Monte Carlo, Caneel Bay, and Round Hill.

At S'Agaro the hotel called the Hostal de la Gavina decorates its rooms with splendid antiques, hangs tapestries in its public halls, has private little beaches and public ones and a serpentine walk along the sea. At San Feliu the shops are designed for travelers and are filled with modish suede jackets and leather bags, but if you

(*Continued on page* 70)

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CANNES AND THE MOVIES

by Thomas Quinn Curtiss

CANNES with its dazzling sunshine and sparkling sea seems an ideal movie "location." Yet, though film-makers, great and small, gather there for the festival early in May each year, the thought of "using" it does not automatically occur to them.

The Riviera is rich in theatrical and cinematic lore of the recent past. In the Twenties it was crowded with celebrities of the stage and screen. Lily Langtry, Julia Marlowe, and Maxine Elliott lived in retirement in sumptuous villas on its splendid shores. Avery Hopwood, the gifted dramatist, committed suicide at Antibes by walking out into the ocean to embrace the moon. And summertime called such extravagant personalities as Ina Claire, Anita Loos, George Jean Nathan, Lillian Gish, Charles MacArthur, Alexander Woollcott, and Harpo Marx from Broadway; Bernard Shaw, Noel Coward, and Frederick Lonsdale from London; Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks from Hollywood.

In 1925 Rex Ingram, wanting to be as far away from Louis B. Mayer as possible while completing a contract for the Metro-Goldwyn company, built the Vittorine studios at Nice. There he filmed the interiors of his beautiful epic of the Mediterranean, "Mare Nostrum," based on a novel by Ibáñez, who, exiled from Spain, was living at Menton. Next he filmed "The Magician," a novel by another neighbor, W. Somerset Maugham, who had just purchased a castle at Cap Ferrat. "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hitchens, who also frequented the Riviera in those days, followed, and Cosmo Hamilton came to Nice to persuade Ingram to do his novel, "Three Passions."

The talkies did not interest Ingram, and he gave up his studio and picture-making and, converted to Mohammedanism, went to live in Cairo. He died in California in 1950, but he is not forgotten along the coast. His photograph —that of a dashing young Irishman in open-necked sport shirt and blue beret —autographed in Arabic, ornaments many a barroom wall, hanging side by side with that of another startling visitor of the era, Isadora Duncan.

The Vittorine studios are still in use and Marcel Pagnol and Jean Cocteau find them convenient and most satisfactory. During Ingram's reign a young English director just beginning his career, one Alfred Hitchcock, came to the Riviera to film a silent version of Noel Coward's play, "Easy Virtue." Ingram watched him shooting scenes and the two men discussed their trade.

"You obviously have the talent for pictures," Ingram told his junior, "but may I make a suggestion? Change your name. Hitchcock is not the name for a movie director. I know because my name was Hitchcock before I changed it."

This advice Hitchcock ignored, but he remembered the art of Ingram and the beauty of the Riviera. In 1954 he came back to film "To Catch a Thief" in Cannes. His leading lady was Grace Kelly, and one day when the company went on location in Monte Carlo she was presented to Prince Rainier.

The notion of holding an annual international film festival at Cannes was inspired by some blunders made by Mussolini and Dr. Goebbels. In 1936 Il Duce inaugurated the first film fair at the Lido in Venice. All the picture-making nations contributed, but it was soon noted that the prizes were inevitably reserved for German and Italian products.

In 1938, when the first prize was

—French Film Office.

High points—"Orfeu Negro," the film of Carnival in Rio that was awarded the golden palms of the Cannes Festival in 1959, and, right, a scene from "Une Aussi Longue Absence," this year's winner.

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awarded to Luis Trenker's "The Kaiser from California" over "La Grande Illusion," a scandal threatened. The Venetian committee, hoping to avert an open break with the foreign contributors, quickly announced a special citation for "La Grande Illusion," though the film with its pacifist message was forbidden distribution in both Italy and Germany.

Dr. Goebbels, a guest at the 1938 Venice festival, issued a statement that there were no such officers in the German army as the one portrayed by von Stroheim in "La Grande Illusion." "Too bad for them," echoed the French press, for the role was—for a change—a sympathetic one.

Retaliating against the Nazi-Fascist propaganda that masqueraded as film criticism at Venice, the French government announced early in 1939 that it would create an annual international festival—open to all the democratic countries—at Cannes. The war delayed its realization, but at the time of the Liberation the question was again brought up. Philippe Erlanger of the Ministry of Beaux Arts secured the support of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Education, in addition to backing by the City of Cannes and the French motion picture industry, and in 1945 construction of a cinema palace on the Croisette at Cannes commenced.

Despite the postwar crisis, the shortage of building materials, the heavy draw on the national treasury, and the general confusion, the first Cannes festival took place in September, 1946. The spacious temple designed for the annual exhibit of the cinema's harvest is a beautiful and comfortable theatre that seats 2,000 and that, during the eleven-month interval between festivals, serves as a deluxe concert hall.

THE spring film festival in Cannes and the end-of-the-summer festival in Venice are the two most important of the year's motion picture fairs, with prestige slightly in favor of Cannes, where the critical standards are perhaps more stringent. The success and wide coverage of both festivals have led to imitations all over the world and it is said that there is a film festival somewhere every week in the year. São Paulo has a film festival in March, San Francisco in October, San Sebastian in July, Berlin in June, Vichy in July, Spoleto in June, Lugano in August, etc.

The influence that the Cannes festival has exercised on the movies—and indirectly on the taste of the moviegoers—during the last fifteen years has been enormous. The foreign exhibitors, coming to inspect the wares, have been introduced to the neo-realistic Italian film, the Japanese film, the Mexican

(*Continued on page* 67)

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THE RIVIERA AS A STUDIO

by Katharine Kuh

A NUMBER of well-known artists are so closely identified with specific places that their names have become almost synonymous. One thinks immediately of Gauguin and Tahiti, Utrillo and Paris, Guardi and Venice, Marin and Maine, and inevitably of Matisse and the Riviera. What these men managed to do was discover, record, and interpret the special personality of a particular area, always, to be sure, exploring more than purely physical characteristics. It was their uncanny ability to expose and make familiar the aura of a place, even to its smallest idiosyncracies, that virtually turned these artists into visual biographers. Like probing portrait painters, they too used external facts to uncover inner secrets.

Merely to mention the Mediterannean, for example, is to call up certain paintings by Henri Matisse that seem indelibly and clairvoyantly to have mirrored these translucent waters. Who better than he has made us recognize with new eyes and feel with new emotions the sea-saturated light that filters through the balconies and semi-shuttered windows of the Riviera? Today, it is impossible to think of this coast without recalling his fertile images—images, incidentally, that are fast becoming glorified trade-marks of the region.

For many years Matisse made his home in Nice, and it was here that he, often considered the greatest colorist of our time, produced some of his most important canvases. For him the Riviera seemed to exude a curious feminine magic, an impression resulting not alone from his surpassing use of color but equally from those alluring Odalisques he painted with unexcelled economy. Sometimes nude, sometimes semi-draped, and always languorously reclining in shuttered rooms, they appear singularly detached, yet indescribably voluptuous. In fact I find it difficult to recall a single Matisse composition devoted to male figures.

When an artist finally chooses the place he wants to live, presumably he selects one responding to his own nature. Edward Hopper once told me he found most of Mexico too turgid for his Yankee taste, frankly preferring the austere Cape Cod landscape of Truro, where he has long spent his summers. And it seems natural that the Impressionist painter Alfred Sisley lived part of each year on a houseboat in order to pursue the rivers of France as he more intensively pursued the mystery of sunlight on water. Undoubtedly Matisse chose the Riviera because it offered him the kind of landscape and atmosphere best suited to his vibrant palette.

In contrast, a number of artists have recently settled on the Côte d'Azur for somewhat different reasons. Having already achieved a certain success and recognition, these men as a rule migrate from Paris not to relieve their poverty, as did their nineteenth-century predecessors, but to enjoy their new-found prosperity. They are (and here Matisse was an exception) rarely looking for motifs to paint; these they have brought with them, for physical landscapes seem to concern them less than their own psychic ones. It is not surprising that when the impoverished artists of the last century came to the south of France, they usually avoided the Riviera, which at that time was a fashionable and costly winter resort far beyond their means. Some, like Gauguin and his associates, chose Brittany; others, notably Cézanne and Van Gogh, made Provence an illustrious name in art history. The present influx of painters to the Riviera is an encouraging symptom of the greater support artists today are receiving from both public and private sources.

If Matisse was the first of this famous procession to make the Côte d'Azur his own, it is undeniably Picasso who now is its recognized leader. One wonders whether it was purely accidental that two of the greatest names connected with modern French art should have both left Paris only to settle separately in much the same place. Chagall and Dufy also worked here, the melancholy Soutine and recently Dubuffet, that wizard of pagan fury, moved to these same idyllic hills. Obviously he has not come to record the landscape. It is unlikely that he will ever immortalize the beauty of the Riviera; for him it is chiefly a sympathetic place to work and live.

Picasso, too, only infrequently gives us graphic reports on the land itself. Though we cannot forget his strangely ominous canvas called "Night Fishing at Antibes," as a rule Antibes or for that matter Cannes and Nice have not been perpetuated by contemporary artists with the same intensity as Arles, Aix, and L'Estaque were by painters of the nineteenth century. Living today on the coast of the Mediterannean are men who have arrived at that enviable state when they can afford the joys of seclusion, the comforts of warmth, and the luxury of good swimming.

For some reason the region has providentially never spawned art colonies.

(*Continued on page* 65)

IN THE GALLERY: A resort for the rich, a rumpus room for Bohemia, a Disneyland for dowagers. All this the Cote d'Azur has been. But the clarity of its light, the salubrity of its climate have also had a tonic effect on the world's artists who gravitated here from all parts of the world and found it a more agreeable atelier than a garret in Paris. On the facing page and overleaf, *SR* offers in color four famed works by four famed masters who have used the Riviera as their studio. The Dufy, the Chagall, and the Matisse originally appeared in the renowned art books of Skira; Picasso's "Night Fishing at Antibes" is in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art, in New York.

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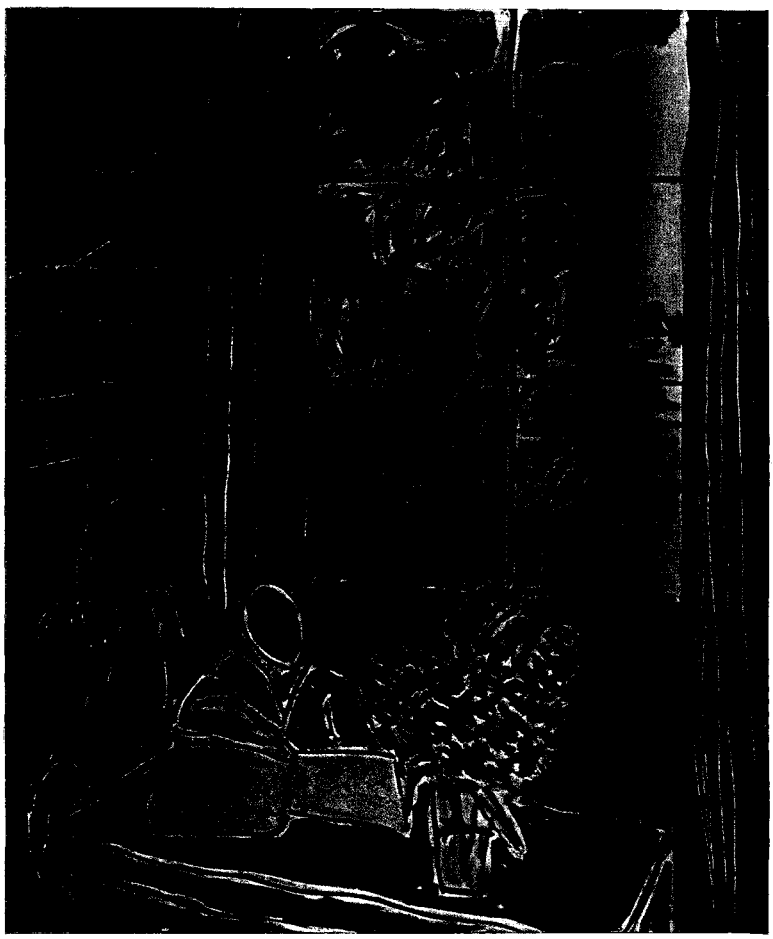
Night Fishing at Antibes," by Pablo Picasso

(Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund)
Collection of Museum of Modern Art, New York



"Small Blue Interior," by Henri Matisse

—Private Collection, Paris
Courtesy, SPADEM

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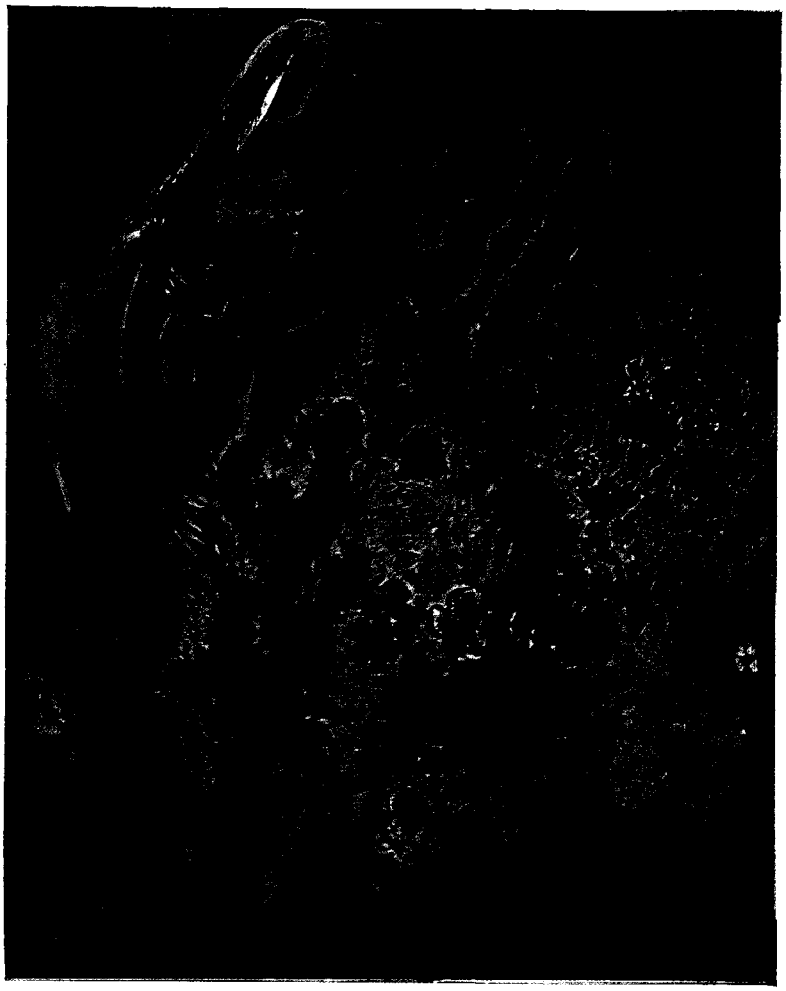
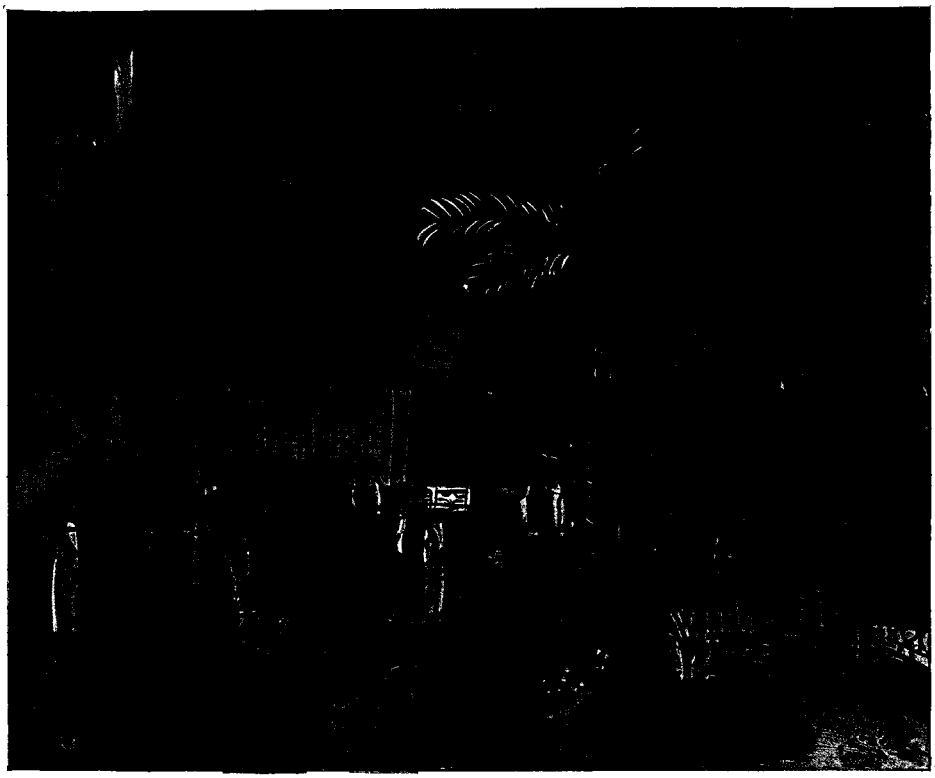


"The Beautiful Redhead," by Marc Chagall
—Mrs. Leo Glass Collection, New York



"The Casino at Nice," by Raoul Dufy
—Georges Moos Collection, Geneva
Courtesy, SPADEM

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(*Continued from page* 62)

There may be a few offending towns like St.-Tropez, but by and large painters and sculptors here have not crowded into small areas of Bohemia, preferring rather to disperse themselves in a deliberate search for isolation. I suspect that art colonies function best for those who are still seeking recognition rather than for those who, having found it, are seeking solitude.

Though many artists now on the Riviera may seem detached from the immediate life around them, still they have enriched this land no less than they have been enriched by it. There is scarcely one of them whose work does not give evidence of a softened attitude. Even Dubuffet's scorching comments appear more lyrical, less satanic in recent years, a development perhaps due to maturity and success as much as to the charms of his new home. Recently he has been exploring small, humble phenomena of nature in direct contrast to the alarming erosions that occupied him earlier. Perhaps it is an oversimplification to explain his late collages, made of leaves, flowers and even occasionally of butterfly wings, in terms of life in a specific place, for growing plants and butterflies are scarcely indigenous only to the Riviera.

As for Picasso's evocative pictures of his two youngest children, these would doubtless have been equally tender wherever they were painted. We need only remember the earlier endearing portraits of his first son, Paul, to realize that it was not the land where he lived but the children themselves who beguiled him. Yet there is no denying that the Côte d'Azur has affected Picasso's work, if only in those occasional and unforgettable landscapes conceived in smashing light, or in the long series of beach scenes and exuberant bathers. It was also on this coast that he first seriously turned to ceramics, a field he has resuscitated for both craftsmen and artists. Who can forget that moment of incredulous surprise on first encountering Picasso's bronze sculpture of man and lamb conspicuously decorating the main square of Vallauris, a shabby little town high above the Mediterannean where the artist developed a now flourishing ceramics industry? Indeed, where but in France would a tiny ancient village honor the work of a modern artist, combining it harmoniously with antiquated architecture and moldering walls? Though most of Picasso's finest ceramics owe much to classical images, some also reflect his immediate surroundings. Take the numerous slithering fish, blue like the sea, that are forever joined to their ceramic plates. Take his many visual puns combining highly glazed still lifes with sly double meaning. This is the

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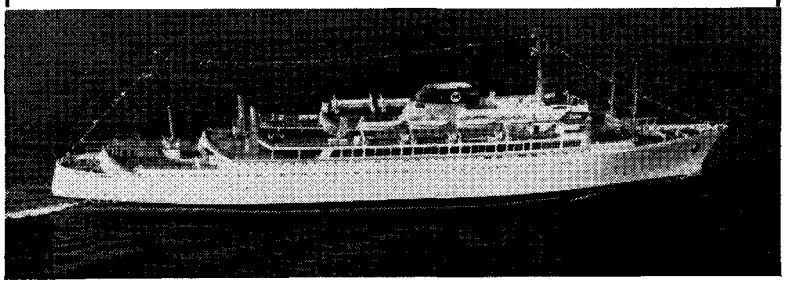

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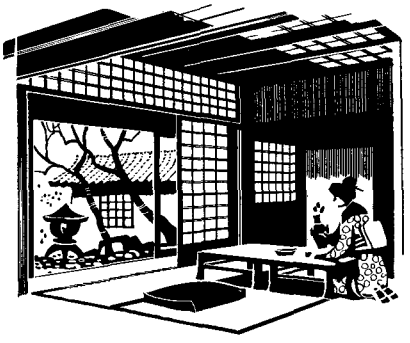

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Picasso who reacts to the genial world around him.

If it is true that most of the artists now living on the Riviera are not ardently enshrining the land as such nor making forever memorable its landmarks, they are nonetheless leaving it an extraordinary legacy. One thinks of such unique institutions as the Picasso museum in Antibes, which the artist has generously endowed with a large group of his outstanding works, and where the medieval building itself becomes an unexpected foil for his volatile modern paintings. Nor does the museum limit itself to Picasso's work; it also features other important artists. I remember once seeing a superb Léger exhibition there. For that matter, where else can one find this particular artist so fully represented as in the new Léger museum at Biot? I must confess it has always seemed strange that a gallery devoted exclusively to Léger's work should be located in the heart of the Riviera, a land I find too indulgent and feminine for his taste, and a land where he rarely if ever worked. When one thinks of Léger, it is more readily his family farm in the tougher landscape of Normandy that comes to mind or that narrow street in Montmartre where for years he painted in a bare studio at the top of an interminable circular stairway. But be that as it may, what makes these museums particularly enjoyable is their easy availability in beautiful surroundings and their pleasantly human scale, along with a tendency to concentrate on one artist, leading to an experience in depth sometimes more enlightening than the customary museum samplings.

Even the briefest survey of art on the Riviera must not omit Matisse's famous chapel at Vence, a structure completely planned and decorated to the last detail by this master's hand. Despite its brilliant stained glass windows, there are those who find the chapel too cold and rational, questioning whether religion does not need the spontaneity of passion more than the temperance of restraint. But one must not forget that this building, the first modern chapel of its kind, was a daring prototype for the many later examples which have literally revolutionized church architecture. Matisse was as always the pioneer, and that lovely land we call the Riviera was at once his focus and his impetus.

Cocteau and chapel at Villefranche. *Marc Riboud—Magnum*

"I can neither read nor write. When the census asks for this information, I want to say no. Who knows how to write? Trying to be understood is like fighting with ink. Either you write too carefully or not carefully enough. You rarely find the middle course along which you might limp gracefully. Reading is another thing. I can read. I think I can read. Each time I reread, I realize I had not read. That is the trouble with a letter. You find in it what you look for. You are pleased and you put it away. If you come upon it later, you read another letter you had not read. Books play the same trick on us. If they do not correspond to our state of mind, we find them mediocre. If they upset us, we criticize them, and this criticism obscures the books and keeps us from reading them faithfully. What the reader wants is to read about himself. When he reads what he approves of, he thinks he might have written it. He may even dislike the book for taking his place, for saying what he has not said and what he believes he would have said better." —*From "The Journals of Jean Cocteau" (Criterion).*

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Cannes

Continued from page 61

film, the Polish film, the Indian film, and the Brigitte Bardot film; and they have, in turn, introduced these to new audiences.

These exhibitors, however, are cautious and their decisions are usually guided by the festival jury's findings. The rights to "Orfeu Negro," for example, might have been purchased for a nominal sum after its initial showing. Instead, the exhibitors delayed and when it was awarded first prize the price of its distribution rights soared.

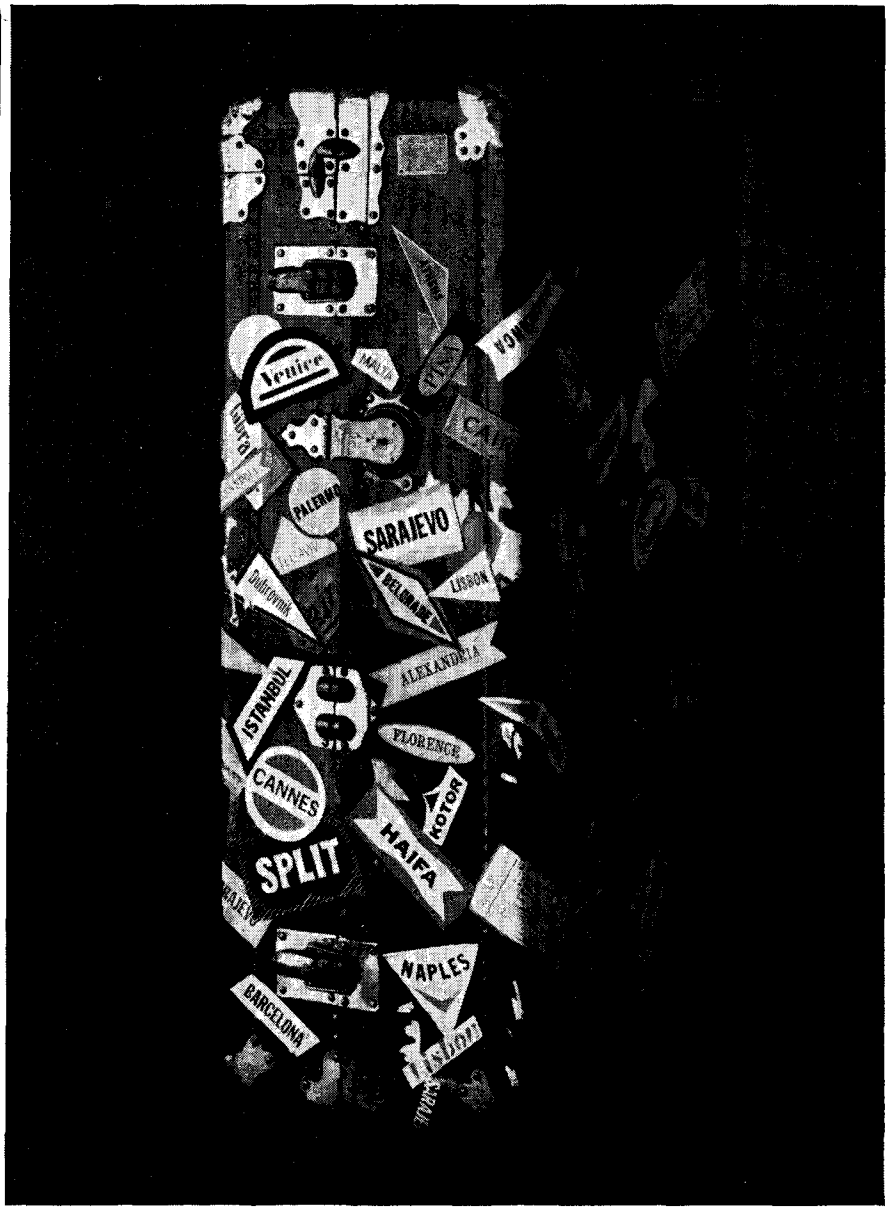
These festivals, it appears, boom the towns in which they take place, though there are complaints that there are scarcely enough motion pictures of any consequence to call for such continual celebration. The result has been an inflation of the value of prizes. A very poor French film, "Une Femme est une Femme," for example, is now playing in Paris with the boast that it has won a prize in Berlin.

Cannes, of course, is overcrowded during the festival weeks, since the invitation list includes 2,000 guests professionally concerned with the motion pictures and 700 journalists, 550 of whom come from abroad. Nonetheless, the curious seek to book hotel rooms and throng the lobby of the Hotel Carlton in hopes of seeing the stars. But it is the constant mention of Cannes in the newspapers, accompanied with appetizing photographs of the starlets in bikinis basking on the sands, that has aided in making Cannes the most popular holiday spot in France.

It is interesting to notice that some of the best American films of the last decade have not been entered to compete for honors. Why? Often because the studios prefer to submit secondary offerings that are in need of publicity and boosting. "Around the World in 80 Days," "Ben-Hur," "Carmen Jones," and "Gigi" have been given special showings at Cannes, but have not been items of the official program.

The Cannes jury is an international one, but its president is always a distinguished French author or director. Among the presidents have been Jules Romains, André Maurois, Jean Cocteau, Marcel Pagnol, Maurice Lehman (long director of the Paris Opera), Marcel Achard, and René Clair. Its members have included George Stevens, Gene Kelly, Marcel Vertès, Alexandrov (Eisenstein's collaborator), and Henry Miller.

Henry Miller, who was a juror in 1960, presented a minor problem. A sartorial rebel, he balked at wearing anything but an open-necked shirt, slacks, and sandals. As black tie is



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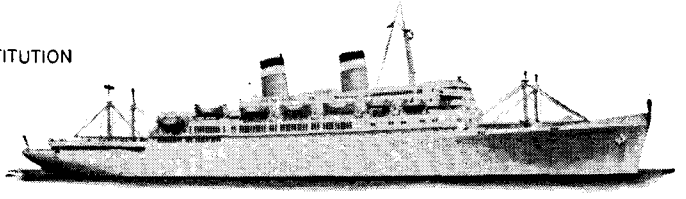

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Hiroyo

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obligatory at the nightly performances he was assigned to see the films in the afternoon.

Many fine films have been honored at Cannes: "La Symphonie Pastorale," "Open City," "The Third Man," "Miracle at Milan," "All About Eve," "Marty," "The Silent World," "Mon Oncle," "Orfeu Negro," and "La Dolce Vita," while the importance of the shorter film has been highlighted with special awards for "The Red Balloon" and "The Goldfish."

After the early years of austerity, the Cannes festival took on a gay holiday air. The number of press parties increased and the schedule became so crowded that there were actually invitations to cocktail parties at ten in the morning. The number of hangers-on and gate-crashers multiplied quickly and despite the commendable efforts of the festival's director, Favre LeBret, to maintain decorum, several scandals reached the headlines. These were created not by movie people but by would-be movie people.

An English lass, yearning for the spotlight, ran about naked on the Carlton beach, and at a luncheon party at Ste.-Marguerite a gate-crasher, posing as a cameraman and filled with free drinks, tore off the bathing suit of another gate-crasher, a girl with ambitions of becoming a starlet, and threatened to photograph her.

Reports of these happenings may have added to the swelling ranks of tourists at Cannes, but the inquisitive visitor will search in vain for a repetition of any such doings at the film parties. Credentials are now scrupulously examined, as are tickets to the film showings, for a hardy racket in the sale of fake tickets has sprung up.

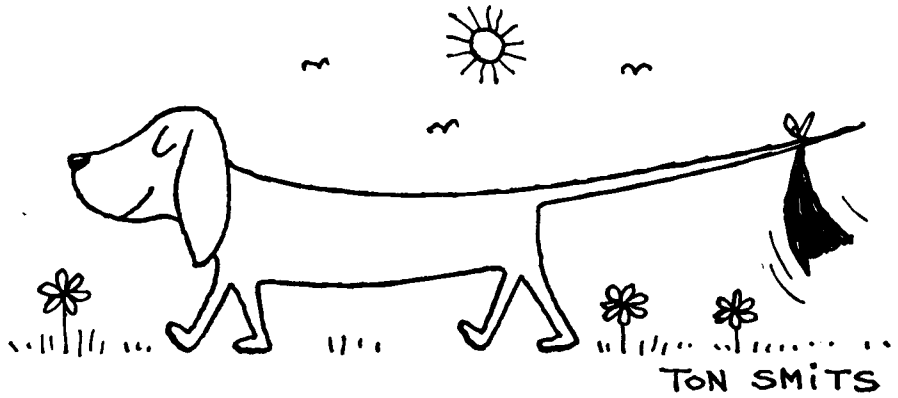
In addition to the main events of the festival program there are projections of films not entered in the competition. Many avant-garde movie-makers have found it advantageous to have such showings when so many exhibitors are on hand. The American film "The Connection" was sold for distribution in the United States at last spring's festival.

The number of prizes awarded almost equals the number of films shown. There is, in addition to the First Prize for the Best Film, a prize for direction, a prize for the best male interpretation, a prize for the best female interpretation, a prize for the best scenario, a prize for the best music, a prize for the best photography, a prize for the best color, a prize for the best documentary, a prize for the best animated cartoon, and a special prize.

This "Alice in Wonderland" procedure is obviously maintained so that none of the contributing countries will go away empty-handed and refuse to come back.

There was a grotesque aspect to the prize-day ceremonies this year. Though it was generally agreed that Sidney Poitier gave the best interpretation of any of the contending performers in "A Raisin in the Sun," he personally received no prize. Instead Anthony Perkins was voted the best actor, apparently because something had to be done for the otherwise disappointing "Aimez-vous Brahms?" (shown in the United States as "Goodbye Again"). A dispute about this evidently arose in the jury room and it was decided to create a new prize—"The Gary Cooper Award" (Cooper had died while the festival was in progress)—and present it to "A Raisin in the Sun," though the film was but a photographed version of the play and in no way a cinematic achievement.

Henri Becque, the French dramatist, once said of love: *"De grands mots avant, de petits mots pendant, de gros mots après."* And so it is with these festivals. There are staggering announcements before they begin, all is sweetness and light on the surface when they are in session, and there is a shower of abuse when they are over. But the skies soon clear and the wrongs or alleged wrongs are forgiven and forgotten. All concerned are already busy with their plans for the next festival.



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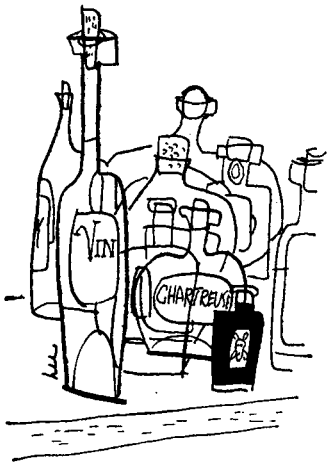
Guzzardi

Continued from page 54

at anchor in many serene little harbors. Every town has its own delightful *trattoria,* of which the Aurora, at the head of the bay under the lighthouse at Portofino, is only one fragrant example. The specialty is the richly concocted *zuppa di pesce,* a heady Italian bouillabaise, served with cooled white wine casked in the nearby hills and drawn to market behind tiny donkeys.

Mountains and people both seem to crowd into Portofino as though intent on pushing it out to sea. Because the coastline, hemmed in by perpendicular cliffs, is so narrow, everything must fit in little space: the town is a bizarre jumble of fisherman's huts, spread-out fisherman's nets, chic shops, cafés, and docks and yachting slips. Chairs and tiny tables jam its piazza, which when clotted with summer people offers



scenery unbeatable anywhere except in Capri. The chief diversion is to sit for hours over an *espresso,* watching the girls in tight pants, the boys in artfully tattered blue jeans, and the matrons wearing the mad hats and the sad expressions. The *bel mondo* may park its yacht and stop off for an hour's staring, but largely it has fled Portofino, retreating either to secluded villas far up the cliffs or floating away to sea.

Part of the same promontory, Santa Margherita and Rapallo are twin towns of eroding charm and beauty. They are predominantly Italian in tone and character, but almost totally given over, at least in their main streets and haunts, to the Italian middle class. The sound of the Vespa is heard there, and the other noises come largely from the pleasure-seekers of young Italy, whose preoccupations are erotic. Rapallo, despite the sedate air exhaled from its spreading old hotels like the Excelsior and the Grand, is the jazzier of the two towns, with a broad boulevard for promenading. But these days the boulevard has to be broad, because there are so many people parading on it.

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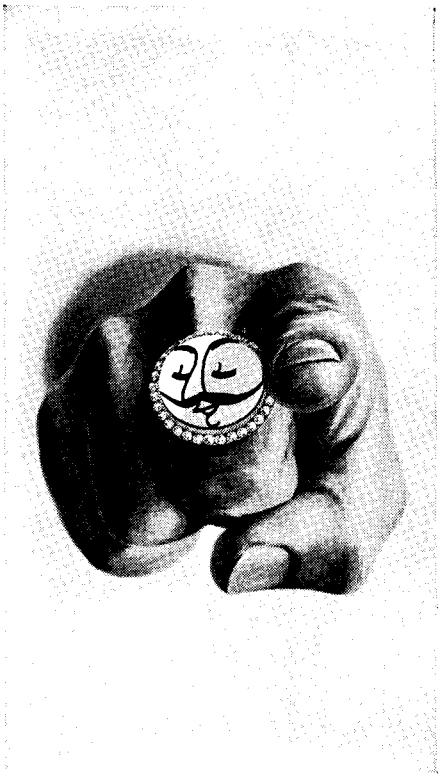

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Sutton

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ferret among the dusty goods of the general stores you can come up with a lacy rope rug six feet across for less than ten dollars. There are bull-fights in San Feliu and there are *sardanas* too, the dance of the Catalan people performed to reedy music by all classes of citizens, who join hands and dance the steps to a silent count. In Palamos on days of the fairs, candy almonds bubble over the fire, and there are snails and shrimps and yellow mussels piled in buckets of ice. The fish auction each day is a marvelously colored affair, but the sign scribbled under the imprimatur of Coca-Cola gives a hint of the foreigners abroad in the land. "Tea and Toast Served Here," it says, "With butter and marmalade or jam."

But in most places the tourist must share the wild coast with the fishermen, and at no station along the strand is it more apparent than at Tamariu. An arbor of tavernas rims the beach and the hotels stand shoulder to crumbling shoulder, but the beach belongs to the fishermen and their bright barques and the travelers must look for a place between the hulls to spread their towels.

A GYPSY singer is booked into a nightclub in Llafranc and all the coast comes down to see her; and if the night is cool, the soul is warmed not just by the melodies but by bowls of rum and coffee served in flames. At La Fragata in Tossa you ask how long it will take for a paella and the waiter says, "You sit down and talk too much and the paella is ready." But paella can be found anywhere in Spain. Here the true splendor is served in a suquet which has shrimp and cuttlefish, almonds and olive oil, flour and garlic, parsley and saffron. In Aigua Blava there are four beaches and a small hotel with sixty rooms and friendly prices. There are eucalyptus trees which medicate the air and in July there are the French and the Belgians and in August the Spaniards. The English come in September. The water shines turquoise, the boats are white, the grottoes black. On rumbles the coast until it passes Cadaqués again and the trees disappear, and there is Dali's beloved view that enchants him because it looks like the carcass of a rotten donkey. Then the grapes begin to grow on terraces and the foothills of the Pyrenees come thumping out of the quiet landscape, until the wild coast abates and the border looms, and the gentler, lacquered world of France waits on the other side.

A Time for High Tea

Photo by Ewing Krainin

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Buchwald

Continued from page 50

me. "We'll make the guy Aly Khan.") And I agreed.

Since I had never written a movie before, Mr. Feldman introduced me to a writer named Cy Howard, who immediately demanded that Mr. Feldman pays us $100,000 for the script—$50,000 for the delivered script and $50,000 the first day of shooting. Much to my surprise, Mr. Feldman agreed to the terms and the deal was made.

Cy and I worked out a story line. It was decided to lay the story in the Principality and use as a background a film festival. The Prince was everything Aly Khan and Prince Rainier ever dreamed of being. Our heroine, whom we called Lily, was a young American actress whose film was being shown at the festival. We kept the priest in the story because we needed him for matchmaking purposes. We also introduced the Prince's masseur, who was in charge of introducing the Prince to new beautiful girls. The masseur of course represented the devil. Lily had an ambitious mother and a more ambitious agent and pretty soon Cy and I were turning out hysterical scene after hysterical scene with great laughs on every page.

My favorite scene had an Anna Magnani-type actress going up to the reception desk at the hotel and saying "I want a room—without a bath!"

For the next two months Cy and I worked and fought and sweated in typical collaboration form. During pauses in work we discussed what we were going to do with the $50,000 each we were going to get from Mr. Feldman for writing the script. Since Father Tucker gave me the column, Cy suggested I give him the $50,000 to build a new parochial school. But my wife, who is more practical than Mr. Howard, talked me out of it.

Anyway, the first draft was developing into one of the most brilliant comedies ever written for the screen. I had Cy's word for this, and he had mine.

There didn't seem to be any rush about the story since Mr. Feldman was casting around for an unknown to play Lily. Cy and I knew this because every once in a while we bumped into him on the street with a lovely young girl and he'd say "Boys, wouldn't she make a wonderful Lily?"

This would be our cue to say, "She's perfect." And then Feldman would dismiss us and walk up the Champs-Elysées arm in arm with the excited girl gushing beside him.

As far as the Prince was concerned, we discussed Cary Grant, William

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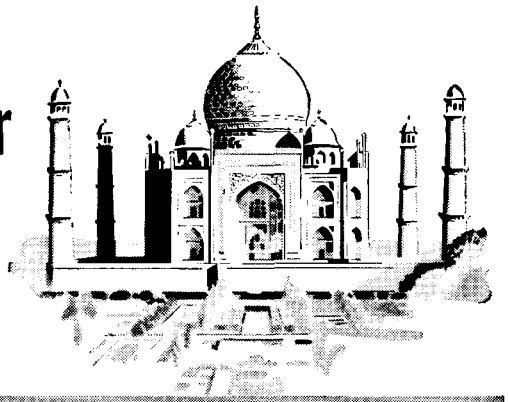

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It was obvious to all of us that when Billy Wilder read the script he would insist on directing it.

In the meantime I read somewhere that Prince Rainier had gone to America with Father Tucker but I didn't give it any thought. Who needed them any more?

Then one day one of the fellows in the editorial offices of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*, who knew I was working on the script, said I better look at the Associated Press ticker. I walked over to machine to see the frightening word BULLETIN on the teleprinter.

This was followed by the words "PHILADELPHIA—Mrs. John Kelly announced the engagement of her daughter Grace Kelly to Prince Rainier III, ruling monarch of the Principality of Monaco."

I checked the United Press ticker to make sure there was no mistake. UP

was also putting out the bulletin. My $50,000 was going up in smoke on both the AP and UP machines.

Numbed, I went back to my desk and put in a call to Cy, who was working on a scene where the priest is telling the Prince unless he straightens out and flies right, the priest is going to resign.

"Cy," I said trying to control my voice, "Grace Kelly is going to marry Rainier."

"She can't!" he screamed.

"Why not?"

"Because we'll sue her. It's our story."

But we didn't sue. Instead I went back to Monaco in April to cover the wedding, Cy went back to Hollywood to work for television, Mr. Feldman broke the sad news to all the Lilys, and in no time at all Monaco had a male heir.

How was I to know that Grace Kelly really cared?

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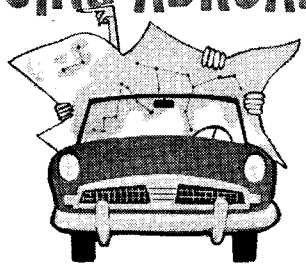

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Maugham

(*Continued from page 47*)

paperback mystery books, costing thirty-five cents. Nobody reads detective stories twice," he said. He favors selling books at cheap prices. "After all, what do writers want most? To be read by as many people as possible. Thirty-five-cent reprints are fine. Five dollars a book is ridiculous."

Sometimes he devotes the early afternoons to correspondence: "I always answer a first letter, but not the follow-ups. The first letter, it seems to me, may be genuine and it would be impolite to pass it by. But from then on I don't, at my age, really have the time to start exchanging correspondence."

He usually takes a nap in the afternoon, pursuant to his doctor's orders. The doctor, he smiled sardonically, had diagnosed his ailment as anemia. "But," said Maugham, "I say it's old age."

SOME years ago he went to Switzerland for those much-publicized rejuvenation shots, and later recommended this treatment to several of his elderly friends. But first he insisted that his secretary-companion, Alan Searle, take the shots. "There we were," said Searle about their joint stay in the sanitarium, "him in red and me in blue."

Maugham recommended this treatment to a rich, aged neighbor who was thought to be dying. The gentleman heeded Maugham's counsel and made a complete recovery. "And from that day on," said Maugham, "his wife never spoke to me again."

Bernard Baruch wrote to Maugham to inquire about those Swiss shots and, presumably, was convinced. Winston Churchill, however, lost all interest when he learned that the treatment is ineffective unless the patient gives up smoking and drinking for at least three months following the injections. To Sir Winston this was too much of a sacrifice.

Maugham's most pleasant form of relaxation in the afternoons is a game of bridge. "No, never Canasta," he said. "Canasta, as a fad, can't last because the rules are not standardized and are still confusing."

On the Riviera he has played bridge with Dwight D. Eisenhower and with the late Aga Khan—who used to sip champagne, despite the reminder that drinking such a beverage was contrary to his religious precepts. The Aga Khan shrugged that he merely exercised one of his divine prerogatives: "Just when the champagne reaches my lips I pass a miracle and it turns to water."

He enjoyed playing bridge with the ex-Queen of Spain, who told him about her last night in the Royal Palace when

"Oh Switzerland! The further it recedes into the enriching haze of time, the more intolerably delicious the charm of it and the sheer joy of it and the glory and the majesty and solemnity and pathos of it grow.... There are mountains and mountains and mountains in this world, but only these take you by the heartstrings. I wonder what the secret of it is. Well, time and again it has seemed to me that I must drop everything and flee to Switzerland once more. It is a longing—a deep, strong, tugging longing—that is the word. We must go there again....."

Mark Twain

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the mob didn't know that the gate was open. Maugham suddenly remembered, during that bridge game, that they hadn't specified any stakes. His concern grew as his losses mounted and Her Majesty kept score.

When the session ended the ex-Queen made the calculations, and told him how much he had lost to her—the equivalent of seventy-five cents.

Maugham had been disconcerted, during that game, by the pear-shaped pearl necklace the deposed Queen was wearing. It seemed familiar to him, and Her Majesty said: "Oh, you probably saw it in Velázquez' portrait of Philip II."

When I look back on my life, with its successes and its failures, its endless errors, its deceptions and its fulfillments, its joys and miseries, it seems to me strangely lacking in reality. It is shadowy and unsubstantial. It may be that my heart, having found rest nowhere, had some deep ancestral craving for God and immortality which my reason would have no truck with.

—From "The Summing Up," by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday).

He of course has met his own Queen, Elizabeth, at the investiture where he was named Companion of Honor. For that visit to Buckingham Palace he wore the formal morning clothes he had worn at his daughter's wedding. His top hat had been destroyed during the blitz. "And, since it is unlikely that my daughter will marry again," he said, "I rented a top hat to wear to Buckingham Palace."

For his own wedding in New Jersey, he said, he wore no formal attire. "My memory of it," he said of the event, "is of standing with my bride-to-be before a justice of the peace—who first sentenced the drunk in front of us, then married us, then sentenced the drunk behind us."

His Companion of Honor award followed his receiving an honorary degree from Oxford. For that scholarly occasion he was required to make a speech dedicating a new building. "How," he sighed, "do you open a building, other than by saying 'I hereby declare this building open'?"

No writer, he said, has more than a certain number of books in him. He is at work now on a frank autobiography to be published posthumously. "And after that, I shall shut up shop quite definitely, and spend the rest of my life in wine, women, and song." And in travel, of course, by ship—after first making sure not that the accommodations are good but that the ship's doctor is of the highest caliber.

No, he told Noel Coward, he would not go to Jamaica. Maugham said: "Jamaica is a place for people who aren't asked anywhere else." Yes, he said, he would go to Greece "although it's awkward not knowing a word of the language." In Greece, however, he managed to find a Greek who speaks English perfectly—the King.

In Maugham's workroom at the Villa Mauresque my eldest son, George, noticed the unabridged dictionary and said: "It's the same kind you use, Pop." I nodded and sighed. W. Somerset Maugham somehow managed to get different words out of the volume.

"Not different. The same words," my son stated, with critical acumen. "It's just that Mr. Maugham uses them better."

My son reached for his camera, to photograph me with Maugham, then waited for a bit of action. "I once posed this way with Edna Ferber," said Maugham. "The cameraman asked me to engage in animated conversation. I obliged him my repeating 'Our Father who art in heaven . . .'"

I thought I could induce the animated pose by mentioning George Jessel's brief description of Maugham: "A Katzenjammer Kid he ain't." But then came a more serious note, about whether our host at the Villa Mauresque believed in God.

"That's something I've wondered about and searched for in many places. I don't profess to know the answer," he said, "but I shouldn't think so. I don't believe in life after death. And, not believing in it, I don't have to face the prospect."

I have been called cynical. I have been accused of making men out worse than they are. I do not think I have done this. All I have done is to bring into prominence certain traits that many writers shut their eyes to. I think what has chiefly struck me in human beings is their lack of consistency. I have never seen people all of a piece. It has amazed me that the most incongruous traits should exist in the same person and for all that yield a plausible harmony. I have often asked myself how characteristics, seemingly irreconcilable, can exist in the same person. I have known crooks who were capable of self-sacrifice, sneak-thieves who were sweet-natured and harlots for whom it was a point of honour to give good value for money. The only explanation I can offer is that so instinctive is each one's conviction that he is unique in the world, and privileged, that he feels that, however wrong it might be for others, what he for his part does, if not natural and right, is at least venial.

—From "The Summing Up," by W. Somerset Maugham (Doubleday).

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Bocca

Continued from page 43

holiday is complete without one visit, preferably by yacht, to the great nudist island. There nudism is free and for all, and one can recognize the local gendarme because he keeps his *képi* on (a little-known fact about the Riviera is that one of the police's principal tasks, after dealing with art thieves, jewel thieves, and smugglers, is the suppression of illicit nudism).

In the main village of the Ile du Levant one is obliged to wear what is called a *minimum,* a single triangle of cloth the size of a folded handkerchief. In this garment (sic) work is done, food and drink are served, music is played, and in this form one dances in the evening, cheek to cheek, as some fathead has observed, from top to toe.

And Juan-les-Pins—what on earth can one say about that? One should disapprove but one ean only laugh. It is like nowhere else on the Côte. Candy floss and bowling alleys, jazz, canned and for real, hot dogs and hamburgers, striptease festivals, and rock-and-roll international championships, dodgem cars and go-karts, are all available day and night in the summer months. The "queen" of Juan-les-Pins entertainment is a transvestite singer who calls himself Coccinelle. On the generally graceful Riviera, Juan-les-Pins is as out of place as a hat saying "Kiss Me Quick" on the Duchess of Kent. Its pace is the hottest, its yell the most piercing. And every year, in the middle of October, it runs out of wind, lurches drunkenly, and passes out cold until the following spring.

On either side, Nice and Cannes conduct their galas and festivals throughout the winter while their black-sheep neighbor snores fitfully between them. It is a curious experience to drive from Nice to Cannes in December, when both cities are crowded with winter tourists, and pass through a Juan-les-Pins that is literally deserted, with scarcely a person or car in sight.

Monte Carlo is having a boom, thanks to Princess Grace, thanks to Aristotle Onassis, thanks to real-estate development, thanks to everything except the Casino, which today supplies only 4 per cent of the Principality's revenue. On the ever-changing Riviera nothing has changed more than Monte Carlo, sixty years ago the most notorious, feared, and courted woman in the world, today a fussy old aunt. A few mementos of raffish old Monte still exist; lovers of curiosa should note in the Salon Vert that the naked ladies on the ceiling are smoking cigars. Monte Carlo had a brief second youth in 1945 when she was made off-limits to U.S. military personnel. The only reason was that the

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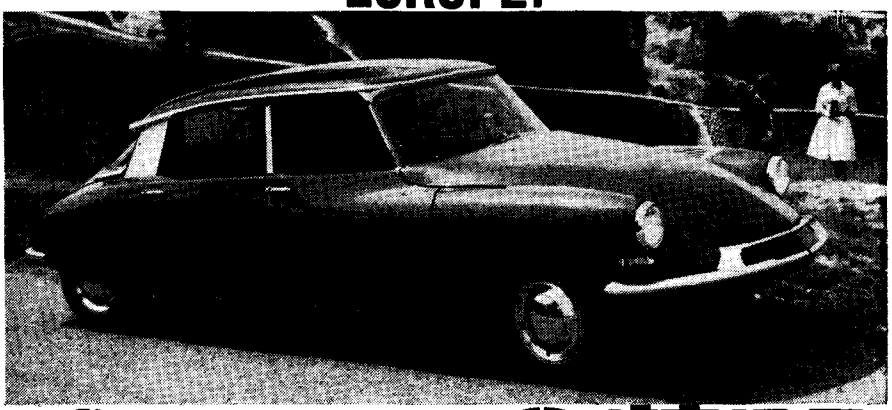

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U.S. Army was bugged because the Monaco authorities refused to supply any hotel accommodation, but there she was, in company with the Casbah of Algiers, the Medina of Casablanca, and all the other noissome vice spots under Allied occupation. It was like old times.

Nice is the blind spot of Riviera writers, a strange paradox. Other Riviera communities have ardent chroniclers. Songs have been composed to honor St.-Paul. St.-Tropez, and even Lavandou, but to the best of my knowledge the only song written about Nice was sung by a comic maid in "The Boy Friend." Nice is the one great city of the Riviera, but nobody writes about it. It is the most cosmopolitan city on the Riviera, and the least fashionable. It is a beautiful city which attracts little praise. Without Nice, the Riviera would be a string of insignificant holiday resorts, like the resorts of Majorca. By its industry and its very bigness, Nice makes the Riviera important, because a community that lives only for and by tourists is a community without pride. Nice is the Riviera's pride.

Incidentally, I carried out a gastronomic investigation in Nice some time ago. One considers the French to be understandably insular about their cuisine and, less understandably, to deride foreign cooking. But within a 100-yard radius of the Place Masséna I found Italian, Alsatian, kosher, Chinese, Indo-Chinese, and Arab restaurants, not to mention an English restaurant, Charley's Bar, where the specialty is steak and kidney pie.

The critics are right, however, when they say that the coastal strip has been seriously affected by the sweaty hordes the campers, hitchhikers, and French *congés payés* who infest the Côte in the summer. For this reason the millionaires have been moving inland, to the romantic hill villages.

Castellaras, behind Cannes, is literally the creation of Riviera millionaires. It is an assembly of new houses, artificially and cunningly aged to look like old Provençal farmhouses. It is also a club into which members are voted before they are allowed to buy a house. The houses have numbers, not names, and by one of those little gimmicks that mean nothing to ordinary people but excite millionaires, their telephone numbers are the same as the house numbers.

Others, who prefer their quaintness for real, rather than strained through a straw as at Castellaras, have moved to Vallauris, St.-Paul, Vence, Grasse, Chateauneuf-de-Grasse. Finding an unspoiled village is a favorite game on the Riviera. Grimaud, Gassin, La Colle-sur-Loup, La Gaude, which, a few years ago, thought a foreigner was someone from the next village, are getting serious attention among wealthy and/or literary refugees from the coast. These villages may all be spoiled one day, but the secret of the Riviera is that there is always somewhere else.

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TV AND RADIO

Stormy Weather

BETWEEN "My Three Sons" (family comedy) and "The Untouchables" (crime) on ABC-TV Thursday nights, Procter & Gamble is sponsoring "Margie," a teen-age comedy about "jazz-time rhythms, raccoon coats, and Stutz Bearcats in the carefree, happy 1920s." To be next to Elliot Ness is to be next to the odds-on favorite in the new season's rating sweepstakes. One would think P & G would be very happy about this. I was recently told, however, that the soap manufacturer would rather have gone into this juicy time slot with "The Law and Mr. Jones," a nonviolent drama series about a lawyer, which P & G sponsored last season on ABC. The client canceled the program with regret because its renewal was not acceptable to the network. It may be that the program was not competitive enough in its 1961 late Friday night spot, although it was rated as drawing an average 10,000,000 viewers a week. The fact that ABC does not own a piece of "The Law and Mr. Jones" may also have contributed to the network's decision. I have been told by a non-network source that ABC does have a financial interest in "Margie," although an ABC spokesman denied this and said that the new show is owned completely by Twentieth Century-Fox.

Procter & Gamble, its soapy sponsor arm twisted gently by the network, would probably like to forget the "soft" Mr. Jones as an honorable sacrifice to the "hard" realities of life with the networks in the current competitive or monopolistic market—as it may be diversely viewed. The trouble is—for the sponsor—that he is not being allowed to forget. Before the program went off the air, Sy Gomberg, the producer, and James Whitmore, the star, had reported (*SR*, June 24) that they had received more than 20,000 letters protesting the cancellation. This was an unprecedented number. They said that the famous music program, "The Voice of Firestone," which also suffered the pains of television softness on all three networks, had inspired 8,761 letters protesting its cancellation. They estimated that five weeks *after* "The Law and Mr. Jones" had left the air, the public's chorus of protest had swelled to 55,000 letters and postcards. These were sent to the network, the sponsor, the FCC, and to Four Star Productions, which produced the series. Gomberg and Whitmore personally answered 7,000 and had to quit. They reached the point, they said, where they were weighing the mail, not counting it. The letters and postcards were inspired, in many cases, by strongly worded editorials in newspapers across the nation, and in TV and radio columns.

The protests came from all sorts of people. P & G was particularly concerned about the great number of communications suggesting to the soap maker that he knew what he could do with his soap. All of the mail struck an identical note: "We're fed up with all the pap, pop, and poop that forms the major portion of TV programming. The sponsors and the networks are using the airwaves to poison us, not to intelligently entertain us." The producer and star came East to thank their supporters in the press. They discovered that there was a possibility of a renewed interest in their show at Procter & Gamble—perhaps for the 1962 season. Four Star Productions also reported to them that another potential sponsor was interested in picking up the show. The mail count, meanwhile has continued to mount. It was last estimated that, including the mail received thus far by all individual stations on the network, the total figure approaches 500,000 letters and cards. This is really an awesome figure by traditional standards.

AS this column last June observed, there is no record of a "soft" television show coming back to the big time after cancellation. "Tightrope," a "hard" half-hour, almost made it this season in "The Expendables," an expanded hour version; it may win a time slot in 1962. Can "The Law and Mr. Jones" really make it? The trade press has reported that the nets are "running scared" and censoring violent scenes from the new season's crime shows. The Dodd Committee (Senate) has revealed in its hearings the brutal evidence of the high premium in Hollywood on producers who are not "warmhearted" and who know how to manufacture blood, sex, and guts. The public, a film executive, testified, calls the shots, and the public's word *is* getting through to the industry: less violence. As you measure the sadism in the new season's TV weather, keep your eye on that nonviolent cloud in the distance, no bigger than a man's letter-writing hand—"The Law and Mr. Jones."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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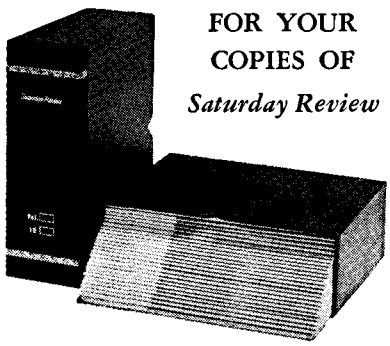

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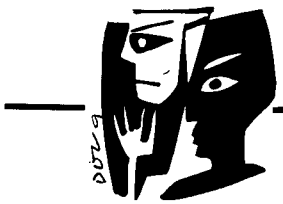

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Laughing Matters

ONE GOOD thing about improvised theatre is that it doesn't set out to be something big and complete, and can therefore wander with unusual imagination and freshness through areas of the performers' preference. And even when there is not one guiding talent who feels a responsibility to give the total product shape and style, this sort of theatre can still remain an unsorted treasure trove that contains more than enough of value to make it worth buying and rearranging yourself.

Such would seem to be the case with "**From the Second City**" a series of sketches created and acted by a troupe of young people mostly from Chicago and environs, among them Howard Alk, Alan Arkin, Severn Darden, Andrew Duncan, Barbara Harris, Mina Kolb, Paul Sand, and Eugene Troobnick. While Mr. Arkin and Mr. Darden make the strongest first impression, the whole company is intelligent and skilful and happily lacking in that extroverted ebullience and cute self-satisfaction one finds in so many revues.

The show's top moments tend to come in scenes that could each be filled out into whole plays. The hilarious lesson in beatnik art appreciation, administered by a real gone guy to a bourgeois chick who "is having problems in the area of spontaneity," would be a fine opening scene. A male and female centaur, left behind by Noah because she was late and he waited for her, make a touching second-act curtain. And the conversation between a disturbed father and his fifteen-year-old daughter who has bravely carried out an impersonal love-making excursion with a boy for whom she pretends not to care, shifts from satire into a profoundly emotional denouement.

More appropriate to the revue format is a number in which a lonely young man makes friends with a depressingly cheerful voice on a do-it-yourself phonograph record. It is a shaped fragment complete in itself, as is one that ventures into politics with a Laotian carpet-weaver recovering his peace of mind most appositely after an American insists upon giving him lessons in bayonet warfare. The show's other ventures into the area of politics are less successful. There is something quite uncomfortable about American actors burlesquing such events as a Louisiana Governor's callousness about integration without resolving them artistically. It causes them to seem more partial than partisan, and creates a specter without exorcising it. As woeful and unnecessary as these deficiencies may be, they cannot outweigh the fact that "From the Second City" conjures up more fresh laughter and imaginative penetration of young America's position than is currently to be found in any other of our First City's big playhouses.

THERE is also much fresh laughter to be had in Ossie Davis's "**Purlie Victorious,**" which burlesque the obvious hypocrisies of the Negro sharecropper's "benign" relationship with his old-fashioned Georgia landlord. While the thin plot is constructed out of fantasy, in that the uneducated cotton-pickers outwit their powerful boss with an assist from the boss's own law-abiding son, it does carry through to a just conclusion, and does express its author's belief that there is a comic side to the racial problem, and perhaps even a happy ending.

Mr. Davis plays the title role broadly so as to avoid the cruel realities of a situation he could not otherwise help from recalling with bitterness. Similarly, Ruby Dee portrays a stupid, drawling young domestic using the utmost exaggeration to give this stereotype the lie. As the exploiting old Southerner, Sorrell Booke makes an entertaining caricature as he shows himself sentimentally vulnerable to Negroes who flatter him. And Godfrey Cambridge as Gitlow, the "Uncle Tom" who answers every question with a wide grin and "You're the boss, Boss," shows us that there is a kind of compensatory relish to be had in practicing a hypocrisy.

The play does not entirely escape the tedium that goes with demonstrations of predictable courses of action. Nor do its necessarily exaggerated characters involve us very much. Indeed, we are most delighted at those moments when Mr. Davis momentarily slips into a sarcastic statement, such as "I'm a great one for racial pride; it's just that I don't need it in my line of work." Yet behind the surface effect of the comedy, one cannot help but admire Mr. Davis's benevolent persistence in carrying out with a certain amount of success the writing of a cheerful comedy about a subject that cries out for rancor.

—HENRY HEWES.

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Book in the News

Continued from page 33

done—and is still getting done today.

Schurz's economic conclusion is unquestionably sound:

> The answer to Brazil's dilemma is not aggressive nationalism. There is no threat of "economic imperialism" and there never has been since the republic began. The answer is certainly not Communism, which . . . is antipathetic to every instinct of the most promising of the world's peoples.

Brazilians, with their dynamic humanism, will find undreamed-of ways of moving into the modern life achieved in America and Western Europe. But they will do so by roads probably not foreseen either by Marxists or by American classical economists.

Schurz has captured well this crucial quality of the country in his study. He is to be commended for attaching an excellent supplementary reading list for those (I hope they are many) who wish to know more. Like the United States, Brazil is not to be measured in terms of any one political personality. The United States never was Theodore Roosevelt or Franklin Roosevelt, Eisenhower or Kennedy, significant as these men are. Nor was Brazil Vargas or Kubitschek or Quadros. It uses its state and its politicians. Both sometimes abuse the trust, but not for long. Most of the 65,000,000 Brazilians love Brazil, have a benevolent cynicism about politics, and, despite propagandists and public clamor, push steadily on, clearing farms, erecting new factories, increasing their technical competence, conquering their virgin land, and building (better than we) strikingly beautiful cities. *Floreant!*

The Need to Give Wisely

"The Emerging Nations: Their Growth and United States Policy," edited by Max F. Millikan and Donald L. M. Blackmer *(Little, Brown. 148 pp. $4.50)*, and ***"The Backward Society," by Raymond Frost*** *(St. Martins. 235 pp. $5), seek a working philosophy to guide American assistance to underdeveloped countries into the most effective channels. Hans J. Morgenthau's numerous books include "Dilemmas of Politics" and "Politics Among Nations."*

By Hans J. Morgenthau

EVERY spring and summer the American people are treated to a "great debate" between the Executive Branch and Congress as to the amount of money we ought to spend for foreign aid. In the end, the Administration gets about 10 per cent less than what it asked for. This fixation upon the amount of money to be spent and, more particularly, the Congressional concern about spending too much money conceals a general uneasiness about the purposes of foreign aid and the permanent place it ought to occupy within our over-all foreign policy. The Administration insists that foreign aid is a vital part of American foreign policy; Congress asks, "How?" and waits in vain for an answer.

The United States has been in the business of foreign aid for more than a decade, but it has yet to develop an intelligible philosophy of foreign aid that could provide standards of judgment for both the supporters and opponents of a particular measure. Instead, foreign aid has been defended and attacked on the basis of certain unexamined assumptions, no less doubtful for being deeply embedded in the American folklore of politics. Thus the popular mind has established correlations between the infusion of capital and technological know-how into a primitive society and economic development, between economic development and social stability, between social stability and democratic institutions, between democratic institutions and a peaceful foreign policy. However attractive and reassuring these correlations may sound to American ears, they are borne out neither by the experiences we have had with our policies of foreign aid nor by general historic experience. It is obvious from both that foreign aid is an infinitely more complex undertaking and that its results are much more uncertain than most of its defenders are ready to admit.

The first prerequisite for the development of a viable philosophy of foreign aid is the recognition of the diversity of policies that go by that name. At least four such policies can be distinguished which have only one thing in common: the transfer of money and

E

Among other things, E is a Roman numeral for 250; it is also a symbol, in *chemistry*, for einsteinium; in *music*, for the third tone or note in the scale of C major, or the fifth in the scale of A minor. In *physics*, it stands for the modulus of elasticity and the electromotive force. In *education*, it is a grade that can mean excellent.

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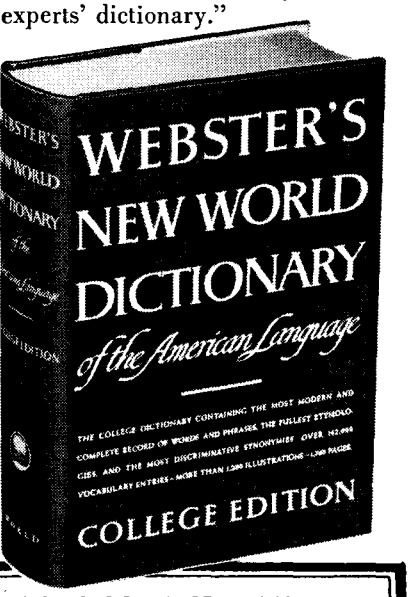

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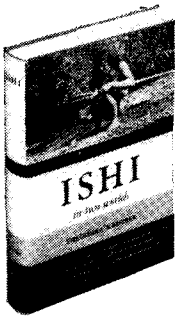

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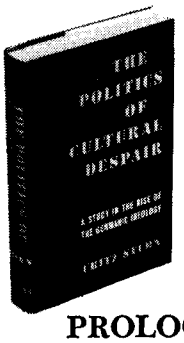

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economic services from one nation to another for the purposes of foreign policy. Most of what we call foreign aid is in the nature of military aid, a continuation of the age-old policy of military subsidies which Great Britain developed to perfection in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Another kind, also hallowed by tradition, is nothing more than a bribe extended to a foreign government, a type of foreign policy both common and respectable until the beginning of the nineteenth century. Thirdly, foreign aid is given ostensibly for economic but actually for prestige purposes. To this category belong the steel mills and airlines that serve as symbols to an underdeveloped nation of having arrived in the twentieth century, rather than as factors in genuine economic development. And finally, there is foreign aid for the purpose of genuine economic development.

How does a highly developed industrial nation, such as the United States, promote economic development in an industrially backward nation? Is it possible to promote economic development from the outside at all if the necessary moral, intellectual, and political preconditions are missing? What are the moral, social, and political effects of foreign aid likely to be in various circumstances? Some nations may well live to such an extent in a preindustrial moral and intellectual world that no amount of outside aid can put them on the road to economic development. Political power in some nations may well depend to such an extent upon a preindustrial *status quo* that economic development is impossible without a radical change in the distribution of political power. If social and political stability is our aim, successful economic aid may well create the very social and political unrest we seek to forestall.

While both the public debate on foreign aid and its practice in the field have been devoid of political sophistication, a number of attempts have been made in recent years to develop a philosophy of foreign aid that takes the non-economic preconditions and results into account. Pioneering in these endeavors has been the group of distinguished scholars from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who have contributed to "The Emerging Nations." However, as could have been expected, the individual work of these scholars is more distinguished than this fruit of their collective labor. Both in style and content it has a synthetic and indecisive quality. Furthermore, the book is a revised version of a report submitted to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and it bears the marks of its

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origin. Finally, it sets itself the task of developing a general philosophy of economic development. It is doubtful that that task, if it can be accomplished at all, can be accomplished in the present state of our theoretical knowledge and practical experience.

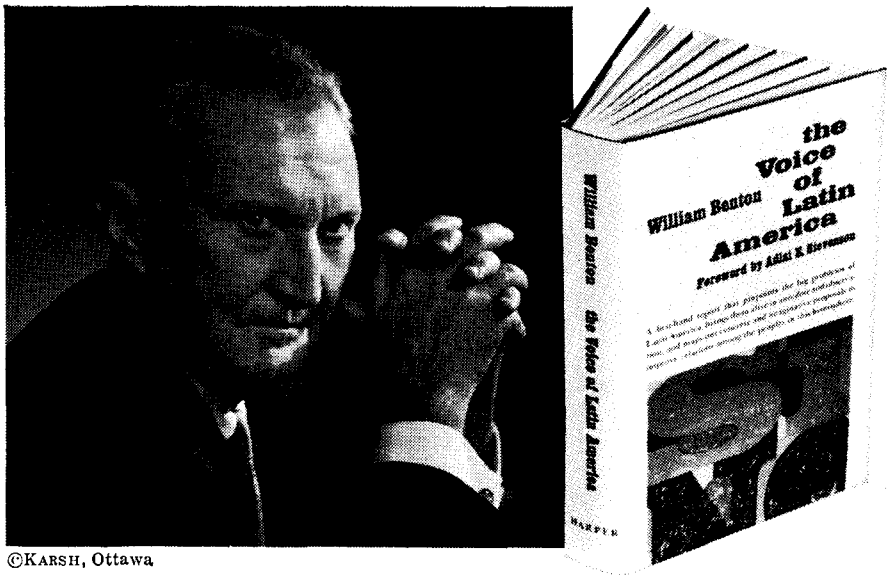
In consequence, "The Emerging Nations" suffers from what might be called the fault of premature generalizations. These generalizations are frequently brilliant and suggestive, but they are also frequently reduced to aphorisms by the lack of a body of valid theoretical knowledge and of reliable empirical facts. The most useful chapters deal with subject matter least exposed to these deficiencies: "The Process of Economic Modernization" and "Patterns and Problems of Political Development."

The book as a whole offers much material for thought. It will have performed its function if it stimulates the search for new theoretical insights and practical solutions. Yet as it stands, it impresses one primarily with the enormous practical complexity of the problems, and raises doubts about the

feasibility of a general theory of economic development.

"The Backward Society" is limited in scope and is the work of one author; and it may be for these reasons that it is more successful both as theoretical exposition and practical prescription than "The Emerging Nations." Raymond Frost, an economist with the World Bank, presents a theory of economic development that concentrates upon the technical economic factors, without losing sight of the moral, intellectual, social, and political conditions under which the economic factors operate. The book is a model of clarity and common sense. Professors and students of economics could learn from it how to present a sound economic theory in terms intelligible to the layman.

While it is open to serious doubt that, as the author maintains in accord with prevailing opinion, the gap between rich and poor nations is a potential source of international unrest and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war, and that therefore the rich nations ought to support the economic development of the poor ones, it is an obvious fact of experience that, for whatever reasons, rich nations compete with each other in supporting the poor ones. Whatever may be the ultimate justification for foreign aid, it has become and is likely to remain an integral part of the foreign policies of the great powers. The merit of this book lies in showing convincingly the limits within which a policy of foreign aid must operate by analyzing both the indigenous and the external conditions for economic development. Mr. Frost makes a convincing case for the proposition that foreign aid is no substitute for indigenous economic development but at best can only support what the underdeveloped nations themselves are willing and able to do. His main emphasis is on that latter point. The underdeveloped nations will develop economically only if, instead of embarking upon ambitious schemes in imitation of the economically advanced nations, they concentrate upon the prudent use of their own resources, especially through foreign trade.

Perhaps it is with foreign aid as it is with foreign policy in general. On the one hand, there are general principles, general enough to guide our thinking but too general to provide standards for our actions. On the other hand, there are the techniques for handling specific, concrete cases. The gap between the general principles and the specific techniques must be filled b the intuition of the statesman and diplomat. Thus what we need, aside from the general philosophy, is statesmen and diplomats of foreign aid.

Fiction

Continued from page 36

and a fiction prize—these personages, properties, and places are all run together at a constantly accelerating pace in Barnaby Conrad's lively novel **"Dangerfield"** (Harper, $3.95).

Too much alcohol over the years has washed Dangerfield up. Rebelling at his reputation of has-been, he determines that his twenty-fourth novel, "The Prelate," shall rehabilitate him. To be sure, the Catholic press will be hostile, some columnists will sneer; but reliable opinion—he names the New York *Times* and *Saturday Review*—will do him justice, and he will receive the coveted Shavian Award. In fact, his acceptance speech is ready.

When the novel opens, he's waiting for the news; at its close, he has heard it. He has summoned to his side, partly to share his expected triumph, the long-neglected David, twenty-two, who comes into the story shy and timid, like a lamb, and goes out a lion. At the last minute young Lucha, because she, contrary to her lover, fears he will be denied the prize, rushes to him to help cushion the blow. The fates gang up on the aging writer and he has a day that would drive anyone freshly to drink, or an old hand back to it promptly.

So out of a novelist and a novel that doesn't do so well come a novelist and a novel that might do handsomely. But "novel" may be a misnomer, for much of this is biography. Smartly foreshortened, to be sure, and dramatized, Winston Dangerfield is the spitting image, and the drinking image, of Sinclair Lewis. This is the Lewis of the pocked face, the jealousy, the temper, the neglected son and wife; the pitiless mimic—read all about it in Mark Schorer's recent exhaustive biography. Conrad, briefly Lewis's secretary, once showed seventy-five pages of a proposed novel to Lewis, who told him to throw away seventy-two pages; David shows fifteen pages of a novel to Dangerfield, who tells him to throw away fourteen. What would Lewis have told Conrad to throw away this time?

But there's a lot of ingenious Conrad here, too, to convey a sense of the free-wheeling imagination of the authentic writer, and to produce a harsh, tricky climax to bring down the curtain.

—W. G. ROGERS.

PRODIGAL'S RETURN: If prizes were awarded for pure charm, **"The Moon and the Thorn"** (Dutton, $3.75) would be a winner in its class. The story of a lonely woman's return to the scene of girlhood happiness has the fragrance of potpourri. Thirty years earlier she had run away from her summer home on an idyllic island with a married Englishman who was thought to be her sister's suitor. Unforgotten, unforgiven in the small community, she has become to the islanders an embodiment of bright romance and black sin. The very young are fascinated, the very old admire her rebel spirit, but her contemporaries want none of her.

B. J. Chute mixes the ingredients with a sure hand. She has a fine evocative touch: a horse is "angular, patient and severe," a bird is "alive with its own music," a day is "as pure as porcelain," a child has a "petal mouth." An adorable poodle named Folly struts and capers, a wise witch cackles, an "ornery" old rascal has a kind heart, a devoted servant and a stern parson and a soured spinster play appropriate minor roles; and there is a happy ending to a 1930s fairy tale.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted that "The Moon and the Thorn" has some weak points. Miss Chute knows a great deal about sunshine and storm, children and flowers, tenderness and pride, animals and women; but her

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men remain lay figures. The heroine's devoted lover, whose recent death she mourns, never comes alive to us, nor do the widowed father whose heart broke when she fled, nor her pompous brother-in-law, nor the forbidden fisher-boy sweetheart of her lovely young niece. They are all wraiths, without mortal substance, while the amusing octogenarian and the pious clergyman are little more than recognizable New England types.

However, it must also be admitted ungrudgingly that Miss Chute gives us much more here than a graceful display of endearing young charms. Her novel is a penetrating study of a spoiled beauty who snatches her private hap-

piness with ruthless egotism. Only when it seems that her niece will make a similar grab at romance does she understand what wreckage can be left behind when lovers flee away. The tragedy is averted, the estranged sisters are reconciled. The fairy tale has its moral, as all fairy tales should, and "The Moon and the Thorn" takes rank with Miss Chute's enchanting fable, "Greenwillow." —AILEEN PIPPETT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Vulcan. 2. Cephalus. 3. Baucis and Philemon. 4. Psyche. 5. Castor and Pollux. 6. Aristaeus and Cyrene. 7. Amphion. 8. Jupiter. 9. Iris.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 951

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 951 will be found in the next issue.

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KEWWLM HED E XYEW
LQ HEQKEHMRK MBRWO.
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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 950

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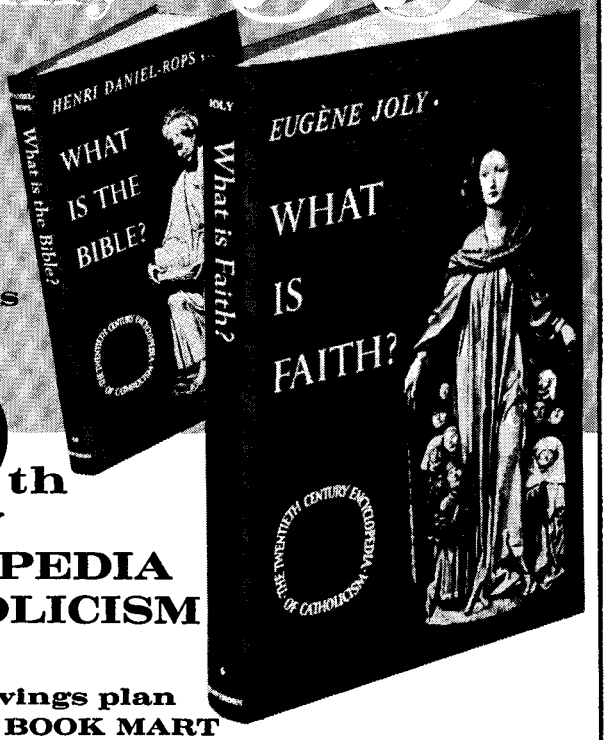

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Retirement

Continued from page 31

means of improving the use of enforced idleness have been promoted. But nothing that comes to grips with the erosion of financial security by inflation has been initiated, so far as this observer is aware. In fact, my experience as a foundation trustee suggests that the staff members of these worthy institutions are more apt to favor the pursuit of the profound than the practical. As a result, many of the affirmative actions of the trustees are likely to be more a vote of confidence in the staff of the foundation than anything else. Of course, there is also the possibility that some trustees do not care to expose their lack of understanding of the subject by discussing it.

So little study has been done by foundations on the effect of inflation on the retired person that one is driven to wonder why the subject remains almost unexplored. It may be that the staffs of philanthropic foundations believe the problem to be so complicated that any solution is beyond reasonable hope of attainment. Yet so many projects of less worth and as difficult of solution are given attention that one gains the impression that the practical problems of life may lack scholarly appeal.

Here, then, is a fruitful field for one of our foundations. The study of the basic problem of inflation as it affects those who have retired is fully as important as other areas of inquiry in this field. Those foundations that have, by their grants, shown an interest in other aspects of the problem might do well to give serious consideration to this one.

The search for the practical answer, an answer that can be measured by its direct usefulness, should not be delayed indefinitely. The search for an answer, provided it is in a vital enough field, is always worth the funds expended. And most certainly this one is vital enough to a large number of individuals, 17,000,000 of them, not including their families and friends. Furthermore, as the life span of the individual is further increased, as it doubtless will be, inflation's effect on a still greater number of our people will only increase the size of the problem.

But aside from the matter of enough income to offer a life free from the worries involving the costs of housing, medical care, and a reasonable opportunity for recreation, the person who is about to retire must think seriously of what he proposes to do with his time, for he will have more of that precious commodity than he has ever had in a busy life.

Those who face retirement, then, have many things to decide before they may consider themselves ready for this final phase of their careers. Along with other things they must decide how they can spend their time in a constructive and satisfying manner and whether they will be financially able to carry on under the demands of an inflationary economy. If these conditions can be met, they face an opportunity for the most rewarding experience of life. There can be adventure in retirement.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bernstein, Berlioz, Burco, Ballet

SO RARELY does one hear a piece of great unknown music by a great, well-known composer that Leonard Bernstein is entitled to thanks as well as praise for introducing New York to Berlioz's "Cléopâtre" at the opening concert of his last New York Philharmonic Orchestra season in Carnegie Hall. I make no secret of my ignorance of its mere existence, as an index to the illumination this work of the twenty-six-year-old aspirant for the Prix de Rome sheds on the magnitude of a talent that already had eight scenes from "The Damnation of Faust" to its credit (though as yet unperformed).

In its vivid splashes of orchestral color, its bold strokes of verbal imagery, and its fastidious sense of prosody, Berlioz was marshalling the materials, harmonic and melodic, that would eventually work a transformation of dramatic music. Some aspects of it were derived from Gluck (Alceste's "Divinités du Styx" is recalled in manner if not in matter in his treatment of the text by P. A. Vieillard), there is a suggestion or two of Weber, especially in the orchestra. But the forming factors, the "fix" in the mixture, are wholly his own, evolved out of that rare blend of perception and intelligence with talent and persistence which spells Berlioz.

An extended vocal scene (really a small cantata) with three major recitatives spaced by an aria and a meditation, "Cléopâtre" displays writing that is unsparing of any resource known to the voice—dramatic, lyric, tragic, exalted—in projecting the emotions of Cleopatra as she reviews her life prior to the famous act of self-destruction that ended it. Basically, it calls for a singer (and a voice) nonexistent in this time. And maybe in Berlioz's. Jennie Tourel, who undertook this task, is not really the singer, and certainly not the voice, for it. But who is? Hard pressed as she was to produce its wide-ranging musical text, she gave noble service to the ideas it embodied, a clear proof that she has the mind for the music if not the throat. In the circumstances, it was in the nature of a public service for Miss Tourel to make the kind of effort she did, and she clearly earned A for Artistry in so doing.

In the range of the voice where she could command the kind of musical tone to make the most of her feeling for the text, Miss Tourel was supported, surrounded, almost cushioned by Bernstein's production of the orchestral elements. It is a tribute to his good sense of the dynamically desirable that he did not accept the easy line of overstatement which the strongly inflected score invites. Nevertheless, when the final quaver of the cellos had died away, one knew he had heard a stunning feat of the musical imagination really understood and made audible.

Considering the component elements on this program, one fleetingly had the feeling that he had gone to sleep and, like a Rip van Winkle in reverse, visited the time when Bernstein seemed likelier to become music director of the Boston Symphony than the New York Philharmonic. The first of them was Roussel's Third Symphony, which was commissioned by Serge Koussevitzky for the fiftieth season of the BSO in 1930; the others were Aaron Copland's "Appalachian Spring" (which was actually completed in Cambridge, Massachusetts) and Ravel's second "Daphnis et Chloé" suite, which has had no more persuasive spokesmen than the Boston orchestra of the pre-Munch period. All this was incidental to an exposition of a current program scheme which Bernstein calls "The Gallic Approach," but is more closely related to Commonwealth Avenue than it is to the Champs-Elysées.

It was, in its executive aspects, a largely harmonious afternoon for Bernstein and his ensemble, which comes more and more to have a sound singularly his own. Clean, hard, plangent, and yet with many highlights, it could hardly be likened to the platinum finish one eminent European visitor attributed to the Philadelphia Orchestra, or to the shimmering glint of the Boston. It has, rather, the icy elegance of the diamond, and something of its cutting edge, too. It served the purposes of Roussel best in the best stretches of the work (the first two of the four movements, which later tended to go from Roussel to carousel), shredded a little some of the tender passion in Copland's "Appalachian Spring," and ripped clean and fast through the climax of Ravel.

Pure, indefensible curiosity prompted a visit to Carnegie Hall on the recent evening when Ferruccio Burco, a prodigy of the baton at nine, returned to conduct at the age of twenty-two.

Growth there has been, mostly of the physical sort that transforms a sub-teen cherub to a stalwart young man. But the present Burco apparently shares the view of his earlier self that gestures and arm-waving are the essentials of conducting. In a program one half Italian (Rossini's "La Gazza ladra" and Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani" Overtures), one half German (Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" Overture), Burco admonished the so-called Symphony of the Air as to tempo and dynamics, largely in terms of his strong rhythmic impulse. I would not downgrade that impulse, but it is not going to count for much until he puts in a proper apprenticeship, acquiring at least as much musical sophistication as the players with whom he is working.

The Leningrad Kirov Ballet ended its Metropolitan Opera House engagement on some of the same notes that had sounded previously—high technical excellence, restricted personal projection, variable artistic vision. To use the first movement of Shostakovitch's Seventh Symphony as a balletic source is to credit the choreographer either with heroism or a bent for self-sacrifice. Since Igor Belsky, who undertook this task with results seen in the company's second miscellaneous program, is a Leningrader and the ballet follows the premise of the symphony in memorializing the siege of that city, it is clear that the work flows more from the heart than the head. Unquestionably he has put himself out to realize the impulse by which he was motivated, as the company does in its performance. Purely as dance, however, it looks back to the Massine epoch of "symphonic ballet" with somewhat blurred vision; and, as esthetics, it finds its level in the brown-clad "Barbarians" (as the program calls them), each of whose Wehrmacht helmets is adorned by a small pair of horns! Alla Sizova and Yuri Soloviev were the principals, each to lesser effect than in their previous, lyric assignments.

Otherwise of interest in this miscellany was the original of the Fokine ballet known as "Les Sylphides," here in its black-and-white form of "Chopiniana." Allowing for some shift in the musical emphasis, it was nevertheless a rather cool, composed, not to say superficial statement of dance patterns which have, in some performances, been as moving as movement can be. Irina Kolpakova was the soloist in the second mazurka and waltz, Liudmila Alexeyeva in the first waltz, and Natalia Makarova in the prelude. The splendid ensemble merited something more outstanding (purely in the sense of "standing out") in the solo efforts, effortless though they were. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Blues from Texas

THE SMALL British independent label, "77" Records, has just issued Volume II of the patently valuable "A Treasury of Field Recordings" series, a three-disc panoramic survey of the vital, undiluted folk music traditions of the Houston and East Texas area. (The initial volume of the set was discussed at some length in these pages as "The Sound of Houston," *SR*, Jan. 14.) The series, on the basis of the two albums currently available, bids fair to become one of the more significant and useful folk song documentary projects of the past several years.

This second disc, containing fifteen selections and most aptly subtitled "Regional and Personalized Song," was again put together by Houston's tireless, dedicated young folklorist-playwright Mack McCormick. The album is a much more immediately appealing collection than its predecessor, for here the emphasis is on the individual performer. Lengthier performances and a greater amount of original rather than relatively fixed traditional materials have resulted in a well-balanced program of warmer, more "human" selections that should appeal to a wider audience than the first album.

The greater portion of the collection—as in the initial disc—is given over to the hardy, fructifying Afro-American musical heritage, with nine of the fifteen items being wholly within these traditions, and two others, though performed by white singers, of decided Negro origin.

The most archaic of these traditions, the participative work song, is represented by a single selection, "Hammer Ring," a surgingly powerful example of the antiphonal group song (of proven West African descent), performed by a group of convict laborers led by R. G. Williams. This recording, which dates from the very outset of the Houston documentary project, was made in March, 1951, at Ramsey State Farm in Otey, Texas, one of seven such prisoner-worked bottom-land plantations sprawling along the meandering course of the Brazos River where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Certainly one can hear in this stirring performance the living truth of folklorist Alan Lomax's remark that ". . . the wildest and most beautiful of these American Negro work songs come from the penitentiary where the old Southern system of forced labor reaches its apogee," for in the impassioned and metrically regular singing of song-leader Williams and his group of axe-wielding prisoners the stark, brutal reality of a life of forced toil under a merciless sun is vividly evoked.

Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins — "legendary Houston blues bard."

Similarly, "Ain't No More Cane on the Brazos," feelingly executed by John A. Lomax, Jr., is another selection that falls within this archaic tradition. Its verses provide an eloquent, if informal, history of the inhuman treatment of the convict laborers leased by the state to the large plantation owners at the turn of the century:

> Oughta been on this river in nineteen-four, Oh-o-o-o-
> You'd find a dead man on every turnrow, Mmm-mmm-mmm
>
> You oughta been on this river in nineteen-ten,
> They was driving the women like they drove the men . . .

Two additional performances in this stunning collection afford a glimpse into the shockingly oppressive conditions of Negro tenant farm life. "Tom Moore's Farm," here included in two versions, details the plight of the convict laborer paroled to the plantation of Mr. Moore, a wealthy near-feudal landholder of Navasota, Texas. (It might be mentioned that this dreadful parole system exists to this day in several Southern states. The superb Louisiana blues singer Robert Pete Williams is, for example, now serving a seven-year parole to a farm owner in Denham Springs, Louisiana. In exchange for approximately eighty to ninety hours of backbreaking labor a week, Williams receives the princely sum of $75 per month plus room and board. He rightly says, "I ain't free yet.")

The origin of "Tom Moore's Farm" has been fairly conclusively traced, the notes inform us, to a singer, Yank Thornton, who worked for a time in the early 1930s as a field hand on the Moore plantation and thus experienced at first hand the harrowing brutality and victimization so tellingly described in its verses. The song was rapidly assimilated into the local folksong traditions, quickly becoming one of the most frequently requested pieces at the back-country suppers and rough dances throughout the Texas cotton belt a quarter of a century ago. McCormick quite justifiably characterizes the song as ". . . one of the most fully developed narrative or balladlike pieces yet encountered in the blues idiom, and probably the most important traditional song which escaped the grasp of the Lomaxes and other early collectors in Texas."

> Yeah, you know, ain't but one thing, you know, this black man done was wrong, (2)
> Yeah, you know, that's when I moved my wife and family down onto Tom Moore's farm.
>
> Yeah, you know, Mister Moore's a man don't never stand and grin,
> He just says, "Keep outa the graveyard, I'll save you from the pen."
>
> . . . I got a telegram this morning, Boy, this is the way it read, (It say "Your wife is dead")
> Showed it to Mister Moore; say, "Go ahead nigger, do you know you got to plow ol' Red!"
>
> That white man say, "It's been raining, yes, and I'm way behind,
> I may let you bury that woman, Sam, one of your dinner-times."

The first of the two versions here is impassionedly sung by a sixty-five-year-old sharecropper and songster who prefers to remain anonymous, since he is a close neighbor of the vindictive Mr. Moore in Navasota. The legendary Houston blues bard, Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins, performs the second version in his characteristic vinegary style. (The only previous recording of this important protest song would appear to be Lightnin's 1947 version on the defunct Gold Star label, recorded as "Tim Moore's Farm" for fear of reprisal. This

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is available, along with other examples of Hopkins's earliest recorded work, in a fine reissue collection, "Lightnin' Strikes Again," Dart D-8000.)

Some of the most attractive and fiercely individual performances in the album have been provided, as might be expected, by the bluesmen. In "Goin' to the River," for example, relatively young singer-harmonica player Gozy Kilpatrick offers a rough, ingenuous performance only a short remove from the raw, dolorous field cries and hollers that gave birth to the blues form almost a century ago. He is heard again in support of grizzled blues veteran R. C. Forest on the latter's "Tin Can Alley" and the harsh polytonal music generated by Forest's ragged singing, his crude, stinging guitar accompaniment and Kilpatrick's whining, insinuating harmonica is an almost classic example of the acid, bitterly introspective Texas blues style.

One of the most arresting performances in the collection is "Anything from a Foot-Race to a Resting Place," a blues of striking metaphoric originality by Jealous James Stanchell, a singer-guitarist who performs for tips and handouts in the bars and tonks of Houston's Negro wards. Guitarist Lightnin' Hopkins and boogie-woogie pianist Jack Jackson exchange a bit of good-natured badinage in their informal instrumental, "The Slop," a local dance piece popular in the same city. "This Old World Is in a Terrible Condition" is a lengthy monologue on the deplorable state of contemporary society, delivered in mock-sermon form to the accompaniment of appropriately ominous steel drum rhythms, by George Coleman, one of Houston's more bizarre "characters" and a sly, perceptive folk commentator on the human foibles and hypocrisy he daily sees around him.

The final selection wholly within the sturdy Afro-American traditions is a topical Gospel song capsulizing the events of World War II, "Oh, What a Time," recorded by the Percy Wilborn Quartet at Retrieve State Farm in Snipe, Texas, early in 1951. It is a joyous, infectiously rhythmic number in the call-and-response format used by most Gospel groups.

A song closely related to the Negro idioms is "Deep Ellum Blues," here executed by a white performer, Paul Elliott, whose singing and guitar-playing styles are heavily indebted to the typical Negro approaches of the region. The song itself is an old Texas piece and has been extensively recorded by performers of both races.

The remaining four selections illustrate several facets of the various white folk song traditions that may be heard in the area to this day. Perhaps the most archaic and revered of these is the Anglo-American ballad tradition, here represented by a performance of "The Waco Girl" by John Q. Anderson, a professor of English at Texas A&M College and an avid student of Texas folklore and song. The song is a lineal descendent of a British broadside ballad dating from 1700, "The Berkshire Tragedy, or The Wittam Miller," and is one of a host of murder ballads that have survived in this country through adaptation, recommemorating purely local events similar to those narrated in the originals. This variant has a long history in Texas and was learned by the singer's sister as early as 1910 from the singing of an aunt.

Harry Stephens's evocative "Night-Herding Song" is an admirable example of the cowboy song, an indigenous American manifestation of the Anglo-Saxon ballad spirit. This song was one of those included in folklorist John A. Lomax's pioneering 1910 book-length work, "Cowboy Songs," and was, as Stephens remarks in his spoken introduction to his virile, authoritative performance, the only one in the compilation credited to an author.

In "Atomic Energy," forty-year-old balladeer Jimmy Womack offers his own whimsical comments on the loss of personal dignity and incentive increasing mechanization has brought about. His approach, in both conception and execution, is that contemporary offshoot of traditional mountain styles known as "country and Western" music. It is a viable form—in his hands.

The album's final selection, zitherist William Spross's "The Boogie Woogie Machine," is illustrative of the music of the German-American community of the Houston area, one of several such settlements within the environs of the city that have preserved intact the ethnic identities of the groups that settled them (e.g., Polish, Acadian, East Texan, and Negro are but a few of the separate communities that comprise the racial amalgam that is Houston). Generally, the characteristic music of each of these peoples has retained its own distinctive flavor, having resisted complete acculturation more or less successfully—though just how long they will be able to withstand the standardizing influences of the mass communications media is a matter for serious thought. It is more than apparent, however, that their days are numbered.

The great value of McCormick's work in assembling these impressive documentary sets (and in bringing together the over 400 items from which these selections have been culled) is that it preserves and makes readily available to serious students of American folk song a significant slice of several of the fast-disappearing and disparate musical traditions that have come together in the creation of America's distinctive folk music expression.

American record collectors will be pleased to know that Candid Records has arranged for the release of the "Treasury" series here. The first volume, "Traditional Music and Song," should be available within several months, with the second disc following shortly afterwards. In the meantime, however, both volumes may be easily ordered from Great Britain. An international money order (obtainable at any post office) or a personal check in the amount of $6 sent to Dobell's Jazz Record Shop, 77 Charing Cross Road, London W. C. 2, England, will secure either disc for you. This price includes packaging, mailing, and the informative sixty-page accompanying booklet providing complete background materials on all of the selections.

—Peter J. Welding.

A Treasury of Field Recordings —Vol. 2. "77" Records 77LA 12-3: "Hammer Ring," R. G. Williams and Group; "Night-Herding Song," Harry Stephens; "Anything from a Foot-Race to a Resting Place," Jealous James Stanchell; "The Slop," Jack Jackson and Lightnin' Hopkins; "Deep Ellum Blues," Paul Elliott; "This Old World Is in a Terrible Condition," George Coleman; "Goin' to the River," Gozy Kilpatrick; "Oh, What a Time," Percy Wilborn Quartet; "Atomic Energy," Jimmy Womack; "Tom Moore's Farm," Anonymous; "Tom Moore's Farm," Sam "Lightnin'" Hopkins; "Ain't No More Cane on the Brazos," John A. Lomax, Jr.; "The Boogie Woogie Machine," William Spross and Harvey Krueger; "Tin Can Alley," R. C. Forest and Gozy Kilpatrick; "The Waco Girl," John Q. Anderson.

A Choice of Instinct

By M. B. Thornton

I PUT bread on a feeder
out of the cat's reach (one must
choose between the singer and
the killer)

but

the birds refused. They choose
crumbs sprinkled on the ground
and death by cats.

Which is the singer?

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RECORDINGS REPORT: JAZZ LPs

PERFORMER, TITLES, DATA	REPORT
Bunny Berigan and his orchestra: "Bunny." "Azure," "There'll Be Some Changes Made," "Sophisticated Swing," "Little Gates Special," "Jazz Me Blues," "High Society," etc. RCA Camden CAL 550, $1.98.	One of the big swing bands of the Thirties which never quite succeeded was the one led by trumpeter Bunny Berigan. Irresponsible management is a partial explanation; others are suggested by this collection of reissues from 1937-9. The rhythm sections tended to be damp; the arrangements were careless stocks, and the few soloists of talent (including Joe Bushkin and Georgie Auld) were, except for Berigan, given too little space. Berigan left some beautiful solos on records by a variety of small groups during the Thirties, but with his own big band his solos sound like superficial re-creations of Louis Armstrong.
Aretha Franklin: "Aretha." "Won't Be Long," "Love Is the Only Thing," "All Night Long," "Right Now," "Today I Sing the Blues," etc. Columbia CL 1612, $3.98, stereo CS 8412, $4.98.	Aretha Franklin is a teen-age singer who considers herself (and is packaged by Columbia) as a pop, rather than a jazz, singer. Her roots, however, are deep in Negro gospel music, and, like Ray Charles, she brings the sweeping passion and vocal nuance of that art to her material. The material itself is a discouraging compendium of rock-and-roll clichés; it is a measure of her genuine talent that Miss Franklin brings any of it to life at all. A small group led by Ray Bryant accompanies her without distinction.
Hank Garland: "Jazz Winds From a New Direction." "All the Things You Are," "3-4, the Blues," "Move," "Always," "Riot-chous," "Relaxing." Columbia CL 1572, $3.98, stereo CS 8372, $4.98.	Six pleasantly trivial, impeccably performed, and consistently swinging pieces of background music by a chamber quartet including Hank Garland, guitar; Gary Burton, vibraharp; Joe Benjamin, bass; and Joe Morello, drums. No new directions are in evidence.
Lionel Hampton: "Swing Classics." "Ring Dem Bells," "Confessin'," "Central Avenue Breakdown," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," "Haven't Named It Yet," "Whoa, Babe," etc. RCA Victor LPM 2318, $3.98.	These twelve performances, for years buried in Victor's vaults, are among the finest small-group achievements of the late Thirties, and their present reissue is a notable event. Hampton's crisp vibraharp work was at its best during this period, but he is almost overshadowed by a galaxy of sidemen (in nine different groups) which includes some of the most celebrated soloists and rhythm men of the day—among them Cootie Williams, Johnny Hodges, Jess Stacy, Cozy Cole, Clyde Hart, Sonny Greer, Chu Berry, Milt Hinton, Benny Carter, Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Christian, Red Allen, Nat Cole, and Sidney Catlett.
Coleman Hawkins: "Night Hawk." "Night Hawk," "There Is No Greater Love," "In a Mellow Tone," "Don't Take Your Love from Me," "Pedalling." Prestige/Swingville 2016, $4.98.	Even the greatest improvisers can't maintain a permanently inspired pace, and although Hawkins usually comes as close as any to doing so, his work on this album is uneven. Nonetheless, even uneven Hawkins contains many joys, such as, here, the huge wooden tone he uses on the theme of his own tune "Night Hawk" and the effortless unfolding of his first chorus of "There Is No Greater Love." Also on tenor is Eddie Davis, who, despite his tendency to squeal, contributes some lines of lyrical power. The competent rhythm section includes Tommy Flanagan, Ron Carter, and Gus Johnson.
Al Hirt: "He's the King." "I Love Paris," "One O'Clock Jump," "Jazz Me Blues," "The Old Folks at Home," "Laura," etc. RCA Victor LPM 2354, $3.98, stereo LSP 2354, $4.98.	Extensive publicity, liner-note claims, and TV appearances notwithstanding, Hirt is not the new "king" of the jazz trumpet. He is a fine big-band section leader with all the virtues such a role demands (lip, big lungs, stamina, volume, and technique) who has turned to commercial Dixieland relieved by occasional ventures into swing styles. He is not a creative soloist in any sense, but a virtuoso whose impact depends entirely on musical high-wire walking. If he were not quite so expert, I might be tempted to call him the Liberace of jazz. On most of these tracks he is accompanied by his noncommital two-beat Dixieland outfit which, except for a versatile drummer, Paul Ferrara, is beneath comment. One track, "One O'Clock Jump," is a tour de force that comes off. It is a two-and-a-half-minute solo by a good unidentified tenor player; behind him, Hirt, assisted only by his trombonist and a little judicious use of echo, plays the standard "One O'Clock Jump" riffs (both brass and reed), and manages to sound for a moment like the world's best brass section in full cry.
Budd Johnson Quintet: "Let's Swing." "I Only Have Eyes for You," "Uptown Manhattan," "Blues by Budd," "Someone to Watch Over Me," etc. Prestige/Swingville 2015, $4.98.	Budd Johnson is a veteran tenor saxophonist whose talent far exceeds his fame. He is one of several Southwestern (and Kansas City) players who had much to do with the establishing and perfecting of early modern jazz styles during the Forties. This LP is one of two good ones under his own name, but his scattered recorded performances elsewhere indicate that it doesn't quite do him justice. His trombonist brother Keg, present here, plays in a straightforward swing style with modern touches. Tommy Flanagan, George Duvivier, and Charlie Persip, all among the most dependable men on their instruments in jazz, provide superb support.
J. J. Johnson Sextet: "J. J. Inc." "Mohawk," "Minor Mist," "In Walked Horace," "Fatback," "Aquarius," "Shutter-bug." Columbia CL 1606, $3.98, stereo CS 8406, $4.98.	Johnson is still regarded by many musicians and critics as the finest trombonist in modern jazz; I should make clear, then, that I am in a minority when I say that his recent work strikes me as increasingly bland and mechanical. This is a program of six Johnson tunes played by his current sextet and varying from routine funk to the unusual "Aquarius," a somber piece in 12/8 time. Johnson has most of the solo space; Clifford Jordan, a young hard-bop tenor out of John Coltrane, and Freddie Hubbard, a promising young trumpeter, are heard from too.
Carmell Jones: "I'm Gonna Go Fishing," "Come Rain or Come Shine," "Sad March," "Stellisa," "Full Moon and Empty Arms," etc. Pacific Jazz PJ 29, $4.98.	Like many other young trumpeters, Jones, twenty-four, is a Clifford Brown man. This is his first LP, and it reveals exceptional talent not quite yet under control. His time is excellent, his tone simultaneously clear and heated (he will remind some of Blue Mitchell), his lines alternately graceful and halting. He does best on a driving, elastic blues in ¾ called "I'm Gonna Go Fishing." Also on hand are tenor Harold Land, the accomplished West Coast veteran; pianist Frank Strazzeri, a follower of Tommy Flanagan; a remarkably propulsive and original young bassist named Gary Peacock; and drummer Leon Pettis.
Pee Wee Russell and Coleman Hawkins: "Jazz Reunion." "If I Could Be with You One Hour Tonight," "Tin Tin Deo," "Mariooch," "All Too Soon," "28th and 8th," "What Am I Here For." Candid 8020, $4.98.	Clarinetist Russell, with Coleman Hawkins, Emmett Berry, Bob Brookmeyer, Nat Pierce, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones. Slight, ordinary arrangements by Pierce frame a number of fine solos. The set includes one masterpiece, "Mariooch," a slow blues with Russell and rhythm only. Russell is a unique, timeless, and unclassifiable soloist. —MAIT EDEY.

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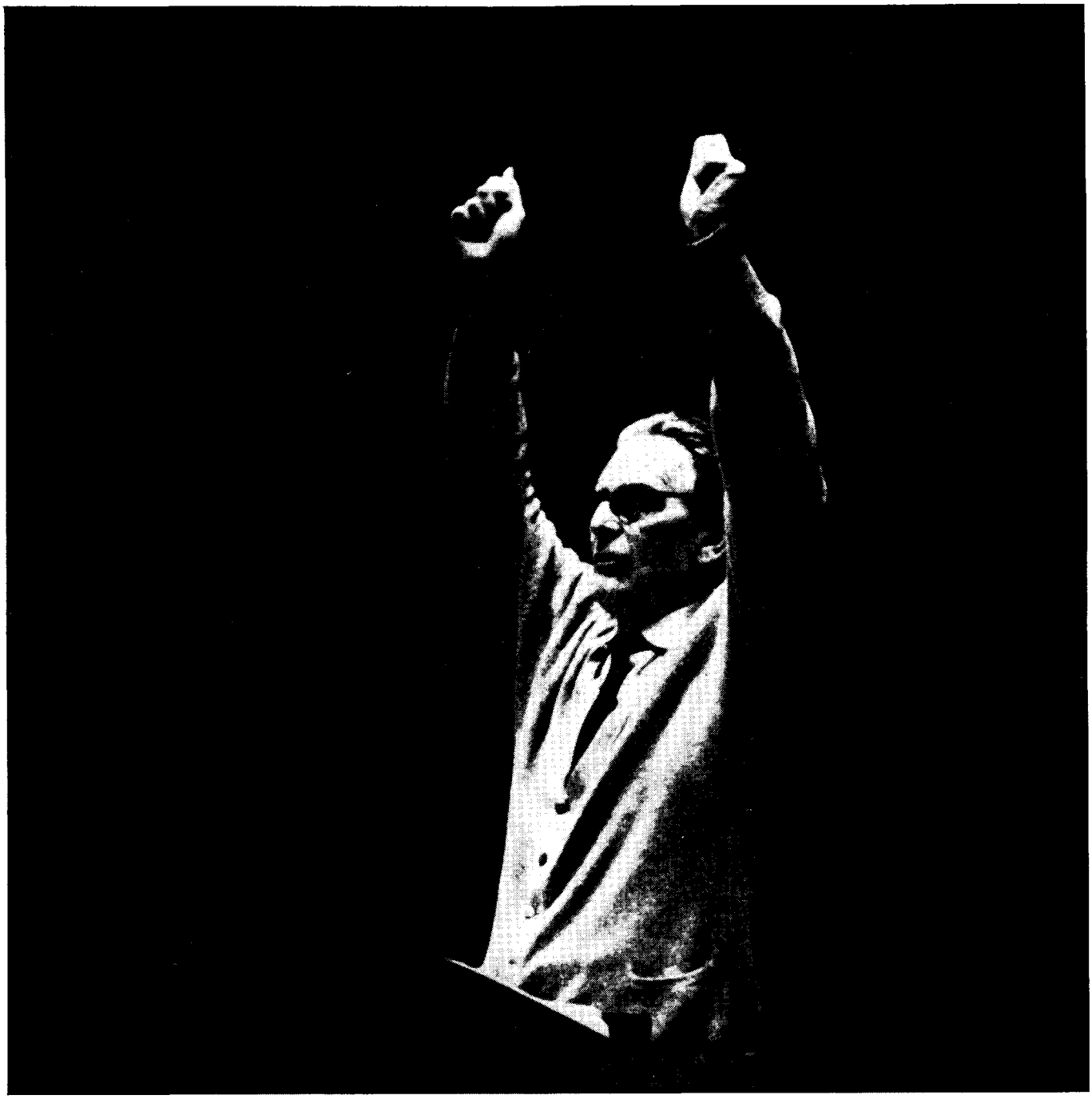

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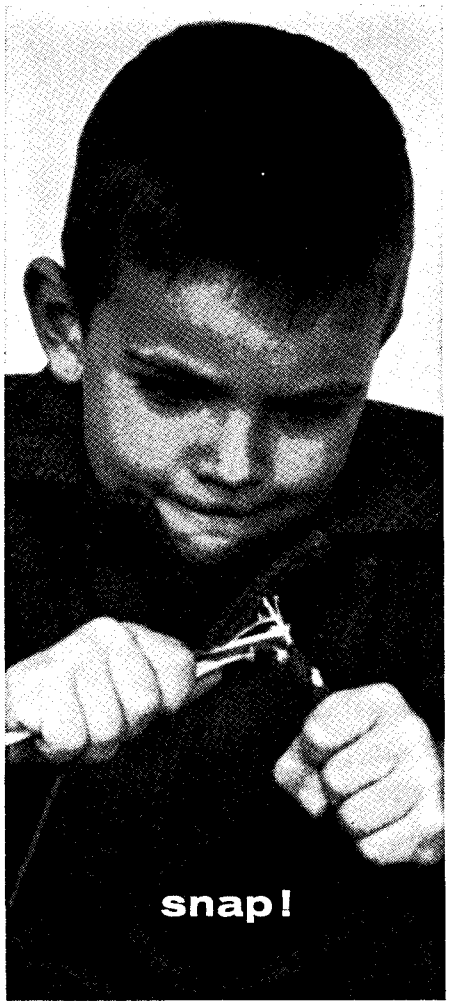

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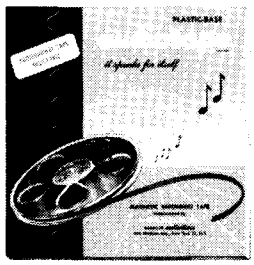

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The Genius of Ruth Draper

By JOHN CIARDI

RUTH DRAPER's death at the end of 1956 took from the American theatre a glorious talent of exactly the sort that would soon have disappeared from all but memory except for the happy fact that she had recorded the high points of her repertoire of dramatic monologues.

The first of these recordings (the present series was recorded in January, 1954) was released last year by Spoken Arts (SA 779, $5.95) under the general title "The Art of Ruth Draper," followed by the titles of the three monologues included in the recording—"The Italian Lesson," "Three Generations in a Court of Domestic Relations," and "The Scottish Immigrant." My enthusiasm, especially for "The Italian Lesson," was joyously noted in *SR* for March 11, 1961.

Now, under the same general title, Spoken Arts has added to the treasury by releasing Volume II (SA 798, $5.95), containing "A Church in Italy" and "An English House Party"; Volume III (SA 799, $5.95), containing "A Southern Girl at a Dance," "On a Porch in a Maine Coast Village," and "The Children's Party"; and Volume IV (SA 800, $5.95), containing "Three Women and Mr. Clifford."

I know of nothing to which the genius of Ruth Draper can be compared. She was a great performer, and great performers are rare enough in any age; but Ruth Draper was more than a performer. She was a creative genius. Had her gift been for writing, she would certainly have left an immortal collection of short stories, and I suspect in that case that she would long since and often have been compared to Chekhov because of her knack for striking off the foibles of her women with terrible accuracy and yet with love, and because of the precision with which she can condense the force of an entire life into a few minutes. Ruth Draper was an artist not only as the theatre tosses that term around, but in the enduring sense that she created what she did.

I suspect that the center of her creative genius lay in her fabulous ear. She *heard* her lives; heard them in every intonation and shift and flutter of their voices. As a poet learns his lives by harkening to rhythms, Ruth Draper learned her lives by harkening to their voices.

Draper

Her range is enormous. She can be the Perfect Secretary, the spoiled rich unwoman-wife, and the vibrant woman - he - should - have - married in "Three Women and Mr. Clifford." She can be the entirely hypocritical belle ("A Southern Girl at a Dance") on a calculated husband hunt, yet let her voluble schemer emerge with warm humor. She can be a Maine-coast crone ("On a Porch") yet bring that foolish old woman off not as a burlesque but as an image of human courage. She can even cross language boundaries, as she does in "A Church in Italy" and present an entirely convincing German Frau and two Italian women, one an old beggar and the other a girl in love.

That old beggar-woman, I am persuaded, is as near to the perfect capture of the impossible as I shall hear in this world. I know that intonation of the Italian crone, and I should have sworn that one would have had to live that life in order to catch the keening, bubbling, whining, mindless, avid-piety of that beggar-litany. But Ruth Draper takes it to the life. That of course is what the true artist does: he lives the impossible lives inside himself. But I still do not know how to account for the fact that Ruth Draper's Italian accent (like her German) is perfect, and that within it she does not miss a quaver of that voice, nor a quirk of the changes of pace and intonation. She is supreme. Try her yourself on the life-and-voice of the American Tourist in the same monologue. But try her.

Spoken Arts certainly deserves a laurel crown for this series. My only technical regret is that there is not a more definite pause between the second and third voices of "Three Women and Mr. Clifford." The pause is so short that one tends to take it as a pause in Voice 2 and must then adjust to the surprise of finding that Voice 3 has taken over.

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"Archive" Bach and Pre-Bach

By MICHAEL STEINBERG

RALPH KIRKPATRICK'S extensive Bach series for Deutsche Grammophon Archive now includes the second part of the "Clavierübung," that great collection of keyboard pieces that constitutes most of Bach's music published during his own lifetime (ARC 3155 and stereo 73155, $5.98 or $6.98). Part II, printed first at Nürnberg at Eastertide 1735, consists of one of the best known pieces and one of the least known. The familiar one is the "Concerto nach Italienischem Gusto," "Italian Concerto" for short, that glorious, brilliant harpsichord transcription of an imaginary Italian concerto grosso. Its companion piece is an "Overture According to the French Manner," sometimes called "French Overture" or, less properly, Partita in B minor.

The piece from the "Clavierübung" is by far the grandest of the suites, partly by virtue of the numerous "extra" pieces that include a pair each of Gavottes, Passepieds, and Bourrées, and an Echo number to finish up with, but not least on account of the tremendous French Overture. To have the two complementary works paired is an attractive idea in any case, but to have them coupled in such fine performances gives this release a particular value. Eloquent in rhetoric, impassioned in song, vibrant in dance, Kirkpatrick knows just what to do with this music.

The Neupert instrument Kirkpatrick plays is no treat to listen to, even if it is the Model Bach as the notes tell me, and each hearing makes me long for the lovely, silvery Chickering of his old Haydn Society recordings. Musicological buffs will want to know that the wrong notes of all the printed editions and the earlier recordings of the Overture are here right.

In a series rather curiously entitled "The Circle of the Venetian Style," Archive has put out a record of music by Giovanni Gabrieli (1557[?]-1612) and contemporaries of his, who include his uncle Andrea, Fiorenzo Maschera, Tiburtio Massaino, and Lodovico Viadana (ARC 3154, stereo 73154). The well put-together collection includes one repertory piece, the "Sonata pian e forte" by the younger Gabrieli and consists otherwise of unfamiliar *canzone* and *ricercari*.

Mostly we hear this Venetian repertory played on brilliant modern trumpets, horns, and such, but here it is couched in the far gentler speech of strings including viols, recorders, shawms, and dulcians, and even the consort of six trombones is made up of rebuilt, narrow-bore sixteenth- and seventeenth-century instruments. The players are the Concert Ensemble of the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, and their conductor is August Wenzinger, whose leadership provides not quite the pepper this music needs.

And finally, a complete and marvelous surprise: a series of dance suites by German composers of the early seventeenth century (ARC 3153, stereo 73153). Michael Praetorius is represented by six dances from the "Terpsichore" (1612), a collection, as he explains, of "all sorts of French dances and songs as played by French dancing masters in France, and such as can be quite nicely used at Princely Tables and otherwise at *Conviviis* for recreation and enjoyment." Praetorius, in other words, is here more of an arranger than a composer, and he is certainly one of the best of them. Then there are the third through fifth Suites by Hermann Schein from the "Banchetto Musicale" of 1617. Then comes Erasmus Widmann with excerpts from his "Musikalischer Tugendspiegel," or "Musical Mirror of Virtue" (1613), whose individual selections are not called Courante, Gavotte, etc., but most delightfully, Sophia, Anna, Clara, Magdalena, Agatha, and Regina.

All this music is played by the Collegium Terpsichore. It includes five recorder players (from piccolo to bass), six viol players (from discant to double-bass), five lutenists, a keyboard player doubling on harpsichord and regal, and the busy custodian of an assortment of various drums, bells, and cymbals. Opportunities to hear whole families of like instruments are rare, and it is a particular pleasure to have the lute quintet give one an idea of how full and rich a chordal accompaniment can *and should* sound—so different from the usual continuo harpsichord inaudible except for the faint clatter of its hardware. Indeed, this whole record, so joyous and springy, so musical, is a grand reproach to all the dreary rubbish offered in the name of musicology. What is on this record is very lightweight, to be sure, but the Terpsichoreans from Bielefeld make it music, and this is a rare, blessed, and wonderful thing. For a treat instead of a treatment. . . .

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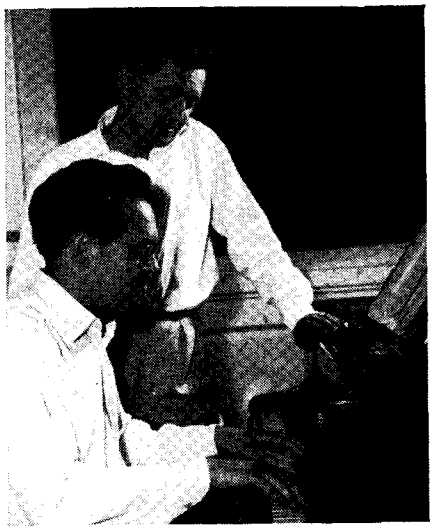
Festival Weeks in Budapest



Laszlo Gulyas (seated), Sandor Szokolay. BUDAPEST.

A FEW months ago the body of Antal Kóczé, the famous gypsy fiddler who died in Vienna last year, was brought to Budapest for reburial, setting off colorful ceremonies in which many hundreds of gypsy musicians took part. This is the kind of thing most of us regard as typical of Budapest, the shrine of the csárdás and the cimbalom. However, there is nowhere a greater emphasis on serious music than in Hungary.

This year, with a thoroughness possible only where all performing artists are employees of the state, all musical activity in Hungary has been coordinated in a mighty tribute to the two great saints of Magyar music, St. Ferenc (Liszt) and St. Béla (Bartók), observing the 150th anniversary of the former's birth and the 80th of the latter's. Beginning with a gala concert here last March 25 (Bartók's birthday), there have been special programs not only in the larger cities but also in many towns and villages where "live" concerts had never been heard before.

To call attention to Hungary's musical eminence, there were some appealing features during the summer—Haydn concerts at the reconstructed Esterházy castle at Fertód (Esterháza), Beethoven concerts at Brunswick Castle in Martonvásár, and some curious programs in Budapest itself, including one in which the Prague conductor Vaclav Neumann did the Gershwin Concerto in F and the "Grand Canyon" Suite.

All this culminated in the "Budapest Music Weeks" (September 24-October 30), an ambitious festival during whose first two weeks the Liszt-Bartók Piano Competition and the Second Hungarian Musicological Conference also took place. Participants in the piano competition came from twenty countries, including China, Japan, and Ceylon, with three contestants (Herbert Rogers, Shirley Seguin, and Jacob Maxin) from the United States.

One of the festival's highlights was a gala performance in one evening of all three of Bartók's stage works ("Duke Bluebeard's Castle," "The Wooden Prince," "The Miraculous Mandarin") under János Ferencsik, but the performances of music by young Hungarian composers promised to be no less rewarding. Perhaps the most important of these young composers is Sándor Szokolay, thirty years old, who has produced an amazing catalogue of concerti, sonatas, theatre music, and oratorios in the six or seven years since he turned from the piano to composition. Oratorio is a flourishing form in Eastern Europe, and Szokolay's "Istar," an hour-long treatment of the legend with which D'Indy dealt orchestrally, has been winning prizes for him in several countries.

Szokolay is represented in the current festival by his brief a cappella "Negro Cantata," which I did not have an opportunity to hear. He is now collaborating with another composer, his friend László Gulyás, in the composition of a satirical musical play about Negro life. Just what they know about Negro life, or what text they may be using, is not clear to me, but the results should be interesting musically, for Gulyás is an outstanding composer of lighter music. He is thirty-three, a former director of the Hungarian State Folk Music Ensemble, and best known for his film music (including some for Disney), lighter symphonic works, and arrangements of folk material. His little Concerto for Trumpet, Strings, and Percussion is more substantial than most trumpet concerti of recent years.

Gulyás, speaking for himself and Szokolay, said, "We are not dissidents, and we do not experiment for the sake of novelty. When we have something to say, we find the appropriate means." Both men's music is worthy of export, and it seems more than likely that their names will become familiar in America before long.

—RICHARD FREED.

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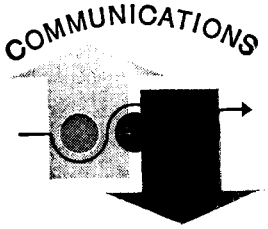

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Communication Chasm in a Divided World

A FRIEND OF OURS dropped by the office the other day with a puzzlement. Actually, it wasn't so puzzling as it was frustrating and irritating. About six weeks before, a group of British dramatists, poets, and novelists representing a great variety of political and cultural backgrounds and ideals had dispatched a joint letter to Alexander Surkov, head of the Union of Soviet Writers, with headquarters in Moscow. The letter had been signed by Danny Abse, Gerda Charles, Brian Glanville, Dan Jacobson, Bernard Kops, Emanuel Litvinoff, Wolf Mankowitz, Frederic Raphael, Peter Shaffer, and Jon Silkin, who were, they wrote, not only creative writers but also Jews and therefore survivors of the Nazi holocaust that destroyed one-third of their people. These British dramatists, poets, and novelists were writing on a question of especially great concern to them which, they hoped, would evoke a quick and sympathetic response from the Union of Soviet Writers, their opposite numbers across the West-East gulf. The letter said in part:

"According to the Soviet census of 1959, 2,268,000 Jews are left in the Soviet Union, of whom 471,744 still use Yiddish as their mother tongue. They are therefore numerically the most important surviving Jewish community in Europe. We know that by 1948 all Soviet Jewish national organizations, publishing houses, newspapers, magazines, theatres, libraries, and schools had been abolished, with the exception of a small Yiddish newspaper in Birobidzhan with a limited local circulation. Overnight, Jews became a Soviet national minority entirely deprived of national rights. At the same time, Jewish intellectuals were being imprisoned and, on the 12th of August, 1952, a number of leading Soviet Jewish writers and artists were unjustly executed.

"We bring up these facts because as writers we believe that a people are best able to survive if their language, culture, and traditions are allowed to flourish. The Soviet Union was the home of an important part of our literature and we are disturbed that no serious effort has since been made to re-establish the Jewish cultural institutions that fell victim in the Stalin period, though much has been done in your country to repair other injustices inflicted at the same time."

The letter goes on to report some sporadic revivals of publications in Yiddish and Hebrew and appeals to Surkov to use his influence to widen Jewish culture so that Soviet Jews, like other Soviet minorities, will be "free to express themselves either in their national tongue or in Russian." The letter then sadly refers to the frequent use of extreme anti-Jewish stereotypes in articles attacking Judaism in the Soviet press, particularly in provincial newspapers in Moldavia, White Russia, the Ukraine, and the Baltic countries, where there are traditionally large Jewish populations. Jews are generally depicted in the provincial press as rogues, swindlers, drunkards, or anti-Soviet saboteurs. The writers reported other evidences of anti-Semitism and closed with a paragraph especially directed to Mr. Surkov concerning millions of men, women, and children still in the Soviet Union, Jewish and non-Jewish, who had been victims of Nazi bar-

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barism, forcibly separated from other surviving members of their shattered families during the war, and who sixteen years later had not yet become re-united. "It would be a resounding act of humanity," the communicators' joint letter concluded, "if the Soviet authorities would enable those who wish to do so to rejoin their relatives abroad."

As of the date of going to press with this editorial, no response of any sort has been received from Mr. Surkov or the Union of Soviet Writers. The fact of anti-Semitism inside the Soviet Union was hardly news, nor was it to be expected that the Khrushchev policy toward minorities would turn now.

But the writers' letter and the emptiness of response do demonstrate and dramatize a dreadful journalistic truth: that communication is vital in a divided world and that in our East-West dilemma a fundamental, critical lack is the heartbreaking and unending gap or disconnection between nonpolitical professionals, even writers and artists and dramatists and novelists and poets, who above all others should be able to o'erleap the awful chasm.

Why hasn't this group of individual British writers heard from Mr. Surkov and the Union of Soviet Writers? The answer is obviously connected to the headlines ravaging our eyes. There is local fear there; and since little or nothing is published in the Soviet Union by chance and since the facts in a joint letter concerning anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union are undoubtedly accurate, this is not a time when Mr. Surkov or any other important Soviet writer feels he can communicate truthfully, easily, or at all with his opposite number to the West.

Almost nothing of what leaders of the West say or do is truly reported beyond The Chasm except through Western broadcast; virtually every word of what leaders of the Communist world wish to be reported in the Western world is prominently displayed – and quickly—by Western journalism. Until there can, then, be some sort of genuine, balanced rapport, some mutual exchange at the professional communications level between East-West writers, editors, broadcasters, and reporters, the horrid chasm will remain, a formidable hazard to peace and hope. —R.L.T.

Introducing New By-liner

RALPH SCHOENSTEIN is a young (twenty-eight) writer whose first book, "The Block," a work of nonfiction, was so successful he decided to free-lance. He lives in New York and this is his first major article in *SR*.

Letters to the Communications Editor

BRAVO! FOR THEATRE ARTS

IN READING Hollis Alpert's article "Exciting New Magazines for Show Business" [*SR*, Sept. 9] I was pleased by this strong acknowledgment of the importance of a field which has been served for more than forty-five years by *Theatre Arts*. With a passing salute to the new and untried entries into this field, I would like to add a few words to your comment on *Theatre Arts*—which has had what is surely one of the longest runs in the history of show business.

As you intimate, *Theatre Arts*—in contrast to the new magazines—is not a capital venture. Funds are never in overabundance. This does not hinder *Theatre Arts* in its basic editorial purpose: to provide the specialist and the really passionate playgoer with an informative, entertaining view of theatre "from the inside."

With today's regional theatre activities assuming the proportions of an industry, it is worth noting that from its inception *Theatre Arts* alone guided and encouraged this valuable cultural development, recognizing then as now that theatre is not confined to a few square blocks of Manhattan, that it thrives throughout the land wherever the creative, energetic minds imbued with a reverence for the dramatic insight and experience are at work.

Theatre Arts, then, has a purpose. Mr. Alpert's article indicates that a new wave of entertainment magazines awaits us with money and the talent that money can bring. Let us hope that their explorations will shed new light on the field, provide new views as to which way the theatre is going, and guide and encourage wholesome trends. For *Theatre Arts* I wish them every success as they stimulate greater public interest in the wonderful world of the theatre arts.

NORMAN J. ZIEROLD,
Associate Publisher,
Theatre Arts.

New York, N. Y.

IN HOLLIS ALPERT'S article "Exciting New Magazines for Show Business" the following statement appears: "When a concert series is subscribed to by the members of a community, also available is the chance to subscribe to *Bravo!* at three dollars a year for four issues."

According to a letter sent to us by the Community Concert Association in New York, "the arrangement with the publishers permits [us] to offer each issue of *Bravo!* free to all our members . . . the regular annual subscription to *Bravo!* is $3—that is, for individuals other than Community Concert members."

My understanding is that all our members who attend the concerts will receive the magazine at no charge; while nonmembers may subscribe at **$3 per year.**

Apparently *Bravo!* will have a huge captive audience throughout the U.S., and what revenue isn't obtained from subscriptions will be more than made up for in advertising receipts.

As Hollis Alpert stated, ". . . a stunning idea . . ." and we look forward eagerly to the first issue.

ROBERT WAYNE,
President,
Merced Community
Concert Association.

Merced, Calif.

HAVING READ the first issue of *Show Business Illustrated*, I must concur with Hollis Alpert in his judgment of that magazine. Of the several magazines carrying stories on the publication of the new show business magazines, *SR*'s was quite the most perceptive and knowledgeable. Many thanks for your reportage on this burgeoning new field in magazines.

ANDREW KERBY.

Greeley, Colo.

SENSITIVITY TO "TV TYRANNY"

RICHARD L. TOBIN has charged that local television stations, in general, indulge in a rejection of quality programs [*SR*, Sept. 9]. He characterizes the rejection as tyranny and the people responsible for it as Caesars.

Did Mr. Tobin prove his point?

If he did, *SR* has fulfilled the traditional editorial function of the national magazine, to illuminate a problem of significance to the national welfare. If he did not, *SR* may justly be suspect of irresponsible sensationalism, keyed to the particular emotional instincts of its literary readership.

Mr. Tobin's evidence is nonclearance of a television performance of "Macbeth" by several stations last November. Network records show that twenty-eight stations, in markets like Utica, New York, and Eureka, California, refused the program. Outraged at this lèse majesté, he equates the twenty-eight refusals to a general attitude of 540 TV station operators. The twenty-eight represent, very closely, 5 per cent of the total. Shakespeare has been widely admired through the ages, but is *SR* really prepared to demand 100 per cent adoration?

Mr. Tobin infers the choice was between "Macbeth" and "Westerns and brutal gangster shows and hackneyed situation humor." The actual choice was

(*Continued on page* 101)

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Experiment in Cross-Pollination

By ROBERT SHAPLEN

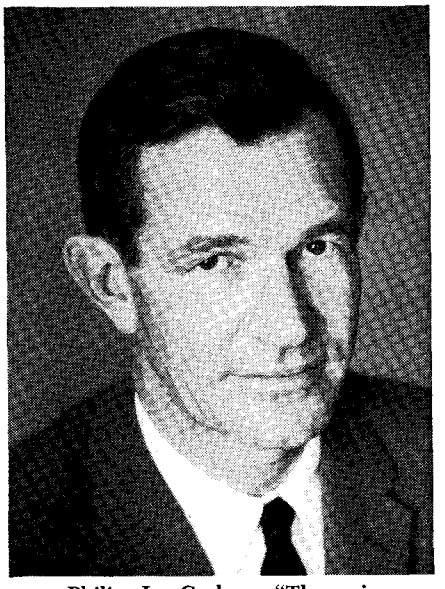
IF YOU were the busy owner-president of an influential and successful newspaper in the nation's capital, and of two TV and radio stations, and enjoyed a full and rewarding personal as well as professional life, why should you take on the added complicated responsibility and headache of buying a news magazine to complete your journalistic portfolio? This was the question Philip L. Graham, the head of the Washington *Post and Times-Herald*, asked himself last March. The magazine was *Newsweek*, and Graham's initial response, toned down from his customary salty language, amounted to, Yeah, why should I? But he was both challenged and importuned into making the purchase, and as a man who not only knows a good thing when he sees it but knows enough to let it alone, he hasn't been at all sorry since; nor has the staff of *Newsweek*.

The trend toward journalistic monopolies, as we have regularly noted, is a worrisome one, but somehow there seems little cause to worry about this latest manifestation of one-man control over major media. While he is in the unique position of running both an important daily paper and one of America's three big news magazines, Graham, though only forty-six years old, just doesn't seem to have it in him to be an empire-builder. Aside from the fact that he has a good deal of humility and tact, he takes his responsibilities as the owner of the *Post* extremely seriously, and intends to continue devoting most of his time to the paper in the belief that, good as it is, it can still be much better—an opinion careful readers share. His direct involvement in *Newsweek* is confined to approximately a day and a half a week. Each Tuesday he flies to New York to sit in on the magazine's regular editorial conference, remaining overnight and returning to Washington Wednesday. Other than that, his dealings with *Newsweek*'s editors are limited to occasional conversations over a tie-line to his Washington office.

We asked Graham recently how the *Newsweek* deal was consummated. "Back in January, one of the fellows on the *Post* business staff spoke to me about the magazine being for sale," he replied. "I said I wasn't interested but then Ken Crawford and Ben Bradlee, both friends of mine as well as top *Newsweek* staffers, began egging me on. They kept telling me what nice people were on the staff and how sad it would be if someone not interested in newsgathering bought the magazine. I knew nothing about news magazines, but I got to thinking—here was all this chatter about a national press but it didn't really exist, except, to a limited degree, I suppose, in the New York *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*. The news magazines therefore suddenly loomed as a pretty important branch of journalism."

In his preliminary talks with representatives of the Astor Foundation, which owned a majority of the stock, Graham made it clear that, if he bought the magazine, he would not try to impose his own or the *Post*'s liberal platform on it and that both the staff and minority stockholders would be protected. Though *Newsweek* has long been considered a conservative-oriented publication, Graham regards it as fair and objective. "I may be naïve," he says, "but I think there *is* something called objectivity. I know there are those who think a magazine should have a point of view, but this is not my idea. In an ultra-sophisticated sense, I suppose you may say that any writing is opinionated, that value judgments enter in, but I see no fabricated way of being for business or for the Republicans, and while we're all subject to human error there remain proper goals of fairness. I think *Newsweek* has met them and will continue doing so. As a weekly, it has a continuing autonomous utility of its own and affords readers a certain perspective they can't get on a daily basis, but perspective is not prejudice."

After a long night's discussion with his associates, Graham decided at 2 A.M. on March 9 to buy *Newsweek*. He had with him only a crumpled blank personal check, but he crossed out his name and substituted the *Post*'s and wrote it out for $2,000,000—the check now hangs framed in his office. The deposit—a down payment on a total of $8,985,000 to the Astor Foundation at a rate of $50 a share for its shares—assured him of having won out over some half-dozen other bidders, the most serious of which were Doubleday and Sam Newhouse (Newhouse later upped his bid, but it was too late).



Philip L. Graham—"There is something called objectivity."

Graham immediately started looking for an editor to replace John Denson, who had gone over to the New York *Herald Tribune*. The names of several outsiders were brought up, but Graham was impressed with what a number of insiders told him about Osborn Elliott, the magazine's managing editor, who had risen to that job after coming over from *Time* as business editor six years ago. "Under stress conditions, you can get to know someone in two or three hours, and I decided pretty quickly that Elliott was my man, even though he's only thirty-six. It was his idea to make co-equal executive editors of Gordon Manning and Kermit Lansner, and while it seemed illogical it seems to be working out fine."

In the eight years Denson ran *Newsweek*, he created several new departments, among them "Space and Atom," and effectively sharpened its appearance so that it increased its narrowing circulation margin over *U.S. News and World Report* (*Newsweek* now has 1,475,000 circulation to *U.S. News and World Report*'s 1,200,000). Elliott saw no need to do anything drastic when he came in. His chief problem has been to fill some important editorial slots and improve the magazine's style. Some new changes have been instituted in makeup—in the last few months the magazine has become somewhat less gimmicky and cleaner-looking, and this has been particularly true of the well-known "Periscope" columns, which had become too choppy in appearance. A new department, "Life and Leisure," has been added, which Elliott hopes in time will be one of several spots where writers can

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present thoughtful analyses of contemporary problems and situations. "The freedom of action we've had as a result of Graham's confidence in us has been remarkable," says Elliott. "It's been hard to believe. During the summer, he called once a week from Cape Cod. When he comes into the office now, he's more of an observer than a boss. On only one occasion—Cuba—did I purposely seek out his editorial opinion."

As he now considers his new ownership role, Graham says, "I think we've been influenced by the experience of having bought the Washington *Times-Herald* back in 1954. Here was a highly conservative paper, and a lot of people thought it had an ideological readership of its own which would leave us because we were Liberals with a capital L. Yet we've had no great problems. We kept a number of the *Times-Herald* columnists, who alternate with our own old ones, and in the past seven years our circulation, up to 475,000 daily and 403,000 on Sunday, has doubled and so has our advertising volume."

Graham does not anticipate any editorial sharing between his newspaper and *Newsweek*. But the fact that he will keep his two big operations separate and independent does not mean, he emphasizes, that each will not benefi' from what he calls "an informal process of cross-pollination." An empirical exchange of ideas will be salutary all around, he believes, but he found out some years ago, when he tried to use some of his TV and radio men and *Post* writers interchangeably, that this didn't work. Both Al Friendly, the *Post*'s able managing editor, and Elliott, of *Newsweek*, thoroughly agree.

Ever since he married the boss's daughter back in 1940, Graham's emotional and professional involvement with the *Post* has grown creatively. Katherine Meyer was the daughter of Eugene Meyer, a wealthy banker who bought the bankrupt *Post* at auction in 1933 for $850,000 and pumped in the funds and leadership that started it on the road to recovery and eminence. Graham had studied law at Harvard and was briefly a government bureaucrat before he became an intelligence officer during the war. In 1946, he became the *Post*'s associate publisher, and six months later he became publisher, remaining so until early this year he passed the title over to his business manager, John W. Sweeterman.

While Graham is a true liberal and an operating Democrat—he is extremely close to President Kennedy and worked behind the scenes to create the Kennedy-Johnson ticket—he went over to the Republicans once, in 1952, because he wanted Eisenhower nominated instead of Taft. He continues to have Republican as well as Democratic friends. The many dimensions of his interests are reflected in his newspaper, but, though it offers a wealth of riches, it seems to lack synthesis sometimes, as well as style. Graham himself admits that he has "a constant foggy discontent about journalism" and that it includes his own paper. In a speech he made more than a year ago, he spoke of the press as being "stale and disoriented" and said "we are encased in and fascinated by techniques." Instead of asking "What are we doing? Where are we going?" he added, "our most passionate energies are expended tinkering with the superstructure, with none left over for contemplating the foundation." The *Post*, indeed, has too much superstructure and too little foundation.

The paper, nevertheless, is making some intensive efforts to correct the situation. While it has a handful of its own foreign correspondents, a regular policy has evolved of dispatching staff men, ranking ones like chief editorial writer Bob Estabrook as well as reporters on beats, on extended foreign tours of domestic study periods to help them broaden their outlook. Efforts are also being made to take full advantage of what Graham calls "the richness right under our feet"—the existence in Washington, for example, of a whole plethora of new foreign embassies, which, properly covered by knowledgeable reporters whose output is then analyzed by area desks, almost à la State Department, has manifestly improved the paper's foreign interpretation. One field in which Graham admits a big lag is the broad one of culture. It seems strange that the *Post*, required breakfast reading all over the Washington bureaucracy from the White House down, should lack a daily book reviewer or a good art critic. It seems even odder to hear Graham and his aides say that they don't quite know what to do about solving this problem. Somewhere, one would think, in or around the New Frontier, there must exist some qualified young critics with a fresh, unstale approach to the world of art and letters. Perhaps Phil Graham will forgive us if, when they read this, a few candidates apply for the job.

"Hi!"

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JOURNALISM'S POSTWAR WONDER

Any Number Can Pay

By JAMES F. FIXX

TO A COMMUTER hurrying past a newsstand, it looks something like a magazine—a plump, pocket-size publication with bright four-color covers that give it the appearance, at twenty paces, of the *Reader's Digest* gone on a bender. But there much of the resemblance to its journalistic kin ends. Inside, page after page looks like a blood relative of a New York Central train schedule. Furthermore, it is mainly sold, not at newsstands or by subscription, but at supermarket checkout counters. And, perhaps most startling of all at a time when television is chipping steadily away at advertising income in many magazines, it is one of the healthiest properties around.

This unlikely combination of magazine, timetable, groceries, and gold mine is *TV Guide,* which in just eight years has managed to make itself one of the most well-thumbed publications in America, with a circulation second only to that of *Reader's Digest*. Started in 1953 with ten regional editions and a circulation of 1,500,000, today it has a complex network of sixty-two separate editions, a readership well over the 7,000,000 mark, and a 1,000-man payroll that, from top to bottom, exudes a heady sense of optimism.

The formula behind *TV Guide*'s lusty growth is a simple one, despite the fact that other publishers (among them Curtis) have experimented with it and failed. Each issue has a "national feature section" of some thirty pages, filled with articles on TV shows and personalities, news of television, and editorial comment. Bound into it is a second section, ranging from forty-eight to eighty pages, listing all the week's programs for a specific region. All readers thus get the same feature section, but the program listings vary, depending on the TV stations within receiving distance.

The man behind the formula is Walter H. Annenberg, president of Triangle Publications and a veteran figure in publishing and broadcasting. Triangle, which Annenberg has headed since 1942, publishes the Philadelphia *Inquirer,* Philadelphia *Daily News, Seventeen, Official Detective,* the *Morning Telegraph,* and the *Daily Racing Form,* and owns a clutch of radio and TV stations in Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York, and California. Annenberg himself served as editor of *TV Guide* from its founding in 1953 until 1958, when he moved his managing editor, a canny editorial hand named Merrill Panitt, into the top post.

Panitt, now forty-four, first attracted Annenberg's admiring attention during World War II while he was writing a column for an army newspaper, the *Fort Ord Panorama.* In 1945 Panitt went to work for Triangle, eventually became Annenberg's administrative assistant (while writing a TV column for the *Inquirer* on the side), and was finally named managing editor of the new publication with Volume 1, Number 1. A lean, bespectacled man who today oversees an editorial army of 200, Panitt is a persuasive and energetic spokesman for his magazine's philosophy.

"When we were planning *TV Guide,*" he recalls, "people told us the only thing that could possibly succeed was a fan magazine. But we didn't intend to publish that kind of stuff. The movie magazines have done nothing but create a completely phony impression. Sure, we try to entertain, but we try to inform too. Anybody who says journalism shouldn't try to do both is a little coo-coo; it's been the same ever since some guy started hacking out pictographs on a rock."

TV Guide's emphasis, says Panitt, has always been on accuracy and objectivity, rather than on peppery opinion, editorial blockbusters, or sensationalism. "We think we know more about television than our readers do," he says, "and we try to pass our knowledge along to them. They sometimes complain about the things we print, but we're a kind of bible and we've got to be right. I think the results show that we've got a pretty successful formula."

TV Guide's editor Merrill Panitt—"Weve got a successful formula."

Headquarters for the magazine is a vast, modern sprawl of a building set in the rolling hills of Radnor, Pennsylvania, a Main Line suburb of Philadelphia. Here, wherever one wanders through the long, Muzak-filled corridors, he encounters the same sort of confidence in *TV Guide*'s future.

"Our picture is one of unalloyed optimism," says forty-nine-year-old James T. Quirk, a Philadelphian who served as the *Inquirer*'s promotion director before joining *TV Guide* as publisher in 1953. "With the parlous state of the publishing industry, there aren't many magazines that can make that statement."

Biggest problem now, says Quirk, is to overcome the resistance of corporations that don't want to advertise in a magazine devoted to television. "There's an egghead tendency to take TV too lightly and to dismiss too much of it," he observes. "There's also a basic disrespect of TV on the part of many people. But these people don't understand what we're trying to do. Our viewpoint isn't that of the networks or the stations or the talent agencies. It's that of the public. We always watch TV from the front of the tube."

Whether or not all advertisers value *TV Guide,* it is unquestionably attracting its share of advertising income. Now fourteenth among American consumer magazines in ad revenue (just behind *The New Yorker,*) it grossed nearly $12,000,000 last year, and the figure for this year is expected to be something over $17,000,000. (In the first eight months of 1961, advertising revenue was a towering 54 per cent above the figure for the same period in 1960.)

"We expect some leveling off now, after our spectacular climb," says advertising director Michael J. O'Neill. "But we think we'll eventually move up to sixth or seventh place."

TV Guide's growth is of course rooted partly in the growth of television itself. But it is also based on its ability to provide a service television viewers want, and to provide it more reliably and on a more ambitious scale than its competitors. The magazine keeps a close watch on developments in television through its bureaus in New York and Hollywood. It maintains a synopsis file of 40,000 television movies for use in writing capsule de-

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scriptions for its program listings. And its nationwide outposts, which prepare the sixty-two regional inserts, are linked by a Teletype network that permits editorial freshening right up to deadline time. The effort has paid off by putting *TV Guide* in one of every six television homes each week, and by giving it a circulation that virtually blankets the country and spills over into 430,000 homes in Canada.

Yet despite the boom in circulation, *TV Guide*'s editors insist that their readers are not just passive viewers of TV, but people who search out the best programs and want to know in advance how they're going to be investing the hours they spend in front of the set. A recent study, they point out, showed that 73 per cent of *TV Guide* readers use the magazine "primarily as an aid to selective viewing."

As such an aid, how good is it?

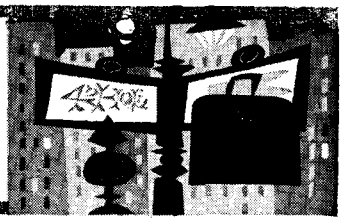
Program descriptions, the heart of the magazine, are complete, unbiased, and impressively accurate, despite the lag from press time to air time (recent sample: "OPEN END — Discussion — Former President Harry S. Truman is David Susskind's only guest. Subjects discussed include nuclear testing, the Berlin crisis, the Soviet Union, America's role in world affairs, Red China, and Mr. Truman's reflections on his days as Chief Executive. [Two hours]"). Indeed, Quirk boasts that *TV Guide* has brought more order into programming by urging stations to stick to their announced schedules. "It used to be," he says, "that the station manager's wife would decide she wanted to see a program different from the one they'd already announced. Now we tell them, 'Wait a minute, you can't do that.'"

The national feature section, despite articles by such writers and critics as Gilbert Seldes, Leo Rosten, and Richard Gehman, is spottier and more ambiguous in editorial intent. Here readers can find some of the most panting, goggle-eyed fan-magazine prose extant, aimed squarely at the common videogler. Witness, for example, this description of Tammy Grimes: ". . . a savagely shy, withdrawn girl with wistful little eyes that nibble at one in sidelong glances, a girl with a twisted, crooked smile that looks more like a grimace of pain—a girl who seems to huddle like a wounded bird in her own ruffled feathers." Or this tearfully frank comment from Doug McClure of the "Checkmate" show: "I'm still growing up. I know I've grown up a lot during the past year. It shows in my work. I hope it's beginning to show in me."

On the other hand, the feature sec-

(*Continued on page* 101)

Madison Avenue



By L. L. L. GOLDEN

FOR MANY years thoughtful people in advertising have been increasingly concerned about a major problem: Are their advertisements really being read, and if so, what are they saying to the readers?

Very few advertising agencies now fly by the seat of their pants. Personal judgment, based on long experience, is still important in assessing the value of an advertising campaign. But research on the effectiveness of an advertisement has become a large factor in intensive campaigns. That is natural, since in most campaigns so much is involved for everybody concerned that every attempt is made to cut the risks.

Testing, advertising readership ratings, studies of the effect of color, even the use of specialized psychologists, are part of the advertisers' tools when the effectiveness of campaigns is considered.

Many individuals and organizations are doing interesting work in research, including the Industrial Advertising Research Institute, the only independent, nonprofit research group working entirely in the field of industrial advertising and marketing. The Institute, whose members are industrial advertisers, agencies handling industrial advertising, and publishers of business and trade publications, set out to deal with a problem which is basically the one bothering advertising people in the wider field.

In industrial advertising, readership rating organizations have grown enormously. Ten years ago only one research organization was available, and it was making a study of only three trade or business journals. Today there are more than a dozen firms interviewing readers, either directly or by mail, for nearly 100 magazines in this specialized field.

These studies, attempting to find out why the businessman reads a particular advertisement, resulted in thousands of pages of statistics, all of which had to be analyzed if they were to be guideposts for future advertisements.

The Industrial Advertising Research Institute soon found that poring over advertisements and their ratings wasn't enough, and in addition they were simply being bogged down. In all, 3,000 different advertisements, from three different trade journals, were classified according to 317 different characteristics and entered on punch cards, together with the readership ratings that had been attained, for use in an electronic computer. In all 1,743,500 different facts about these advertisements were recorded.

The responsible committee of the IARI found that the characteristics important in one magazine were not necessarily important in another. They also soon found that characteristics in black-and-white advertisments were quite different from those important in advertisements using color. On top of all these problems, it became clear that no simple sorting could determine anything. They were in a blind alley.

IT was then that IARI's committee decided to use a giant computer. Three hundred and seventeen characteristics were narrowed down to fifty-eight, converted to punched tape, and fed into the machine. The machine then indicated which of the fifty-eight factors were most important in determining the readership of an advertisement.

The machine was finally put to the real test: It was asked to go through the advertisements that had already been rated by two of the largest and most experienced rating firms in the advertising readership rating business.

These were the results: On 1,130 one-page advertisements in the industrial magazine *Machine Design*, the electronic computer called 71 per cent within 5 per cent in black-and-white advertisements and 66 per cent within 5 per cent for the color advertisements.

The computer, good as it was, showed that it could be useful only on average advertisements. When it came to the exceptionally good advertisements or the very bad ones, it flopped. IARI now is considering whether it will move on and analyze the advertisements that the computer failed to assess accurately.

But no matter how valuable all this is for the run-of-the-mill advertisements, it still leaves the seat-of-the-pants copywriter full of smiles. So far no machine, no matter how big or smart, can outguess the creative man. Which, to the satisfaction of the really good copywriter, proves just what he has always said was so.

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MEMO TO MADISON AVENUE

This Is Our Goodest Hour

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

THE ARMY may have recalled me this morning, but I can't be sure. I received a six-page directive from the headquarters of the Army Security Agency. The first sentence says: "Dissemination of the contents of this directive will be restricted to key personnel who are directly concerned with the implementation thereof." A friend of mine who knows a little English says this sentence means that the directive applies only to the people it applies to; but I don't think this translation catches the full meaning. For example, what about "the implementation thereof"? I think the directive applies only to men with shovels.

Fortunately, the next paragraph clarifies everything. It explains: "Policies and procedures prescribed herein are sufficiently flexible to permit latitude in implementation. Detailed guidance is provided only when uniformity is required." So it turns out that the men with shovels are allowed to dig wherever they want, while the non-shovelers will be told what to do only when the Army wants them all to do it the same way. Otherwise, improvised chaos is permissible.

Of course, the directive has its definitions. One section says: "Significant terms used herein are defined as follows: (a) AS-USAR Personnel—Includes both male and female; (b) Spouse—A husband or wife." By making it clear that the directive applies only to the Army's men and women, the Security Agency has freed all active reserve dogs, commissioned children, and National Guard cows to operate on their own. Moreover, note the splendid camouflage in the definition of spouse. This is to mislead the Russians, who'll never suspect that a spouse is really a bourbon-powered rocket carrying a chimpanzee with perfect pitch.

This military prose made me and my wife start reminiscing about the English language. You remember the English language. You can still contact it in documentaries about Winston Churchill. In fact, it's still taught at several colleges that aren't implementing the mass production of scientists. My wife and I were wondering exactly when English became a dead language. She felt it took a mortal wound on the day a man picked up his crayon to write "tastes good like a cigarette should." This inspired conjunction opened the floodgates: it made English suspect. During the peak of its popularity, I was reckless enough to tell a friend, "This hair tonic tastes good as hair tonic should." He looked at me as if I'd just kicked my mother—sorry, *like* I'd just kicked my mother.

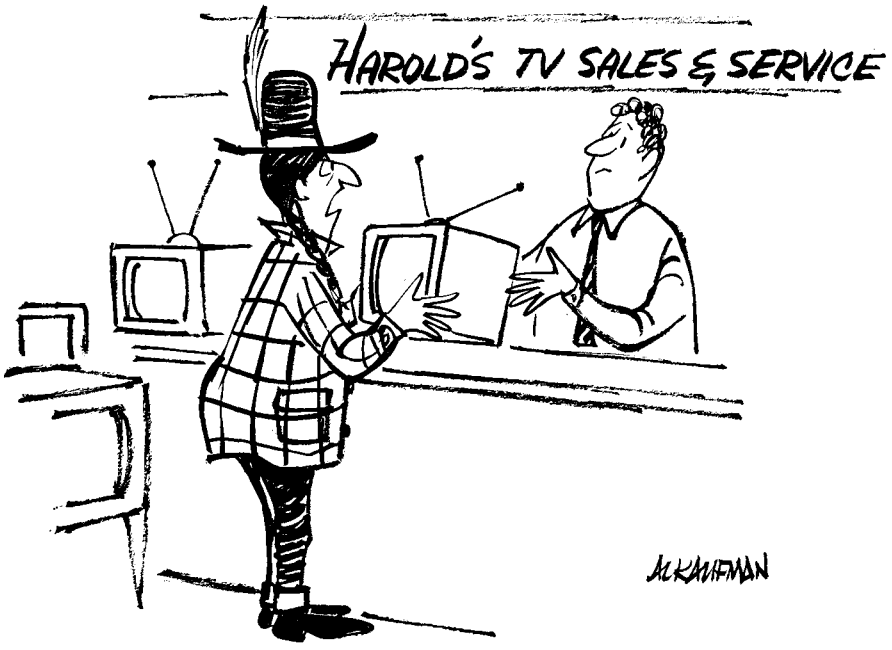
"You pedants think I don't know that like isn't a conjunction," he said. "Well, my wisdom goes far beyond archaic grammar. A language must be a living, growing thing. In colloquial speech, what's correct often sounds stilted. Like I know I really should say 'tastes good *insomuch as* a cigarette should.' But like *sounds* better. Of course, there are times when it doesn't. Take the man who said, 'Don't know what to call her but she's mighty like a rose.' Imagine the *strength* this line would have gained had he been colloquially hep enough to say, 'Don't know what to call her but she's mighty as a rose.' His beloved not only would have had beauty but stamina, too."

My friend had sounded the battle cry for the Colloquial Revolution. Soon ads were telling me about a stocking with "a marvelously young heel," not to be confused with a stocking that had a senile heel, or even one wearily middle-aged. No longer was a marvelously young heel an old rat who'd taken hormones. Usagewise, from Madison Avenue to the Pentagon, English was getting spoke better like "The Scarlet Letter." It was a fun time for all.

The revolution won a major victory when a soft drink made people as young as their socks. This drink was advertised for those who "think young." Though I'd always loved this drink, I had to stop taking it, for something that made you think young would surely be poison for a reminiscing fool like me who spent most of his time thinking old and blue. The first time I heard this ad on my radio, I thought it was a line from a play about the early education of a great psychologist. I thought I'd tuned in just when a teacher scolds his brilliant but lazy pupil by saying, "Think, Jung!"

Soon, one could reach nirvana merely by sipping this drink in a room heated by the gas that advertised, "Think clean." All over America, people made childish by the drink were now taking the gas for a chaser; for what good was it to be young and *dirty*? Booksellers pushing Henry Miller wanted to fight back by advertising "Think low;" but they realized that since cleanliness was next to godliness, to fight against minds purified by gas would be to fight on the side of Satan.

This living, growing language, this drive to in the near future effectuate something better than English, received a federal blessing when Pentagon officials military secretwise finalized a quite unique problem of implement-



"If you think I paid $175 to watch Indians being killed you're crazy."

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ing the release of photographic-type pictures to press and air media by saying, "Not classified but not publishable." Local officials joined the crusade. Throughout New York, I saw posters about a government pamphlet that told "the true facts about inflation." These were not to be confused with the *false* facts about inflation, which were in a different and much grimmer pamphlet. As part of the city's safety campaign, other posters showed a cat that said, "I've got nine lives. Do you?" Do *I've* got nine lives? Of course I've don't.

The true facts about inflation are part of a trend toward reinforced language that was started by Hollywood, where a naked noun is indecent, where artists already are dreaming about something "even greater than 'The Greatest Story Ever Told.'" "She's very dead," says the private eye in a movie that's "Strictly for Adults Only." (Movies that are merely "For Adults Only" admit children who shave.) "Tough break," says his secretary. "She was slightly pregnant." Soon, very dead won't be strong enough. Our deadest people will have to be very much dead, or perhaps colossally dead. Then being merely dead will be a condition of health. I wonder if the teen-ager who's slightly pregnant has an easier time breaking the news to mother than one who's pregnant without modification. Of course, the girl who's very pregnant has already taken gas. Let's hope it was the brand that took her out thinking clean.

The colloquial crusade has been so successful that I just heard a televised jingle in which a little girl sings that a certain cereal "is gooder than all the rest." Finding this eloquent child was an expensive search. She had to be stolen from a soft drink that she'd been calling "the deliciousest." Then she had to be trained to correct a speech defect, for she kept saying that the cereal was "the best." For a long time, the best—sorry, the goodest—she could do was to call the cereal "the most good," which was hardly goodest enough for a sponsor spending that kind of money.

In addition to training a backward child, this sponsor was also spending thousands of dollars to find out what was the goodest slogan to make people eat his cereal. He hired top motivational research experts who spent months probing the psychology of non-Asiatic-oriented consumer group response to visual inducements evidenced as video stimuli. After definitizing extensive research into consumered products, these experts concluded that most people are morons, brainwise. This surely was useful knowledge for the sponsor, but he had to know much more. Were these morons also *hungry?*

He and his advertising agency then considered the most poetic slogans: 1) Crummies is gooder than all the rest; 2) Crummies has deliciousness; 3) Crummies is the eatingest cereal; and a few colloquial ones. Number two was eliminated because it was too close to English; one account executive swore it *was* English. Some of the men liked number three, but it was too similar to the slogan for a toothpaste that called itself "the cleaningest." One man wanted "Crummies nutritions you up." His colleagues said this was pure Keats but people weren't ready for it. Ironically, the next day a tea manufacturer advertised that his bag "psyches you up." Now the Crummies people realized that they'd underrated the intelligence of their consumers. "We've got to stop writing down to morons," said a media man.

"Well, that's water over the flagpole," said another. "What about 'Crummies libidos you up'?"

"It swings good," said the account executive, "but it's a bad image to orientate the kids with, sexwise. 'Crummies libidos you *down*' would be more wider accepted, parentwise."

"I'm frankly afraid of libido up *or* down," said the sponsor. "I'd rather not use foreign words. Let's skip the Italian and finalize this with simple English: 'Crummies is gooder.'"

In his next ad, the tea manufacturer said that tea not only psyches you up but is also "the most cheerful stuff in the world" (and therefore even more euphoric than the soft drink with "laughing bubbles"). I was delighted to read this because I hate sullen tea, though I don't mind if my coffee is a little depressed. Of course, coffee no longer has to be blue now that a certain instant is advertising "a wake-up flavor." This brand isn't to be confused with "the coffee-er coffee," which doesn't have to wake you up because it doesn't let you go to sleep in the first place.

IF English is dying, what is taking its place? A new language I call dung-tongue, which is often so close to English that nine out of ten independent doctors can't tell the difference. "Have a *real* cigarette!" cries the man who's telling you that his brand actually contains tobacco and not sawdust or chow mein like a cigarette shouldn't. This man wants you to try a cigarette that's too virile to "air-soften every puff" or "travel and gentle the smoke," a cigarette that may not be "friendly to your taste" but at least is ruggedly cordial.

The bards of dung-tongue may have poisoned English, but our health does concern them. Yesterday while riding a bus, depressed by tired blood, old heels, and dirty thoughts, I suddenly saw an ad that said, "Stops useless coughing!" How heartened I was by this news! How exhilarated I felt to know that at least one medicine on this sick planet lets you do only *useful* coughing. Lord knows there's little enough of it.

So perhaps there's still hope for a people that's fighting air pollution by smoking "twice as refreshed," a people growing softer each day from "sponge-ability" (which I'd always thought meant a talent for freeloading). Perhaps the time is near when we'll also have the pill that will stop useless hemorrhage. It would be the ideal sponsor for the quiz show called "Who Do You Trust?"

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION
OF *Saturday Review* published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1961.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Cousins, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.; Managing editor, Richard L. Tobin, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.; Business manager, Nathan Cohn, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its names and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review, Inc., 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.; McCall Corporation, 230 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Investors Variable Payment Fund, Inc., 8th and Marquette, Minneapolis, Minnesota; Fidelity Capital Fund, Inc., 35 Congress Street, Boston Massachusetts; J. R. Cominsky, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Norman Cousins, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Affiliated Fund, Inc., 63 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Hunt Foods and Industries, Inc., 3440 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles 5, California.

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5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required by the act of June 11, 1960 to be included in all statements regardless of frequency of issue.) 263,737.

(Signed) J. R. COMINSKY,
Publisher

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1961, Nathan Cohn, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1962.)

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Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 94

between "Macbeth," "The Pee Wees Versus City Hall" (an hour-long Disney production), and a CBS special, "Wonderland on Ice." *SR* may honestly support the thesis that the charm of Disney or the grace of skating is in no way to be balanced against the magnificence of Shakespearean prose. It should, however, honestly disclose the alternatives, or at least identify their character properly. As a matter of fact, since Mr. Tobin is so sensitive to brutal gangster shows, one might be forgiven for wondering if he has seen "Macbeth." In modern format the plot would have Secretary Goldberg incited (by his wife) to the murder of President Kennedy and Bobby, and then covering it up by smearing blood on drunken Secret Service men. Sounds great for the kiddies, doesn't it?

Mr. Tobin castigates owners and managers because "they are apparently immune to pressures from the networks . . . from the social mirror of their own communities, from the critical evaluation of programs, even from the governmental agency that licenses them."

If Mr. Tobin believes stations to be immune from the social mirror of their communities, he has done even less research on this subject than on the matter of the "Macbeth" clearance. Millions of dollars yearly are devoted to polishing the mirror (called ratings), the better that we may discern the tastes and desires of the community. Like the Queen in "Snow White," Mr. Tobin prepares a poisoned apple when that mirror does not reflect those opinions he cherishes.

If Mr. Tobin really believes that stations' opinions on programming should be sensitive to pressure from their licensing agency, he should reflect on the logical consequences of that belief. The second-class mailing permit is, in effect, an invaluable license to use a public resource issued by the Post Office to publications. How would Mr. Tobin react if the Post Office were to exert pressure on *SR* because its editorial opinion on television was thought to be hastily prepared, poorly researched, polemical in nature, and an unjust slur on the character of a minority?

STUART T. MARTIN,
President, WCAX-TV.
Burlington, Vt.

CHEERS TO Mr. Tobin for seeing that "the networks are, for once, not the villains." I consider myself fortunate to reside in a six-station market area in which we not only have full network competition but also management genuinely interested in presenting top-flight documentaries and splendid productions such as "Macbeth." A local independent TV station dropped "Play of the Week" and our Seattle NBC outlet picked up the NTA offering to alternate with a delayed presentation of "Open End." Some noteworthy local public affairs programs are also presented on Seattle stations. Commercial management has not elected to shortchange culture in light of the fact that we have educational TV here.

Let us note, too, that educational TV also looks to a network to provide broader program offerings.

To those who believe more stations will be the answer to better television programming may I suggest considering the history of radio programming. Are the teeming AM frequencies bringing us better programs? Note Robert Lewis Shayon's article "Dossier on Eleven Ten" in this same issue of *SR*. Profuse granting of television licenses does not portend better programming for the public.

PAT CRANSTON,
Assistant Professor,
School of Communications,
University of Washington.
Seattle, Wash.

I HAVE RECENTLY moved from one area to another, and have experienced a very clear illustration of the thing to which *SR* referred in "The Tyranny of the Local TV Station." There is quite a marked difference in the type of program on the most accessible stations in this area from what was available where we lived previously.

Certainly, it seems to me, TV like every other public enterprise should, at least to a limited extent, strive to lift the quality of viewing and listening, rather than to make use of the current trends to enhance their own economy.

Thank you so much for your very strong statement.

JAMES E. TATE, Pastor,
First Methodist Church.
Geneva, Ala.

CONGRATULATIONS to Richard L. Tobin for his vigorous editorial, "The Tyranny of the Local TV Station."

In a current statement to the Federal Communications Commission, officers of the Speech Association of America have supported Chairman Newton N. Minow in his attempt to hold local TV stations responsible for a balanced programming worthy of an educated society.

I wish you well in your effort to rally an enlightened public opinion in behalf of better program fare.

ROBERT G. GUNDERSON,
Executive Vice-President,
Indiana University.
Bloomington, Ind.

GOD KNOWS I'd like to see all of educational television's good programs carried by all affiliates. But would you rather have one "dictator" or 540?

FRANK STANTON, President,
Columbia Broadcasting System.
New York, N. Y.

THE SPLENDID editorial in your September 9 Communications Supplement is well written, very factual, and hits at a great weakness in the television setup. I am sure it will do some good. Thank you for publishing it.

J. C. HALL, President,
Hallmark Cards, Inc.
Kansas City, Mo.

Postwar Wonder

Continued from page 98

tion also displays an occasional flurry of vigorous independence, notably in the editorials. Not long after Newton N. Minow was appointed chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, *TV Guide* printed a two-page open letter urging, among other things, action to curtail violence, to place more information shows on local stations, to boost program quality, and to end the "almost dictatorial control" of the big talent agencies. "It has been argued," said the editorial, "that some of these matters are not the direct responsibility of the Federal Communications Commission. We submit that they all affect the public interest in broadcasting, which definitely is your responsibility." And a few weeks later, while the industry was smarting under the impact of Minow's apocalyptic "vast wasteland" speech, another *TV Guide* editorial prodded him on: "Some television executives will caution the FCC chairman to move slowly in using the Commission's powers to improve programming. We urge him to move quickly. There has been enough procrastination. . . . The FCC chairman has taken television up the mountain and shown it the promised land. The road will not be easy—but there is no other one." It is this kind of forthright comment, in a publication widely regarded as nothing but a program schedule sandwiched between a fan magazine, that prompted one knowledgeable New York editor to comment the other day: "I happened

to read a few articles in *TV Guide* recently, and I was honestly startled. Some of them are surprisingly scathing."

But the magazine is unwilling to let its reputation and influence grow only by such chance encounters. It advertises heavily in print media and, undaunted by the staggering total of close to 4,000 pages it publishes every week, is always restlessly looking for places to spawn new editions. Just this summer, for example, it added two new ones on the West Coast, and in a few days will bring about an amoeba-like split of its Arizona-New Mexico edition.

"We've always got plans for new editions," says Panitt. "Starting one these days is as easy as falling off a log."

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ANTIQUE POSTERS — CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

INTERESTED IN MONEY? Have something interesting, humorous to discuss on TV? Call Miss Garrett, YUkon 6-3535 NYC before 6 P.M. weekdays.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc., Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

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PERSONALS

HARRIS TWEED, Scottish Tartans, woolen suitings, any yardage, tailoring. Ladies', gentlemen's suits $44.00 including fabric. Send for swatches and particulars:—Alexander Graham, Borve, Isle-of-Lewis, Scotland.

WANDERERS' MAIL SERVICE. Our address, yours! Receiving, forwarding, $10 per year. 507 Third Avenue, Seattle 4, Washington.

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TECHNICAL RECRUITER AVAILABLE. Mature man with broad experience in industry, including personnel administration. Box V-428.

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(Continued on page 104)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 103)

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

LIVE-IN POSITION for woman in motherless Westchester home. Competent driver. Children 11-16 years. Time available for own interests. Box V-433.

DOCTOR MOTHER-WIDOW needs educated, responsible person, intelligent supervision boy, 7, French School. NYC. Box V-429.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT—RUTLAND AREA. Skiers' Delight. Lodges, Family Places, Investment Acres. Ray Holway, Realtor, Rutland, Vermont.

LONG BEACH ISLAND, N.J., 90 miles New York. Attractive 9 rooms, 100 yards from ocean beach, extra lot. $16,000. Box V-258.

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For Summer Rental (1962)

IN DARK HARBOR, MAINE. Large estate, private dock, 5 master bedrooms, 7 fireplaces, modern equipment. Gardens, ocean view. Summer season $3,350. Roleron Real Estate, Dark Harbor, Maine.

FOUR FAMILIES ENJOYED peaceful, congenial summer, excellent swimming, large estate. One cottage four rooms available for 1962. Inspect now. Meckes, Marlboro, N.Y.

HOUSES TO SHARE

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Furnished

PALM BEACH: Charming, pine-paneled one room patio apartment-by-the-sea for single person who appreciates quiet privacy. Near top theatre, library, music, hotels, beach. $575 January 1st-April 1st, including heat, linens. Box V-422.

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To Share

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PELICAN COVE, Florida Keys. In Sinu Pelicanensi inveniuntur et vita tranquilla in insula pulchra maritima et viri feminaeque jucundi et amabiles quorum amicitia vobis maxime placebit si hoc comprehendere potestis. (Vernacular next week.) Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada.

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MEXICO has its Caribbean island, too. It's Cozumel. And on Cozumel Island it's the . . . Cabanas del Caribe, Cozumel, Quintana Roo, Mexico.

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HATHAWAY LODGE, open all year. Foods and legal beverages. Skiers, hunters, winter vacationers. Write or phone: Tannersville 439, Haines Falls, N.Y.

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GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Alb East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Moder rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

HOLIDAY BACK-COUNTRY and peak climbing—Mexi December 17th-January 6th, 1962—$350. Wamp Trail Trips, Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

TRIPS TO ISRAEL, Greece and everywhere. Call write: Israel Express, Inc., 550 Fifth Avenue, N Circle 7-3783.

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MEXICO. Write today for free official informa letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNM TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Me City, D.F.

AROUND THE WORLD, February 4th-April 24th, 19 Madrid, Granada, Seville, Athens, Cairo, Luxor, I Delhi, Agra, Benares, Madras, Colombo, Bangl Angkor Wat, Hong Kong, Tokyo, Kyoto—and m more. Lectures, meetings with nationals, dis sions. Write DR. HUBERT HERRING, 763 Indian Claremont, California.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1438

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. To be faint from heat.

B. North African wild sheep, thought to be the "chamois" of the Bible.

C. The south temperate marine realm, bounded by southern isocrymes of 68 and 44 deg. F.

D. The British Grenadier's refrain (comp.).

E. Nationality of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

F. In the most favorable possible circumstances (3 wds.).

G. Central figure in Jacob Abbott's boys' stories.

H. The "Scourge of God" in Europe during the fifth cent. (3 wds.).

I. An old saw.

J. In the least desirable circumstances possible (3 wds.).

K. Grim game whose "Russian" variety is often equivalent to suicide.

L. Bread-eating.

M. Plentiful.

N. Followed by Word Z, clothing for the "Passionate Man's Pilgrimage" (2 wds.; Sir Walter Raleigh).

WORDS

1 180 40 193 80 170 52

209 123 93 13 22 159

104 184 23 164 201 73 69

186 122 147 161 176 136 167 51 152

71 37 118 107 63 82 204

192 155 162 144 78 32 131 113 133

151 46 3 171 31

153 89 146 9 178 27 33 183 150 188 124 79

132 34 112 181 59

84 41 182 15 135 169 119 45 28 149

210 166 103 39 75 187 139 194

87 127 11 109 44 100 96 208 92 185 76

29 129 58 106 19 207 88

141 128 21 7 111 165

DEFINITIONS

O. Pen name of fine contemporary writer, Baroness Blixen (2 wds.).

P. Distance from any town which nonconformist teachers had to keep, under Charles II (2 wds.).

Q. Moves unsteadily on the feet.

R. One's own legs as motive power (2 wds.).

S. Person with a morbid fear of snakes.

T. Move unsteadily.

U. An eyelid.

V. Heedful.

W. The dessert course in England.

X. Defective sound of speech or engine.

Y. Religious teacher in India, esp. the ruler of the Swats.

Z. See Word N.

Z1. Amer. Unitarian clergyman, first Amer. to receive a German Ph. D. (1817, Göttingen).

WORDS

90 10 98 53 95 81 120 173 206 48 30

47 35 172 72 199 6 86 189 198

143 157 121 56 179 125 8

77 42 60 94 202 50 5 16 102 54

67 126 18 200 205 4 156 177 108 140 68 142

91 203 115 99 160 61

174 148 130 55 43 38 97 195

2 17 20 197 64 168

74 26 163 191 85 49

154 190 116 66 14 175 158

137 62 134 145 114 36 110

65 83 105 25 138

12 196 24 57 101 70 117

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 A	2 V	3 G	4 S	5 R		6 P	7 N	8 Q	9 H	10 O	11 L	12 Z1	13 B		14 X	15 J
16 R	17 V		18 S	19 M	20 V		21 N	22 B	23 C	24 Z1	25 Z		26 W	27 H	28 J	
29 M	30 O	31 G	32 F	33 H	34 I	35 P	36 Y	37 E	38 U	39 K	40 A		41 J	42 R	43 U	
44 L	45 J	46 G	47 P	48 O	49 W	50 R	51 D	52 A		53 O	54 R	55 U	56 Q		57 Z1	58 M
59 I	60 R	61 T	62 Y	63 E	64 V	65 Z		66 X	67 S		68 S	69 C	70 Z1	71 E	72 P	
73 C	74 W		75 K	76 L	77 R	78 F	79 H	80 A	81 O	82 E	83 Z		84 J	85 W		86 P
87 L	88 M	89 H		90 O		91 T	92 L	93 B	94 R	95 O		96 L		97 U	98 O	99 T
100 L	101 Z1	102 R		103 K	104 C	105 Z	106 M	107 E	108 S	109 L	110 Y	111 N	112 I		113 F	114 Y
115 T	116 X	117 Z1	118 E	119 J	120 O		121 Q	122 D		123 B	124 H	125 Q		126 S	127 L	128 N
129 M	130 U	131 F	132 I		133 F	134 Y	135 J		136 D	137 Y	138 Z		139 K	140 S		141 N
142 S	143 Q		144 F	145 Y	146 H		147 D	148 U	149 J	150 H	151 G		152 D	153 H	154 X	
155 F	156 S		157 Q	158 X	159 B	160 T	161 D		162 F	163 W	164 C		165 N	166 K	167 D	
168 V	169 J	170 A	171 G	172 P	173 Q		174 U	175 X	176 D	177 S	178 H	179 Q		180 A	181 I	182 J
183 H	184 C	185 L	186 D		187 K	188 H	189 P		190 X	191 W	192 F		193 A	194 K	195 U	196 Z1
197 V	198 P		199 P	200 S	201 C	202 R		203 T	204 E	205 S		206 O	207 M	208 L	209 B	210 K

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 26 of this issue.

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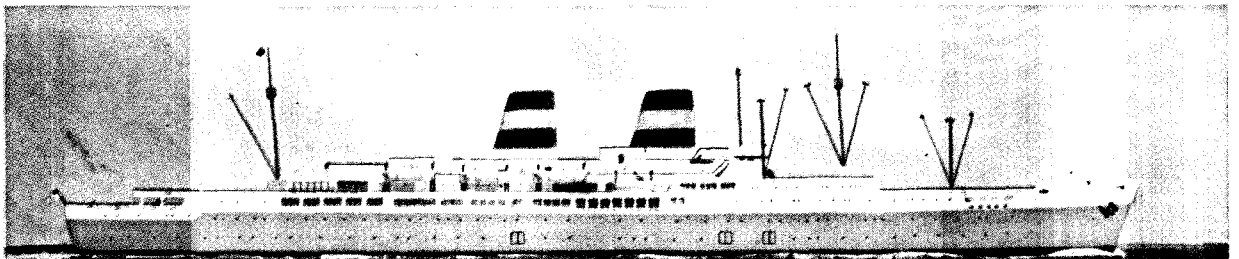
Big stir in the Pacific...



SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

Here is the newest All First Class liner to the Orient, the long-awaited SS PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. A block and a half of seagoing luxury, it has everything you'd expect to find at one of the world's best addresses—from ballrooms to beauty shops, lanais to libraries, spacious lounges (even a soundproof fun-room for teenagers!), cabarets, first-run movies, and gourmet restaurants offering more dishes than Louis XVI himself had to choose from.

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Below are sketches of the interior. Color swatches give you an idea of the decor in each room.

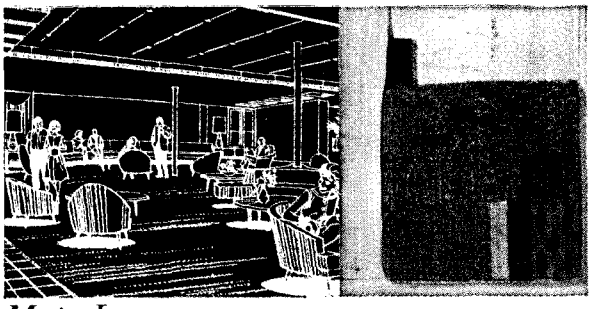
Fares for round-trip cruises to the Orient begin at $1175; fares one way to Japan, at $510. To book passage on the maiden voyage of the PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT or any of the other President Liner sailings listed below, call your Travel Agent or write American President Lines, 311 California Street, San Francisco 4, for free brochure.

SAILING DATES:	from SAN FRANCISCO	from LOS ANGELES	from HONOLULU
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	Jan. 11	Jan. 13	Jan. 18
PRESIDENT WILSON	Jan. 26	—	Jan. 31
PRESIDENT HOOVER	Feb. 5	—	Feb. 10
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND	Feb. 13	Feb. 15	Feb. 20
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT	Feb. 28	—	Mar. 5
PRESIDENT WILSON	Mar. 12	Mar. 14	Mar. 19

Swatches indicate color schemes

Suite Arrangement

These bedroom-sitting room suites convert in moments to accommodate from one to four. Ideal for shipboard entertaining or for solitude. Complete with spacious modern bath. Decor: warm browns, rust, beige, blues and burnished yellow.



Main Lounge

A quiet room for casual conversation. Deep-cushioned sofas and chairs make it your own private club at sea. The cool blues and greens of the carpeting and upholstery, accented by white drapes and yellow paneling, strike a tranquil note.

AMERICAN PRESIDENT LINES *Sailing from San Francisco to Honolulu, Yokohama, Hong Kong, Manila, Kobe*

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SAILING ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO THE ORIENT IN JANUARY 1962

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